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OUR ISRAELITISH BRETHREN.

DID the reader ever try to compute what it has cost our Israelitish brethren to keep two Sundays a week, and four sets of holidays a year? Besides their own religious and national festivals, they have been compelled, generally under ruinous penalties, to abstain from business on those of the countries in which they have dwelt. Thus in Catholic countries, for several centuries, they were obliged to be idle: 1. Fifty-two Sundays; 2. Thirty holidays of obligation; 3. Fifty-two Saturdays or Sabbaths; 4. An average of twelve other holidays of their own: total, one hundred and forty-six days per annum, or about two days in every five! In Protestant countries, the usual number of idle days, including their fifty-two Saturdays and twelve festivals and fasts, has been one hundred and ten, or about two days in every six. In other words, the Jews in Catholic countries have been obliged, by law and conscience, to abstain from business nearly three days a week, and in Protestant countries a little more than two. Of late years, since Catholics have become much less strict in the

observance of Sundays and holidays, the Jews suffer more inconvenience in Protestant than in Catholic lands. The rigor of the Scotch and the Puritan Sunday is especially grievous to them, even to the present hour; while in Paris, Hamburg, and Vienna Sunday is, in some branches of business, the best day of the week.

This fact of the double set of holidays would alone have sufficed to exclude them from agriculture. A ripe harvest will not wait from Friday till Monday for any of our scruples; and two good planting days lost in a late, wet spring would often make the difference between a crop and no crop. Fancy a market-gardener in strawberry time, or a florist in May, obliged to cease work half an hour before sunset Friday afternoon, and unable to offer anything for sale till Monday morning! Even the thirty Catholic holidays of obligation placed the farmers of Catholic countries under a disadvantage that was obvious to all who lived near the line dividing a Catholic from a Protestant country. Voltaire, who lived for thirty years close to the frontier of France,

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within two miles of Protestant Geneva, dwells upon this in many a passage of exquisite satire. Readers remember the scene in which the priest rushes from the tap-room, "red with wrath and wine," to rebuke the yeoman who had "the insolence and impiety" to plough his field on a Saint's day, "instead of going to the tavern and drinking like the rest of the parish. The poor gentleman was ruined: he left the country with his family and servants, went to a foreign land, turned Lutheran, and his lands remained uncultivated for many years." If thirty extra holidays were a serious injury to French farmers, it will not be questioned that ninety-four made agriculture an impossible pursuit to Israelites.

Except where Jews lived together in large numbers, as in Poland and some parts of Germany, the same fatality of their lot sufficed to exclude them from most workshops, counting-rooms, and stores. Who could take an apprentice with the understanding that he was to be always absent on Saturdays? Who, a clerk, on the condition of not having him on the busiest day of the week? Even here, in these free cities of America, where Jewish merchants and bankers are often obliged to employ Christian clerks, they labor under the disadvantage of having to pay salaries for three hundred and nine days' work per annum, while only getting two hundred and fifty-seven days' attendance. In short, if the reader will take the trouble to trace all the consequences of the conscientious adherence of our Israelitish brethren to their holy days, he will discover that during many centuries of their dispersion among Christian nations, that adherence would have been enough of itself to confine their able men to the trade in money and jewels, and their ordinary men to petty traffic and hard bargaining. Money at interest keeps no holy day. Like the trees of the Scotch laird in the novel, it grows while the owner sleeps. It earns revenue both while the lender prays in the synagogue and while the

borrower worships in the cathedral. On Good Friday as on the Day of Atonement, through merry Christmas and joyous Purim, on the days of Passover, the fourth of July, the fifth of November, still it yields its increase. Hence strong Israelites usually deal in money; and as to the rank and file, we must allow, if we would be just, that the trader who has to keep his shutters closed two or three days a week must, as a general thing, carry on business at small expense, and make the most of every transaction.

But if, a thousand years ago, the Jews had reached that point of development which would have enabled them with a good conscience to give up their seventh-day Sabbath, and rest only on ours, it would not have availed to give them a choice of occupations. In the night of superstition, no Jew could own or hold land on endurable conditions in any country of Christendom. Nor could he belong to any guild of mechanics; and hence he could not be himself a mechanic, nor apprentice his son to a mechanic. He could not lawfully hire a Christian servant in some countries. He could not enter a university or a preparatory school in any country; and so the liberal professions were closed to him. He could not be an artist, even if any Christian prince would have bought pictures of him, because, in the black ages, there were only two kinds of pictures that yielded much revenue or renown,—New Testament scenes, and indecent pictures from the Greek and Roman poets. The former a Jew could not paint; the latter he would not, for the Jews have preserved, through all vicissitudes, a certain chastity of mind and taste, which makes such subjects abhorrent to them. A good Jew knows better than most men the unutterable preciousness of an unpurient soul and an uncontaminated body; for there is nothing which his religion inculcates so sedulously and in so many ways. At the present hour they are probably the chastest seven millions of people under the sun.

The tory Carlyle, with the baser instinct of his party, — which is, to grovel before the strong and trample on the weak, — makes this exclusion of the Jews from all the more honorable and expanding pursuits the occasion of a most bitter taunt. The celestial powers, he says, when a people have become hopelessly debased, sometimes toss them in utter contempt a great bag of money, as if to say, "Take that! Be that your portion!" How cruelly unjust is this! The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an invaluable work, but uniformly narrow and reactionary on religious subjects, while admitting that, in the dark ages, Jews had no choice but to be money-lenders, while allowing that they had no means either of revenge or self-defence, except in extorting usurious interest from their plundering oppressors, stamps with reprobation their "meanness and injustice" in so doing. But the same writer on the same page (Vol. XII. p. 778) has no word of encomium for those heroic Jews, who he says presented their breasts to the sword rather than violate their conscience; nor for those high-minded Jewish maidens and wives, who fastened stones to their bodies and sought refuge in the river from the polluting touch of Christian soldiers. In one of our best periodicals, while I am writing these paragraphs, I read an impatient paragraph, complaining of the "obstinacy" of the Russian Jews in avoiding agriculture and sticking to petty traffic. As if, in all the empire of Russia, until very recently, an Israelite could own an acre of land, or till a farm to advantage, while forced to observe the numerous festivals of the Greek Church!

The Jews are, in truth, singularly adapted by natural disposition to agriculture, their skill in which once made Palestine a garden. At the present moment the attention of benevolent and public-spirited Jews is directed to the return of their people to agricultural pursuits, and the scene of the first experiment is Palestine itself. There are now thirteen thousand Israelites in

that country, nine thousand of whom live in or near Jerusalem; and there is no reason in the laws or customs of the land why they should not cultivate the soil. But hardly a Jew in the world knows how to plough and reap, and the Jews in Palestine — pilgrims and descendants of pilgrims — have been steadily demoralized by the alms sent to them from orthodox synagogues in every part of the world. M. Netter, the agent of the Israelitish Alliance, who was sent to Palestine to inquire into the condition of the Israelites there, reports that this unwise, sentimental almsgiving paralyzes the arms and corrupts the hearts of his people. "As the elders," he remarks, "get a double portion of the alms, and as they themselves distribute whatever little may be left of it, the indigent and lowly get but a very small portion of it. We therefore see parents allowing their children to marry early, in order that the offspring of these marriages may share in these charities and increase the resources of the family. Children are also made to study the Talmud, a knowledge of which brings in an additional income. The weak and powerless are held in abject subjection by their superiors, and frequently seek relief from the English missionaries, who are always ready in such cases."

Here is another example of the pernicious consequences of ill-directed benevolence, from which the future is to suffer so much. The remedy M. Netter suggests is agriculture; although at present not a Jew in Palestine cultivates the soil. A few of them have tried gardening, and failed, as Christian amateurs generally fail, from ignorance. An agricultural school and experimental farm, in aid of which money has been subscribed in New York and other capitals, is about to be started in Palestine. All things must have a beginning, and the disuse of eighteen centuries cannot be overcome in a year or two, but there is reason to believe that the people who once made their land a proverb for its abundant harvests are about to recover

their skill in the cultivation of the soil. In reading Jewish periodicals and in conversing with enlightened Jews, I perceive an impulse in this direction which will produce results where Sunday laws do not hinder.

Who can estimate the reparation which Christendom owes this interesting and unoffending people? How abundant, how untiring, should be our charity in judging the faults of character which our own superstition has created or developed!

Of the giant wrongs to which they have been subjected for the last ten centuries,—the huge Andersonville outrages,—few readers need to be reminded. In the slaughter of the Jews of Seville, in 1391, thirty-five hundred families were murdered. In 1492, under Ferdinand and Isabella, three hundred thousand heroic Israelites preferred exile to apostasy. Many of them found a resting-place only in the grave or in the depths of the sea; for neither Portugal nor Italy nor Mohammedan Morocco would tolerate the presence of a people who would not comply with their superstitions, and who, by their frugality, continence, temperance, and industry, absorbed the wealth of every country in which they lived. Those who remained in the Peninsula suffered baptism, and were obliged to conform to the outward observances of the reigning church. Far more enviable was the lot of those who had accepted banishment. The favorite office of the Spanish Inquisition for two centuries was to “question” the sincerity of those two hundred thousand Jewish converts; and the national amusement was to witness the burning of Jewish Rabbis and Jewish maidens. Similar atrocities were committed, as we all know, in England, Germany, and France.

Nor can we claim that Protestants have been guiltless toward them. Since I have been interested in this subject, I have found nothing more savage against the Jews than a passage from Martin Luther, in which he offers for the consideration of the

Christian public seven propositions: 1. “That we should set fire to their synagogues and schools, and what cannot be burnt should be covered over with earth, that no man may ever discover a stone or brick of it; we are to do this for the glory of our Lord and Christianity.” 2. Burn all their houses, and lodge them in stables like gypsies, “in order that they may know they are not lords in this land, but in captivity and misery.” 3. Burn all their prayer-books and Talmuds. 4. Forbid the Rabbis, under pain of death, to give instruction. 5. Deny Jews the right of protection on the highways; “for they have no business with the land.” 6. “Being neither lords, farmers, nor merchants, nor anything of the kind, they are to remain at home.” “You lords shall not, and cannot, protect them, unless you would take part in their abominations.” 7. Put a flail, axe, mattock, or spindle into the hands of every “young and strong Jew and Jewess,” and compel them to manual labor. This was Luther’s idea of the treatment due to the only body of religious people in Europe who could be in sympathy with him in his struggle with superstition. But Luther himself was only half emancipated: for he clung to that fatal, fatal root of bitterness, the belief that human souls can be eternally lost by erroneous opinions.

But we have done worse to these people than murder and torture them. Wrongs like these are occasional; the rack palls at last; and the most infuriated mob of Christians that ever hunted down an innocent people grows weary of massacre at last, and a long period of peace usually succeeds. In our own day I have seen Protestants in Philadelphia pursuing in blind fury harmless Catholics, burning their churches, and insulting their priests; and I have seen, in New York, Catholics rioting in the massacre of the most inoffensive laboring people in the world. In three days the fit passes; reason returns; and the very men who inflicted the wounds are ready to assist in healing them. But there is a wrong which all Chris-

tians, for many hundreds of years, have done to all Jews, all the time, — *we have despised them.* Having excluded them from the occupations most favorable to the development of human nature's better side, we have added to this giant wrong the crueller sting of despising them for not having their better side developed. Having kept them styed in Ghettos and in Jews' streets age after age, we loathe them because they are not all clean.

Human beings are so constituted and related, that among the most precious possessions any of us can have is the respect and good-will of our community. Happily, few are aware of this truth, because, like good digestion, the value of such a possession is not known until it is lost. Those quad-room and octoroon gentlemen of New Orleans knew it, who said to General Butler with so much passion: "We care not on which side we fight; we will fight as long as we can, and spend all we have, if only our boys may stand in the street equal to white boys when the war is over!" If the reader has ever happened to have his eye upon the face of a well-dressed person at the moment a policeman touched his arm, and he felt that he was *arrested*, no longer one of the passing throng, no longer a member of the community, no longer a man among men, but a detected thief, whom any boy might make faces at, a thing abhorred and despised, upon whom no countenance could cast a benignant nor even an indifferent look, — if the reader has ever noted the awful shadow that falls upon a human countenance at such a moment, he can perhaps form some idea of what it must be to feel always the contempt of men. Or, still better, if the reader can look back to his school-days and call to mind moments or hours when, for some peculiarity of dress, person, or conduct, he was the object of general derision, either in schoolroom or playground, and can feel still the scorch of the old blush in his cheeks, he cannot be quite ignorant of the value of that unexpressed good-will which usually in-

vests us like the air we unconsciously breathe.

And the Jews were never allowed to forget that they were a despised people. Contempt of the Israelite was embedded in law and exhibited in daily custom. In Protestant Holland, down nearly to the days of Louis Bonaparte, Jewish paupers were compelled to say their prayers bareheaded, and to work all day Saturday, although they begged the privilege of doing in five days their whole week's work. It was not till 1790 that this poor boon was granted them. Some of the watering-places in Germany could show, among their chartered privileges, the right to exclude Jews. At Strasburg, within the recollection of living persons, a Jew had to pay three francs a day merely for the privilege of staying in the town. In Switzerland, as late as 1851, the contemptuous law was re-enacted, imposing a fine of three hundred francs upon every Christian who gave a Jew employment. In Russia, at the present hour, the government presumes to prescribe what shall be the garb of a Jew. In New York, London, Paris, and other cities there is an alliance, or society for the sole object of promoting the emancipation of the Jews from the remaining disabilities which the aversion of Christendom has imposed. Without troubling the reader with a catalogue of similar facts, I can convey some idea of the scorn in which Jews were once held in a more convenient manner by showing how they are now treated in the city of Rome, — Rome being a fragment of the Past preserved, like an Elgin marble, for the inspection of the moderns. In 1860, when there was talk of a congress of European powers for the settlement of international questions, the Jews of Rome prepared a petition for presentation to it, in which some of their grievances were stated. From this paper we learn that no Jew in Rome can be an artist, nor be a pupil in a school of art, nor frequent a public gallery for practice in art. No college, medical school, law school, or scientific institution can re-

ceive a Jewish student. No Jew can exercise a mechanical trade, except cobbling shoes. Cruellest and absurdest of all, no Jew, fond as he is of music, and gifted as his race is in music, can sing in public or play on an instrument. "Woe to the Hebrew," says the petition, "who dares sing or play in public; for the police and the Holy Office immediately pounce upon him and punish the offence with severe penalties." This is the more abominable, because nature has signalized this people, not so much by superiority of understanding, as by talent. The gifted among them are formed to sing, to play, to compose, to carve, to paint, to personate, to excel in all those arts by which human nature is enchanted and exalted by being exhibited to itself.

Edmond About's report of the condition of the Jews in Rome is fresh in the recollection of many. He glances backward at the time, not remote, when every evening at the hour Christians go to the theatre the gates of the Jews' quarter were locked for the night; when on days of holy festival Jews were made to run races for the amusement of Christians; when every year a city official gave them a representative kick, an honor for which they had to pay four thousand francs; when they were compelled to present publicly to every new Pope a Bible; when they were obliged to pay the salary of a Christian priest employed to preach a sermon to them every Saturday, and they could only avoid attending this service by paying a fine; when their Ghetto bred such deadly pestilence, that some of them almost lost the semblance of humanity, and "they might have been mistaken for beasts, if one had not known them to be intelligent beings, apt for business, resigned to their lot, simple in their requirements, kind-hearted, devoted to their families, and irreproachable in their conduct." Such was their condition in Rome. M. About tells us what it is. The present Pope, he reminds us, has indeed taken away the gates of the Ghetto, so that Jews can

go about the city after dark; he has dispensed them from the annual kick and its annual price, and he has closed the church to which they were required to go on Saturdays to be converted.

But the author adds: "I secretly questioned two well-known inhabitants of the Ghetto. When they understood why I concerned myself with their affairs, the poor men exclaimed: 'For Heaven's sake, do not publish that we are wretched; that the Pope *actively* regrets his concessions of 1847; that doors invisible, but impassable, close the Ghetto, and that our condition is worse than ever. All that you might say in our behalf would be visited upon us, and instead of benefiting you would injure us.' " The inquirer visited the Ghetto, in the low ground near the Tiber, and found it "the most horrible and neglected quarter of the town," in which not the humblest of the thousand prelates about Rome would set his foot, any more than an Indian Brahmin would cross the threshold of a Pariah's hovel. "I learned," says this author, "that the most humble employment in the most humble office would as soon be given to a beast as to a Jew; that for a child of Israel to ask in Rome to be employed as a commissary, would be more absurd than for the giraffe of the Jardin des Plantes to ask for an under-prefecture in Paris." No Jew can own a foot of land in the papal dominions, nor cultivate one, unless in the name of a Christian; and if a Jew, using this artifice, ventures to cultivate a garden or a farm, his harvest is safe from pillage only so long as the legal device remains a secret. Let but the Christians around learn that the harvest is the property of an Israelite, and "a rage for plunder" seizes them, which leaves the hapless proprietor with desolated fields. This is the testimony of a witness who is prejudiced, as all modernized minds are prejudiced, against government by priests. Let me summon another witness, a Christian who writes to *L'Ami d'Israel* an account of his

visit to the Roman Ghetto: "It is situated on the borders of the Tiber, in a place subject to inundations; the population is confined in narrow, dirty streets; and although the Jews are much too numerous for this small quarter, they are not allowed to take up their abode beyond the limits of the Ghetto. The closing of the gates is discontinued, but the prohibition as to residence remains the same. I was struck with the activity and industry of the Jews; for while one sees a great many idlers and crowds of beggars in Rome itself, in the Ghetto every one is at work, and there is not a beggar visible." The struggle for life, this writer remarks, is so severe, that out of a population of more than four thousand, two thousand-five hundred are extremely poor, and in part dependent upon the charity of their neighbors.

As Israelites are now looked upon and treated in Rome, so were they once regarded and treated in every capital of Europe; and their partial emancipation is a thing too recent to have more than begun to obliterate the effects of fifteen centuries of outrage and contempt. For the faults which we see in them, and which clearly result from the contracted Ghetto and the exclusion from the broadening employments, we should blame ourselves, not them; and when a Jew plays upon us a scurvy trick, let us go out straightway and kick a Christian for it.

In conversing upon this subject with the enlightened and accomplished Israelites now to be found in all our cities, I am amazed at the absence of everything like rancor and fury from their hearts when they dwell upon the wrongs of their race. A decent Christian boils with anger as he reads of the indignities they have suffered; but they, the victims of our insensate aversion, speak of these indignities with such calmness and good temper, that I have been ready to exclaim: The Jews are the only Christians! And certainly, if the peculiar virtue of Christianity is the patient endurance

of outrage, then we must admit that they have excelled all known people in practising the religion which Christians have preached. But of course the patient endurance of outrage is *not* the great Christian virtue, nor is it a virtue at all, unless the outrage is irredressable. But that has been precisely their case. Usually a small number in the midst of a hostile population, they have been obliged to endure or perish; they have had such a training in some portions of the Sermon on the Mount as no other race has ever had.

If a Christian would know these people aright, that is, if he would know their best, he must observe their home life; for the great secret of Jewish persistence is the strength of that mingled affection and pride which binds families together. The family, the Sabbath,—in those two words are hidden the secret of Jewish history since their dispersion. Let us accompany a good orthodox Jewish family through their calm and cheerful Sabbath, and see how they keep it and enjoy it. I select an orthodox family, instead of a "Reformed," merely because the orthodox Jew is an historical person; as he keeps his Sabbath, his fathers have kept it for many centuries.

The Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday evening half an hour before sunset, and ends on Saturday evening half an hour after sunset, or when a star is visible in the sky. On Friday, the day of preparation, the women and girls of the family are busy in providing for the morrow the best food of the week; for whatever is eaten or drank during the joyous sacred hours must be the very best the family can afford. Poor Jews will pinch all the week in order that their wives and children may have something delicious to eat on the Sabbath. But that savory food must be cooked or prepared for cooking before the Sabbath begins; for our Israelitish brethren observe with just strictness the law which gives rest on the Day of Rest to their servants. They shame us in this particular. They will not use even their horses on their

Sabbath. On a Sunday, about twelve, M., you may see in front of Dr. Adams's fashionable Presbyterian church in Madison Square, New York, or around Dr. Tyng's fashionable Episcopal church, in St. George's Square of the same city, from twenty to forty well-appointed equipages waiting for the last hymn to be finished; but you will never see a vehicle before the superb Temple Immanuel, a Jewish synagogue in the Fifth Avenue, although there are many families within who could ride home, if they would, in their own carriages. I do not say that the Christians are wrong or the Jews right in this. It is no one's business but their own. But if we borrow the Hebrew's word "Sabbath," and adopt, verbally, their Sabbatical law, our practice perhaps ought to conform in some degree to our profession. It probably does not severely tax those coachmen and footmen to show off their gay turn-outs and brilliant liveries on a fine Sunday morning in the Fifth Avenue. But for the heavy-laden drudges of the boarding-house kitchen, and the maid-of-all work in average families, I could wish we were all Jews from Saturday night till Monday morning. It is a dastardly shame to compel or permit women, who have faithfully toiled for us from Monday's tub to Saturday's scrub, to work hard all through the best hours of Sunday merely that we may gorge ourselves with dainty food. The Jews avoid this barbarous meanness. Their servants rest on their Sabbath.

As early as possible on Friday afternoon the father comes home. As sunset draws near the family put on their best clothes, and father and sons go to the synagogue for the short Sabbath-eve service. His wife and daughters usually remain at home, where pleasing duties still detain them, though their arduous work is done.

The Jewish religion is a monotone; it is a religion of one idea, and that idea is GOD. Do you wish the most enlightening of all commentaries on the Bible? do you wish to know the original meaning of hackneyed Chris-

tian phrases? would you taste the savor and inhale the fragrance of celebrated texts? do you desire to see living descendants of the characters sketched in the New Testament? Then frequent orthodox synagogues, and observe the ways of those who attend them. The Jew "walks with God"; the Jew, "in everything, gives thanks"; the Jew "makes melody in his heart to the Lord"; the Jew "prays without ceasing."

A pious Jew of the old school utters in the course of every twenty-four hours as many as a hundred benedictions, ascriptions, and prayers. On waking in the morning he says: "I thank thee, ever-living, ever-enduring King, that thou hast restored me unto life, through thy great mercy and truth." Whenever he enjoys, whenever he suffers, whenever he gains, whenever he loses, he has a form of Hebrew words ready in his memory in which to call upon his God. If he eats a fine peach he says: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast caused us to be preserved, and permitted us to enjoy this season." But if he were about to eat strawberries, the ascription would slightly vary; as it would also for bread, cakes, melons, vegetables, wine, water, oil. If he enjoys the fragrance of flowers, he will say: "Blessed art thou, O Lord God, King of the Universe, who createst aromatic herbs"; and he has also a form for sweet-scented woods, fruit, gums, spice. On passing a synagogue in ruins, or one flourishing and handsome; on meeting Hebrew sages, and on meeting Gentile sages; when he hears thunder, music, rain, or wind, or sees a rainbow, a fine tree, a mountain, a river, the ocean, a handsome creature; on hearing good news or bad news; at the birth or at the death of a child; upon leaving and returning home; — he utters his short thanksgiving in Hebrew. It is so, Mr. Hepworth Dixon assures us, with the Oriental religions generally; which at the present hour, as three thousand years ago, have a strong family likeness. "An

Oriental is a man of prayer," says Mr. Dixon. "If he rises from his couch, a prayer is on his lips; if he sits down to rest, a blessing is in his heart. When he buys and when he sells, when he eats and when he drinks, he remembers that the Holy One is nigh. If poor in purse, he may be rich in grace; his cabin a sanctuary, his craft a service, his daily life an act of prayer." These words describe the pious Jews of our modern capitals. They "walk with God." "God is in all their thought."

The father and his boys enter the synagogue, sometimes pausing in the vestibule, if they have touched uncleanness on the way, to wash their hands, conveniences for which are placed there. As they enter, they are required to bow to the ark containing the scrolls of the Law, and to say: "In the greatness of thy benevolence will I enter thy house: in reverence of thee will I bow down toward the temple of thy holiness." The "ark" is a closet at the eastern end of the synagogue, usually made of costly woods, closed with sliding doors, and approached by stairs. Within are scrolls of parchment, each of which contains one book of the Pentateuch, written with perfect correctness in Hebrew, by men whose profession it is to write them. One error, no matter how insignificant, condemns a scroll; for the examiners subject it to tests from which no error can escape. The letters of every line, division, and book are counted. In the exact middle of the synagogue is a somewhat spacious platform, raised four or five feet from the floor, and provided with a broad desk and a sofa. Most of the pews face this platform, but there are a few "chief seats of the synagogue," for the trustees and other officers. On the ground floor are men and boys only, all with their hats on; the women and girls being in the gallery. Israelites say that this exclusion of women from the floor of the synagogue—that is, from the synagogue proper—is an homage to their delicacy. Their law

requires that, at various periods, women should not enter the sanctuary at all; and the subterfuge of the gallery was invented to avoid the necessity of asking disagreeable questions. In some countries women, for the same reason, assemble in an adjoining apartment, with a door opening into the synagogue, through which the voices of the reader and preacher can be heard.

The Friday-evening service, which lasts an hour and a quarter, consists of the chanting of prayers and psalms in the Hebrew tongue. Sometimes the Rabbi, seated on his sofa, with his hat on, clad in a black silk gown and a white silk tunic over it, intones a portion solo, the people responding with an occasional amen. Then the whole congregation will repeat a psalm; sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, bowing now and then and occasionally bowing very low. At intervals a highly trained choir of men and boys, from a gallery where they cannot be seen, burst into a song or breathe out a most melodious soft chant. No organ smotherers the voices; for the orthodox Jew feels that the harp of his people still hangs upon the willow, and must not be heard again till the Temple is rebuilt. But *this* choir (Nineteenth Street, New York) needs no organ; it is itself one beautifully attuned instrument. As the service approaches a conclusion there is more responding and more simultaneous recitation, which sometimes swells into a loud chorus. In less polite congregations than this it is said some of the members become almost vociferous.

When the service is ended, while the men are shaking hands and cheerfully conversing, all the boys crowd upon the platform and gather round the Rabbi, who places his hand upon each little cap, and pronounces a word or two of benediction. To those who have had the profound misfortune of being reared in one of those creeds which repel the young soul, and make it loathe what its elders revere, this sweet spectacle reveals much of the

Jewish mystery. They have known how to associate religion with the *pleasing* recollections of childhood.

Upon returning home, after the service, the father and his sons find their abode decked in its brightest attire, the table set in its goodliest array, the ladies in handsome Sabbath costume, and on the mantel-piece of the principal room the two wax-candles lighted, to symbolize the light and warmth shed on Israel by the Sabbath. In some families the old-fashioned "Sabbath lamp," with seven burners, is retained, and lighted only on this joyous evening. The family being now all assembled, the father places his hand upon the heads of each of his children, and invokes upon them the blessing of Jacob. Then they kiss one another, and each wishes the others "Good Sabbath," as we say "Merry Christmas." All join in a Sabbath hymn; after which the father pays honor to his wife by chanting the fine description in Proverbs of a Virtuous Woman, whose price is above rubies, in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, who looketh well to the ways of her household and doth not eat the bread of idleness. Next he takes a small silver cup, kept for the purpose, and pours into it some pure home-made wine, of grapes or raisins, and pronounces a blessing on the wine; after which he breaks a piece of bread, and utters the prescribed blessing upon the bread. A formal and longer grace is said for the meal, and then the family take their places at the table.

All this ceremonial, which seems long when it is related, occupies but a few minutes, for the Hebrew is a compact language, and our Israelitish brethren have little conception of what we understand by the word *solemnity*. There is something off-hand in the usual religious acts of the orthodox Jews. When the meal is ended, the family rise and remain standing about the table while a thanksgiving is pronounced and a hymn sung. In many families the father relates to his children on Friday evening some legend of their race,

of which the stock is inexhaustible; for there are fifteen centuries of persecution to draw from, without counting the ages during which Israel had a national existence and a recorded history. Hence the collection of Jewish stories, recently republished in New York from the columns of the Jewish Messenger, was happily entitled "Friday Evening." During the Sabbath no musical instrument is heard in the house of an orthodox Jew, nor does he entertain any company beyond the circle of his relations and nearest friends. But this seclusion of families has nothing in common with Sabbatarian gloom and isolation. It is more like a Christmas reunion, when families are happy enough without other friends, than a Sabbatarian withdrawal from cheerful society.

On Saturday morning the service at the orthodox synagogue begins at eight and lasts till twelve. It differs little in character from the service of the evening before, except that toward the close the minister, accompanied by two of the congregation, descends from the platform and walks slowly to the chanting of the choir to the closet where the scrolls of the Law are kept, the doors of which have been previously opened by two of the members. The scroll containing the portion of the Law to be read that day is taken from its place and carried slowly to the platform, where its gay covering is removed and the scroll laid out flat upon the broad desk. After the portion has been read, one of the gentlemen who has assisted in its conveyance from the "ark" lifts it by the ends of its two rollers, and holds it up, open, as high as he can reach, and turns it in various directions, so that all the congregation can see the Hebrew characters written upon it. It was perhaps this holding aloft of the Sacred Object which suggested the elevation of the Host in the celebration of the Mass. Indeed, there is many a rite, ceremony, and usage, of both Protestant and Catholic worship, the idea of which was furnished by the people whom Protestants and

Catholics have agreed to revile and torment. Little boys, for example, assist in unrolling and rolling up again the scroll of the Law; and one boy stands upon the platform, in the course of the morning service, and pipes with his shrill tenor a few Hebrew sentences. Doubtless it was this usage of the Israelites, this habit of associating their *boys* with them in every religious act and ceremonial, that suggested the employment of boys in the altars of Christian churches.

The sermon is not regarded by orthodox Jews as a very important part of the Sabbath service. In some synagogues no sermon is preached; in others a short one is delivered in the German language; but it is rare indeed that a sermon in English is heard; for, to the present hour, no Rabbi lives in the United States who was not born and educated on the Continent of Europe.

Four hours seem to us impatient mortals a long time to spend in a religious service; but only a small part of the congregation attends during the first hour; the synagogue does not fill up before ten o'clock; and some leave soon after the service has reached its climax in the elevation of the scroll. A few sturdy old gentlemen are punctually in their places at eight, and go through the whole, — rising and sitting down, responding and reciting, bowing and standing erect, never faltering or shrinking, to the last amen. The secret of this persistence is, that the congregation take an active part in the worship. They do not sit passive more than four or five minutes at a time. At the conclusion of the services the assembly breaks into groups of cheerful talkers, and so drifts down stairs through the vestibule into the street, where there is abundant hand-shaking and friendly merriment. There is a short afternoon service, which is not more numerously attended than that of Christian churches; for after the bountiful Sabbath dinner, our Israelitish brethren are apt to abandon themselves, as we do, to the noble work of digestion.

The Sabbath to the Jews is *wholly* joyous! In all the tales, essays, treatises, catechisms, of this interesting people, which lie heaped up before me at this moment, I can find no hint of that strange institution which the Puritans called Sabbath. To the good Jew the Sabbath means rest, mental improvement, domestic happiness, cheerful conversation, triumphal worship. From a tract recently issued, entitled "The Sabbath, an Appeal to the Israelites of New York," I copy a short passage, to show how pious Jews regard their sacred day, and why they urge its observance.

"The family," says this writer, "in which the Sabbath is a stranger, — as it is, alas! the case with such a large number of our co-religionists, — is bereft of those beautiful ties which make the *Jewish home a paradise to the poorest of its professors*, is a desert with no oasis, an ocean of ever-contending waves, with no haven of shelter. O ye who yet remember the Sabbath eve in the old European home, — and there are many of you, — conjure up before your vision the little chamber with the seven-armed candelabra lit in honor of the Sabbath bride; the table spread, the spotless linen, your father coming home from the synagogue, his eyes beaming with satisfaction, his countenance expressing happiness and contentment, not a ruffle on his forehead which would indicate that care had ever dwelt in that soul, placing his hand on your head, blessing you, and then singing songs of welcome to the regular returning guest, the bride beloved so well! Did ever happiness enter your soul so unmeasured since you gave up all for a heap of gold? Will your children ever feel as happy as you did on that Sabbath eve, will your wife ever know the beatitude your mother felt, when she saw her husband joyous and happy?"

Here we have all that was good in the old Puritan Sunday, without its gloom, restraint, and terror. There is *no* terror in the religion of the Hebrews, no eternal perdition. They are all Universalists. The Puritanism of

two hundred years ago, as we find it in the works of the Mathers, was Judaism plus the doctrine of eternal perdition.

That was a happy touch of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's, the other week, in his newspaper, *The Christian Union*, where, after having given the news of the various Christian denominations, he concluded by a few paragraphs, headed thus : —

"OTHER RELIGIONS."

Whether we regard this as a mere stroke of journalism, or as a recognition of the claims of other religions to the regard and respect of Christians, it was worthy of the intelligence of the editor. Nothing is more startling to a student of religions than their likeness to one another, and the similarity of their effects upon the various minds. Men who have lived in the Eastern world, in Japan, Siam, India, China, and in the great islands of the Archipelago, have often remarked that the religions of those lands, however they may differ in name, usages, rites, costumes, traditions, have much more in common than they have of difference ; and under them all can be found the same varieties of religious and irreligious character : the sincere and lowly worshipper ; the man who expects to be heard for his much speaking ; he who affects devotion, and he who affects indifference ; the rogue who uses religion as a cloak, and the politician who employs it as capital ; the dealer in religious merchandise, who believes in religion as the servants of the Cataract House believe in the sublimity of Niagara ; — all these characters, we are assured, can be found under all the religions of the Oriental world.

And, what is more interesting, it seems as if the religions of the world were in the same state of transition, and at about the same stage of progress. They are all anxious, all excited, all in movement. Orthodox, heterodox, ritualists, infidels, — we find them at Calcutta, in Japan, in China, in Barbary, as we do at London, Berlin, Paris, New York, and Boston. Eng-

lish residents in India tell us that in the higher society of Calcutta there are native young men who take precisely the same tone with regard to the Brahmins and the Hindoo sacred books as many of our young pagans do at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, London, Boston, when the Christian religion is the subject of discourse, — a tone not of contempt, by any means ; they are beyond and above that. They speak of the religion of their fathers as the son of an ancient house might descendant upon the old family coach, which was excellent in its day, but is now done with, and kept as an interesting relic. Nor are there wanting, in those remoter capitals of the world, young men who surprise their companions, as some of our young ritualists do, by a sedulous imitation or revival of ancient methods and forgotten rites.

Mr. Beecher may well tell us, then, of "Other Religions" ; for they are all in a similar critical condition. To the careless looker-on it seems as if they were all dissolving ; but, in reality, they are only shedding their non-essentials, which is a painful and demoralizing process. When in the Arctic seas the sun gains power to soften the ice and melt the snows, the first effects upon the ice-bound fleets of fishermen and navigators are disagreeable, if not injurious. Everything is soft, damp, unstable ; the snug snow-packing, which had protected and warmed the imprisoned mariners so long, becomes a source of discomfort ; and the ice-roads which had borne them stiffly up are safe no longer. But the thaw is about to set them FREE, and send them careering over the boundless deep.

Our Israelitish brethren, besides sharing in the influences which are mitigating all creeds and liberalizing all minds, are now subjected to a trial peculiar to themselves. From being persecuted everywhere, they are beginning to be honored and sought. The grand example of the youngest of the nations in protecting all religions equally, while recognizing none, has had its effect in improving the condition of the

Jews throughout the greater part of Christendom and beyond Christendom. Within the recollection of men still young, Jews have been admitted to the British Parliament, where, I am informed by a distinguished Rabbi, who gloried in the fact, no Jew has ever sided with the party of reaction, except one, and he a renegade. The Jews to-day in the House of Commons vote on important measures with John Bright. The professor of Hebrew in the London University *is* a Hebrew; and among the Jewish students last year at Oxford and Cambridge, one was a senior wrangler and another the crack oarsman of his college. In London one of the noted clubs is Jewish, and there are so many Jews in the city government that they may almost be said to have the controlling influence. Happily, the Jews are not proselyters, and can be aldermen without using their office to get a sly advantage for their synagogue. Among the seventy-five thousand Jews in London, there are many business men who, despite the double Sunday, hold their own against Christian competitors, to say nothing of the much greater number who have no Sunday at all. There is one Jewish clothing-house in London that has thirteen stores and employs eleven thousand people.

In France the Jews are fortunate in the free Sunday permitted both by law and custom; and as a consequence there is less poverty among them than elsewhere. The Rabbis are paid from the public treasury, as the ministers of the various Christian denominations are, and the government courts their good-will. The Jewish newspaper in Paris describes in glowing words the manner in which "the Emperor's fête" was celebrated at the principal synagogue. A detachment of chasseurs, commanded by an officer, was stationed in the temple opposite the choir, and while the "Halel" was chanted the edifice resounded with the blast of trumpets from a military band. At the moment when the scroll of the Law

was taken out of its sacred enclosure the troops presented arms, the trumpets sounded, and the organ pealed its melodious thunder. Thus the host is saluted on festive days at Notre Dame. In Paris, among a large number of other charitable organizations of Israelites, I find two designed to aid parents who desire to apprentice their children to trades. These are societies for paying the premiums required in Europe when apprentices are taken.

Throughout Germany Jews at length stand upon an equality before the law with Christians, — even in Austria, so long the citadel of conservatism. Austria has abolished all Sunday laws that would prevent Jews from cultivating land, and the Emperor has sought to compliment his Israelitish subjects by appointing two young Hebrew gentlemen to positions on his personal staff. This in Austria, where until 1860 a Jew could not exercise many of the most usual avocations, — could not be a farmer, miller, apothecary, brewer; and in some wide regions and populous places of the empire could not reside at all! In Frankfort, where the Rothschilds originated, the Jews are masters of everything. Those great bankers, as all the world knows, live in luxury more than regal; but all the world does not know that several members of this family are persons of genuine liberality of mind as well as bountifully liberal in charitable gifts. It is a pity the head of so conspicuous a house should not set a better example to Christians, by living more simply.* But all things in their

* "Not far from Ferney one of the Rothschilds has his magnificent palace, in sight of the lake and Mont Blanc. This chateau, and that of the king of Prussia at Babelsberg, are the finest that I have yet seen in Europe: yet the banker's is more costly and imperial than the king's, without, however, the least dash of vulgar extravagance in its splendor. I was assured that the interior is in keeping with the charming grounds; and a lady who was a frequent guest there told me that crowned heads were sometimes at the table, and the banquet was as stately as the company, so much so that the different courses were served by different bands of servants, each band with its own dress.

"I got a different impression of another branch of the Rothschild family from travelling awhile with some of them in Switzerland, and having consider-

time. When the time comes for general reaction against the burdensome and immoral splendors of modern life, — such as are described in Lothair, — the Jews will not be the last to adopt a style of elegant and rational simplicity.

Spain, wonderful to relate, joins the nations in restoring to the Jews the rights of man, of which she despoiled them four centuries ago. The Israelites of the world are now joining in a dollar subscription to build in Madrid a temple, worthy by its magnitude and splendor to commemorate the abrogation of the edict of 1492, which silenced Hebrew worship throughout Spain, and dismantled every synagogue. Within these few weeks Sweden has swept from her law books every remaining statute which made a distinction between Jews and Christians; and now, except in Russia and the Papal States, there is, I believe, no part of Europe where an Israelite has not the essential rights of a citizen, so far as they are enjoyed by the rest of the people.

If any one desires to revive his detestation of caste, the oppression of class by class, of color by color, of race by race, let him mark in the history of this people how *uniformly* they rise and expand and ennoble when the stigma is removed and the repressive laws are abolished. Always complying with the fundamental conditions of prosperous existence, that is, being always as a people chaste, temperate, industrious, and frugal, they have only needed a fair chance to develop more shining qualities. Americans need not recur to history to learn this. We need only to walk down Broadway as far as Castle Garden (where all the histories of all the nations come to a

focus and show their net results), and compare Israelites fresh from the countries where they have been oppressed and despised for many centuries with Israelites who have lived in the United States for one or two generations. America can boast no better citizens, nor more refined circles, than the good Jewish families of New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia.

Not that the repression of ages can be overcome in a few years. We must expect that many Jews will long continue to exhibit unpleasing traits peculiar to themselves; and in some instances we shall observe that those traits, subdued in a parent, will reappear in his children. We have a highly interesting example in the author of Lothair. The elder D'Israeli, though descended from a line of moneyed men, was curiously devoid of the commercial spirit, caring for nothing but his books and his collections of literary curiosities, — a guileless, unambitious student. His gifted son revels in the external. After fifty years of familiarity with the sumptuous life of very rich people, he writes of jewels in the manner of a dealer, and of nobles in the spirit of a footman.

One of the happy effects of light and liberty upon a religious body is to divide it. It is only people who do not think at all that value themselves upon thinking alike. Black night is uniform: daylight shows a thousand hues. Ignorance is a unit: knowledge is manifold. As long as the Jews were persecuted, they clung to ancient usage and doctrine with thoughtless tenacity; their whole strength being employed in the mere clutch. But when the repressive and restrictive laws were relaxed, the *mind* of the Jews resumed its office; divisions arose among them; and the world began to hear of the Orthodox and the Reformæd. Women, for example, are profoundly honored by the men of Israel, as they are by all the chaste races (and by no others); yet they retained in their morning service that insulting thanksgiving: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God,

able conversation with the ladies. They were accomplished, elegant, and unpretending, with no outward mark of station but attendant servants; and I was not a little surprised and instructed to find that the courtly mother was at once so zealous a daughter of Israel as to change her plans of journeying in order to keep some of the great days of the synagogue, and at the same time so much of a liberal as to delight greatly in the writings of Theodore Parker." — *Rev. Samuel Ogden, in New York Evening Post.*

King of the Universe, who hast not made me a heathen; who hast not made me a slave; who hast not made me a WOMAN!" While the men were uttering these offensive words, the women were required to accept their hard destiny by thanking God for having "made them according to his will," and imploring him to deliver them from "impudent faces," "a bad man," "an evil eye," "an oppressive lawsuit," "an implacable opponent," and other evils. All this had become unsuitable, but it was retained. Then, in ancient times when almanacs were not, the festivals (all regulated by the moon) were required to be kept for two days, instead of one, lest the time of the new moon should not have been exactly ascertained. This inconvenient custom was maintained in rigor, although the moment of the birth of the new moon was known to every family. In Palestine the eating of shell-fish and pork was forbidden, because in that country those articles were thought to induce leprosy; and so in New York and London not a Jew would eat an oyster or a sausage. For similar reasons, minute directions were given by the ancient lawgivers respecting the mode of killing animals, all of which were, doubtless, necessary or humane at the time; and down to a recent period every Jewish community had its butcher, and no man would kill a chicken except in the authorized way. The service of four hours on the Sabbath was much too long; but on high days the pious Israelites were engaged in public worship for eight hours without a pause. Veritable rams' horns were blown in the temple; and every Jew who built a house left some visible part of it unfinished to denote that the Temple was still in ruins. All life was overlaid with minute observances, and religion was to many families almost as much a burden as a solace.

In one of the stories published in "Friday Evening," there is a scene which illustrates the ruthless tyranny of ancient custom when it has acquired the sanction of religion. A poor fami-

ly of Jews had just seated themselves at the table to enjoy the Sabbath dinner, for which the father, in the midst of cruel misfortunes, had ventured to provide a fine, fat goose. The eagerly expected moment arrives; the children gaze breathless as the majestic bird is placed upon the table; and the happy father, with beaming countenance, begins to use the carving-knife.

"The goose was at length completely carved, and still rested in delicious morsels on the plate before him, when, suddenly, little Schimmele cried out: 'Look, look, there is a nail driven in the goose!'

"Where? where?" demanded at the same time both father and mother. The child pointed to the place, and there, indeed, the nail was revealed.

"The knife dropped quickly from our Anschel's hand, who stood transfixed, his face paler than the cloth before him on the table. Esther at once removed the bird, and ordered Schimmele to hasten to the Rabbi's house, and inquire of him if it were unclean or not. The boy seized the dish, covered it with a napkin, and staggered away under his tempting load as fast as legs could bear him.

"Meanwhile, gloomy and melancholy silence reigned throughout the house. The children gazed on with an expression of disappointment and dismay. Anschel lowered his eyes, whilst Esther sat immovably in her seat without uttering a word.

"A few minutes afterwards Schimmele returned, but his countenance foreboded no good; tears were in his eyes.

"'Well?' demanded Esther, as he stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"'The goose—the goose is unclean,' replied the boy, after a desperate effort, sobbing."

It was all over with the Sabbath banquet! No one thought of eating a morsel of the goose.

I have before me a curious narrative of a young Jewish lady in Southern Russia, venturing to carry a parasol in the streets on the Sabbath. Her

mother, reproached by the stricter Israelites for allowing her daughter thus to transgress traditional law, forbade the young lady ever again on the sacred day to interpose a human invention between her fair countenance and the sun's rays. The daughter, offended, refused to go out at all on the Sabbath, and after four months the mother relented, saying: "I am not so strict as my mother is, and you will not be so strict as I am. You may, therefore, just as well begin now to practise your laxer principles; it is of no use trying to make you what I am myself." The grandmother, in fact, was a pilgrim in the Holy Land, whither she had gone to end her days; the mother was merely a good orthodox Jewess; the daughter was willing to carry a parasol on Saturday!

The recent movement among our Israelitish brethren toward Reform is merely the revolt of emancipated intelligence against the rites, usages, and doctrines which had become unsuitable and obstructive. It is a reassertion of the supreme authority of human reason. The reformers, while clinging with the tenacity of their race to the two essentials, — God and the Sabbath, — demand and concede in all minor matters perfect liberty! Nor do they adhere to the weekly day of rest so much because it is commanded, as because it is best. The most advanced statement of the reformed ideas is a little work published a few weeks ago, "What is Judaism?" by Rev. Rafael D. C. Lewin of New York. Mr. Lewin, in discoursing upon the laws and rites ordained by Moses, asserts that they are obligatory only so long as they answer the end intended. "As soon," he remarks, "as reason has decided that the time for their observance has passed, that they no longer effect their purpose, that according to the age in which we live the religious Idea, if requiring an outer covering at all, needs one of different materials, then the observance of them has forever passed, and a continuance of them is but a violation of those grand

eternal principles which constitute pure Judaism."

Sacrifices, according to this bold writer, were permitted only in condescension to the barbarism of primitive tribes, and he ventures upon the tremendous audacity of saying, that even the venerated rite of circumcision must give way before advancing intelligence! He evidently regards it as the merest relic of barbarism, and speaks of the coming abrogation of all such usages as "a glorious event." Again and again he holds language like this: "Judaism is religion, and religion is life, spirit; it is neither letter nor law. The Bible is the word of God only when it is construed from its spiritual signification. There is nothing supernatural about the Bible. It is not a revelation of God's will imparted to any certain man under mysterious circumstances, nor is it a direct communication from God to man. It is a book, and only a book; a book written by mortal hands, a book containing ideas, sentiments, and doctrines emanating from the brain of man." But, he adds, although the Bible is man's work, wherever in it the true spirit of religion is expressed, there, but only there, is it "the true inspired word of God."

Few of our Israelitish brethren are yet prepared to receive such advanced heresy as this. Perhaps one third of all the Jews in the United States are still orthodox; another third neglect religion except on the greatest days of the religious year, and are indifferent on the disputed questions; another third are in various stages of Reform, a few even going beyond Mr. Lewin. A very small number, both in Germany and America, are prepared, for reasons of convenience, to adopt the first day of the week instead of their Sabbath. They say truly that the essential thing is to rescue a day from business for the higher interests of man; and, that great boon being secured, the only other point of importance is, that we should all have the same day. This idea, however, is held in aversion by a vast majority of the Jewish people, and

it will be many years in making its way to general acceptance. Meanwhile they employ our Sunday in holding their religious schools and in transacting the business of synagogue and charity.

The difference of opinion between the Orthodox and the Reformed does not create visible division among them, because the Jews are congregationalists. Each synagogue is independent in all respects. There is no ecclesiastical body nor Chief Rabbi in the United States, to interfere in the concerns, to criticise the ritual, or censure the belief of any congregation. If a congregation is in need of a minister, a preacher, a reader, a sexton, it simply advertises for one, stating the salary to be given, and usually whether the congregation is Orthodox or Reformed. In almost any of our Jewish papers we can find a long string of advertisements like the following :—

WANTED.—The Cong. *Anshe Chesed*, of this city, desire to engage a minister for the term of five years from August next, at the yearly salary of three thousand dollars. He is expected to deliver sermons in German, and to superintend the congregational school.

Applications and testimonials to be handed before the 8th of April next.

THE Congregation *Anshe Chesed*, of Vicksburg, Miss., desire to engage a gentleman to take charge of their new temple. It is requisite that he be able to lecture in the English as well as in the German language, and perform the functions of Chazan, leader and instructor of a choir.

A salary of \$ 3,000 per annum will be paid.

Competent men are invited to correspond with the undersigned on the subject, and enclose references and testimonials.

TO CONGREGATIONS.—A gentleman, who has for a number of years filled the position of Chazan, Baal Korah, and teacher of Hebrew and German in a rather large congregation, but on account of religious principles has given up his situation, is anxious to meet with a similar position in an Orthodox congregation, in either city or country. He is a well-qualified Shochet and practical Mohel,* and, though not a professional preacher, able to lecture in both German and English languages.

The best of references can be given.

WANTED.—A CHAZAN and SHOCHET, (Orthodox) by Congregation K. Keneseth Israel, of Richmond, Va., within sixty days from date. Salary, \$ 1,000. Applicants must have the best of recommendations, and must be able to deliver a discourse. No travelling expenses allowed.

* Circumciser.

WANTED.—A SHOCHET and CHAZAN (Orthodox) by the Congregation Beth Ee, of Buffalo, N. Y. Election to take place Sunday in Chalamood Pesach (April). Applicants must have the best of recommendations. No travelling expenses allowed.

In every congregation there is, of course, a party inclined to reform, and a party of sticklers for "the good old ways of our fathers." The occasional election of a minister furnishes an opportunity for measuring the strength of the two; and each member has always the resource of joining another congregation more in accord with his own disposition. Nor can there be very bitter contentions in a religious body that never thinks of winning proselytes, and has only a faint and vague belief in retribution beyond the grave. Among the thirty-two congregations in New York, the two most conspicuous represent the extremes of Orthodoxy and Reform, but there appears to be good-will between them, and they unite in the support of charitable institutions.

The most costly and picturesque edifice in the Fifth Avenue, New York, if we except the unfinished Roman Catholic cathedral, is the new Temple Immanuel, belonging to a reformed congregation. The interior, which is bright with gilding and many-hued fresco, is arranged so much like one of our churches, that no one would suspect its Oriental character. Men and women sit together; the men are uncovered and wear no scarf; there is an organ; the Saturday morning service lasts but two hours; some of the prayers are read in English, others in German, others in Hebrew; the scroll of the Law is solemnly taken from the ark, laid upon the desk and a portion read, but it is not elevated; and there is always a sermon, one week by the minister, Dr. Adler, in German, and the next, by the English preacher, Dr. Gutheim, in English. The service, in general, is extremely like that of the Episcopal church when the prayers are intoned and the psalms and responses are chanted. A stranger coming in by chance, and seeing the read-

er, the minister, and the English preacher dressed in ample gowns of black silk and wearing university caps, might suppose he had strayed into an Episcopal church where three professors from Oxford were conducting the service in a style recently introduced in England, but not yet known in America.

The Sunday school of this spacious and magnificent temple exhibits two novelties worthy of consideration: 1. Every class has its own room; 2. The teachers are *paid* at the rate of five dollars for each Sunday. Instead, therefore, of the Sunday school presenting a scene of chaos with Babel accompaniment, it is as quiet, efficient, and orderly as a well-arranged week-day school. At ten, the pupils assemble in a large room in the basement of the temple. The stroke of a bell calls them to order; one of the pupils — perhaps a little girl — is called to the platform, and the school rises and remains standing, while she says a very short prayer; all responding with a loud AMEN! When the school is seated again, another child is invited to the piano, and, as she plays a lively march, the classes, each in its turn, march to their rooms, where they remain two hours under instruction; at noon they march back to the music of the piano, into the large apartment, where another little prayer is said by one of the children, a hymn is sung, and the school is dismissed.

To an outside barbarian it is sorrowful to see such bright young intelligences fed upon lists of ancient kings, Hebrew roots, and innutritious catechism; but we have to steel ourselves against emotions of that kind whenever we look upon such a gathering. The world is full of minds whose growth was early arrested by mere lack of nutrition.

In all New York there is no ecclesiastical establishment more vigorously alive than this Temple Immanuel. Free from debt, and even possessing a handsome surplus in the form of unsold pews, it expends annually about forty

thousand dollars in salaries, repairs, and insurance, and gives away an average of thirty thousand dollars in charity. On one occasion recently it raised sixteen thousand dollars for a hospital, to which patients of all religions or of none are equally welcome. In this congregation, as in all others, there are societies for ministering to the sick, burying the dead, assisting the poor, and aiding oppressed Israelites in other lands. The ancient festivals are not neglected; but if you converse much with the fathers and mothers, you will suspect that the day of the year which really interests and kindles the people most is the one on which, in the presence of the greatest congregation of the year, the children are confirmed.

The Jews are happy in the United States. There are now two hundred congregations of them here, half of whom have arrived within the last twelve years. They are good citizens, firmly attached to those liberal principles to which they owe their deliverance from degrading and oppressive laws, and are rising in the esteem of the people among whom they dwell. Their attachment to the system of universal education is hereditary; it dates back three thousand years; and though their religious feelings are wounded by the opening exercises of many public schools, they would not for that reason destroy them. They prefer rather to rally warmly to their support, trusting to the magnanimity and growing good sense of their fellow-citizens to spare their children, at length, the pain of taking part in exercises which they regard as idolatrous. For this they are willing to wait. They hope, also, to see the day when the thanksgiving proclamations of governors and presidents will be so worded that they, too, can comply with them; though of late they have viewed with needless alarm the attempts, on the part of a few well-intentioned persons, to break the silence of the Constitution respecting religion.

Our Israelitish brethren object, and with reason, to a thoughtless habit of some reporters in speaking of a person

arrested for an infamous crime as "a Jew." They say that, before the law, Jews are citizens merely; the word *Jew* being now descriptive, not of their nationality, but of their religion. Why not, they ask, report that Patrick O'Muligan, a Roman Catholic, was arrested for drunkenness, or John Smith, a Presbyterian, was tried for forgery?

But nothing irritates this good-tempered people so much as the societies maintained for the purpose of converting them to the faith which for so many centuries made their lives shameful and bitter. Amiable as they are, they really resent this effort with some warmth. They point with derision to the fact that the society in London expends fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum in converting a dozen or two poverty-stricken wretches, and sending abroad, on highly interesting tours, a few plausible renegades. The very organ of this society confesses that poor Jews in London are morally superior to poor Christians. "As to their moral qualities," says the editor of *Jewish Intelligence*, in the number for November, 1862, "the evidence seems to show that the lower class of

Jews are *decidedly superior* to the same class among ourselves. They are far less given to drinking; their religious customs enforce a certain amount of cleanliness, both personal and in their dwellings; and two families are never found inhabiting the same apartment!" We can hardly be surprised at the Jews for regarding the maintenance of such societies as a standing menace and insult. Fifty thousand pounds a year, drawn from the limited benevolence fund of Christendom, is too much to waste upon such missionaries as write the reports in the magazine of the London Society for converting the Jews.

Our Israelitish brethren in the United States have their own battle to fight. It is substantially the same as ours. They, too, have to deal with overwhelming masses of ignorance and poverty, just able to get across the ocean, and arriving helpless at Castle Garden. They, too, have to save morality, decency, civilization, while the old bondage of doctrine and habit is gradually loosened. In this struggle Jews and Christians should be allies; and allies are equals.

James Parton.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IT cannot be!" cried Joseph, looking at the doctor with an agonized face; "it is too dreadful!"

"There is no room for doubt in relation to the cause. I suspect that her nervous system has been subjected to a steady and severe tension, probably for years past. This may have induced a condition, or at least a temporary paroxysm, during which she was — you understand me — not wholly responsible for her actions. You must have noticed whether such a condition preceded this catastrophe."

Lucy looked from one to the other, and back to the livid face on the pillow, unable to ask a question, and not yet comprehending that the end had come. Joseph arose at the doctor's words.

"That is my guilt," he said. "I was excited and angry, for I had been bitterly deceived. I warned her that her life must henceforth conform to mine: my words were harsh and violent. I told her that we had at last ascertained each other's true natures, and proposed a serious discussion for the purpose of arranging our common future, this afternoon. Can she have

misunderstood my meaning? It was not separation, not divorce: I only meant to avoid the miserable strife of the last few weeks. Who could imagine that this would follow?"

Even as he spoke the words Joseph remembered the tempting fancy which had passed through his own mind,—and the fear of Philip,—as he stood on the brink of the rock, above the dark, sliding water. He covered his face with his hands and sat down. What right had he to condemn her, to pronounce her mad? Grant that she had been blinded by her own unbalanced, excitable nature rather than consciously false; grant that she had really loved him, that the love survived under all her vain and masterful ambition,—and how could he doubt it after the dying words and looks,—it was then easy to guess how sorely she had been wounded, how despair should follow her fierce excitement! Her words, "Go away! you have killed me!" were now explained. He groaned in the bitterness of his self-accusation. What were all the trials he had endured to this? How light seemed the burden from which he was now free! how gladly would he bear it, if the day's words and deeds could be unsaid and undone!

The doctor, meanwhile, had explained the manner of Julia's death to Lucy Henderson. She, almost overcome with this last horror, could only agree with his conjecture, for her own evidence confirmed it. Joseph had forborne to mention her presence in the garden, and she saw no need of repeating his words to her; but she described Julia's convulsive excitement, and her refusal to admit her to her room, half an hour before the first attack of the poison. The case seemed entirely clear to both.

"For the present," said the doctor, "let us say nothing about the suicide. There is no necessity for a *post mortem* examination: the symptoms, and the presence of arsenic in the glass, are quite sufficient to establish the cause of death. You know what a foolish idea of disgrace is attached to families here in the country when such a thing

happens, and Mr. Asten is not now in a state to bear much more. At least, we must save him from painful questions until after the funeral is over. Say as little as possible to him: he is not in a condition to listen to reason: he believes himself guilty of her death."

"What shall I do?" cried Lucy: "will you not stay until the man, Dennis, returns? Mr. Asten's aunt must be fetched immediately."

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dennis arrived, followed by Philip and Madeline Held.

Lucy, who had already despatched Dennis, with a fresh horse, to Magnolia, took Philip and Madeline into the dining-room, and hurriedly communicated to them the intelligence of Julia's death. Philip's heart gave a single leap of joy; then he compelled himself to think of Joseph and the exigencies of the situation.

"You cannot stay here alone," he said. "Madeline must keep you company. I will go up and take care of Joseph: we must think of both the living and the dead."

No face could have been half so comforting in the chamber of death as Philip's. The physician had, in the mean time, repeated to Joseph the words he had spoken to Lucy, and now Joseph said, pointing to Philip, "Tell *him* everything!"

Philip, startled as he was, at once comprehended the situation. He begged Dr. Hartman to leave all further arrangements to him, and to summon Mrs. Bishop, the wife of one of Joseph's near neighbors, on his way home. Then, taking Joseph by the arm, he said:—

"Now come with me. We will leave this room awhile to Lucy and Madeline; but neither must you be alone. If I am anything to you, Joseph, now is the time when my presence should be some slight comfort. We need not speak, but we will keep together."

Joseph clung the closer to his friend's arm, without speaking, and they passed out of the house. Philip led him, mechanically, towards the garden, but as

they drew near the avenue of box-trees Joseph started back, crying out: —

"Not there! — O, not there!"

Philip turned in silence, conducted him past the barn into the grass-field, and mounted the hill towards the pin-oak on its summit. From this point the house was scarcely visible, behind the fir-trees and the huge weeping-willow, but the fair hills around seemed happy under the tender sky, and the melting, vapory distance, seen through the southern opening of the valley, hinted of still happier landscapes beyond. As Joseph contemplated the scene, the long strain upon his nerves relaxed: he leaned upon Philip's shoulder, as they sat side by side, and wept passionately.

"If she had not died!" he murmured, at last.

Philip was hardly prepared for this exclamation, and he did not immediately answer.

"Perhaps it is better for me to talk," Joseph continued. "You do not know the whole truth, Philip. You have heard of her madness, but not of my guilt. What was it I said when we last met? I cannot recall it now; but I know that I feared to call my punishment unjust. Since then I have deserved it all, and more. If I am a child, why should I dare to handle fire? If I do not understand life, why should I dare to set death in motion?"

He began, and related everything that had passed since they parted on the banks of the stream. He repeated the words that had been spoken in the house and in the garden, and the last broken sentences that came from Julia's lips. Philip listened with breathless surprise and attention. The greater part of the narrative made itself clear to his mind; his instinctive knowledge of Julia's nature enabled him to read much further than was then possible to Joseph; but there was a mystery connected with the suicide which he could not fathom. Her rage he could easily understand; her apparent submission to Joseph's request, however, — her manifest desire to live, on overhearing

the physician's fears, — her last incomplete sentence, "I — did — not — mean —" indicated no such fatal intention, but the reverse. Moreover, she was too inherently selfish, even in the fiercest paroxysm of disappointment, to take her own life, he believed. All the evidence justified him in this view of her nature, yet at the same time rendered her death more inexplicable.

It was no time to mention these doubts to Joseph. His only duty was to console and encourage.

"There is no guilt in accident," he said. "It was a crisis which must have come, and you took the only course possible to a man. If she felt that she was defeated, and her mad act was the consequence, think of your fate had she felt herself victorious!"

"It could have been no worse than it was," Joseph answered. "And she might have changed: I did not give her time. I have accused my own mistaken education, but I had no charity, no pity for hers!"

When they descended the hill Mrs. Bishop had arrived, and the startled household was reduced to a kind of dreary order. Dennis, who had driven with speed, brought Rachel Miller at dusk, and Philip and Madeline then departed, taking Lucy Henderson with them. Rachel was tearful, but composed; she said little to her nephew, but there was a quiet, considerate tenderness in her manner, which soothed him more than any words.

The reaction from so much fatigue and excitement almost prostrated him. When he went to bed in his own guest-room, feeling like a stranger in a strange house, he lay for a long time between sleep and waking, haunted by all the scenes and personages of his past life. His mother's face, so faded in memory, came clear and fresh from the shadows; a boy whom he had loved in his school-days floated with fair, pale features just before his closed eyes; and around and between them there was woven a web of twilights and moonlights and sweet, sunny days,

each linked to some grief or pleasure of the buried years. It was a keen, bitter joy, a fascinating torment, from which he could not escape. He was caught and helplessly ensnared by the phantoms, until, late in the night, the strong claim of nature drove them away and left him in a dead, motionless, dreamless slumber.

Philip returned in the morning, and devoted the day not less to the arrangements which must necessarily be made for the funeral than to standing between Joseph and the awkward and inquisitive sympathy of the neighbors. Joseph's continued weariness favored Philip's exertions, while at the same time it blunted the edge of his own feelings, and helped him over that cold, bewildering, dismal period, during which a corpse is lord of the mansion and controls the life of its inmates.

Towards evening Mr. and Mrs. Blessing, who had been summoned by telegraph, made their appearance. Clementina did not accompany them. They were both dressed in mourning: Mrs. Blessing was grave and rigid, Mr. Blessing flushed and lachrymose. Philip conducted them first to the chamber of the dead and then to Joseph.

"It is so sudden, so shocking!" Mrs. Blessing sobbed; "and Julia always seemed so healthy! What have you done to her, Mr. Asten, that she should be cut off in the bloom of her youth?"

"Eliza!" exclaimed her husband, with his handkerchief to his eyes; "do not say anything which might sound like a reproach to our heart-broken son! There are many foes in the citadel of life: they may be undermining our — our foundations, at this very moment!"

"No," said Joseph; "you, her father and mother, must hear the truth. I would give all I have in the world if I were not obliged to tell it."

It was, at the best, a painful task; but it was made doubly so by exclamations, questions, intimations, which he was forced to hear. Finally Mrs. Blessing asked, in a tone of alarm: —

"How many persons know of this?"

"Only the physician and three of my friends," Joseph answered.

"They must be silent! It might ruin Clementina's prospects if it were generally known. To lose one daughter and to have the life of another blasted would be too much."

"Eliza," said her husband, "we must try to accept whatever is inevitable. It seems to me that I no more recognize Julia's usually admirable intellect in her — yes, I must steel myself to say the word! — her suicide, than I recognized her features just now; unless Decay's effacing fingers have already swept the lines where beauty lingers. I warned her of the experiment, for such I felt it to be; yet in this last trying experience I do not complain of Joseph's disappointment, and his temporary — I trust it is only temporary — suspicion. We must not forget that he has lost more than we have."

"Where is —" Joseph began, endeavoring to turn the conversation from this point.

"Clementina? I knew you would find her absence unaccountable. We instantly forwarded a telegram to Long Branch: the answer said, 'My grief is great, but it is quite impossible to come.' Why impossible she did not particularize, and we can only conjecture. When I consider her age and lost opportunities, and the importance which a single day, even a fortunate situation, may possess for her at present, it seems to remove some of the sharpness of the serpent's tooth. Neither she nor we are responsible for Julia's rash taking off; yet it is always felt as a cloud which lowers upon the family. There was a similar case among the De Belsains, during the Huguenot times, but we never mention it. For your sake silence is rigidly imposed upon us; since the preliminary — what shall I call it? — dis-harmony of views? — would probably become a part of the narrative."

"Pray do not speak of that now!" Joseph groaned.

"Pardon me; I will not do so again.

Our minds naturally become discursive under the pressure of grief. It is easier for me to talk at such times than to be silent and think. My power of recuperation seems to be spiritual as well as physical; it is congenital, and therefore exposes me to misconceptions. But we can close over the great abyss of our sorrow, and hide it from view in the depth of our natures, without dancing on the platform which covers it."

Philip turned away to hide a smile, and even Mrs. Blessing exclaimed: "Really, Benjamin, you are talking heartlessly!"

"I do not mean it so," he said, melting into tears, "but so much has come upon me all at once! If I lose my buoyancy, I shall go to the bottom like a foundered ship! I was never cut out for the tragic parts of life; but there are characters who smile on the stage and weep behind the scenes. And, you know, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

He was so touched by the last words he spoke, that he leaned his head upon his arms and wept bitterly.

Then Mrs. Blessing, weeping also, exclaimed: "O, don't take on so, Benjamin!"

Philip put an end to the scene, which was fast becoming a torment to Joseph. But, later in the evening, Mr. Blessing again sought the latter, softly apologizing for the intrusion, but declaring that he was compelled, then and there, to make a slight explanation.

"When you called, the other evening," he said, "I was worn out, and not competent to grapple with such an unexpected revelation of villany. I had been as ignorant of Kanuck's real character as you were. All our experience of the world is sometimes at fault; but where the Reverend Dr. Lellifant was first deceived, my own case does not seem so flagrant. Your early information, however, enabled me (through third parties) to secure a partial sale of the stock held by yourself and me, — at something of a sacrifice, it is true; but I prefer not to dissociate myself entirely from the enterprise. I

do not pretend to be more than the merest tyro in geology; nevertheless, as I lay awake last night, — being, of course, unable to sleep after the shock of the telegram, — I sought relief in random scientific fancies. It occurred to me that since the main Chowder wells are 'spouting,' their source or reservoir must be considerably higher than the surface. Why might not that source be found under the hills of the Amaranth? If so, the Chowder would be tapped at the fountain-head and the flow of Pactolean grease would be ours! When I return to the city I shall need instantly — after the fearful revelations of to-day — some violently absorbing occupation; and what could be more appropriate? If anything could give repose to Julia's unhappy shade, it would be the knowledge that her faith in the Amaranth was at last justified! I do not presume to awaken your confidence: it has been too deeply shaken; all I ask is, that I may have the charge of your shares, in order — without calling upon you for the expenditure of another cent, you understand — to rig a jury-mast on the wreck, and, D. V., float safely into port!"

"Why should I refuse to trust you with what is already worthless?" said Joseph.

"I will admit even *that*, if you desire. '*Exitus acta probat*,' was Washington's motto; but I don't consider that we have yet reached the *exitus*! Thank you, Joseph! Your question has hardly the air of returning confidence, but I will force myself to consider it as such, and my labor will be to deserve it."

He wrung Joseph's hand, shed a few more tears, and betook himself to his wife's chamber. "Eliza, let us be calm: we never know our strength until it has been tried," he said to her, as he opened his portmanteau and took from it the wicker-covered flask.

Then came the weariest and dreariest day of all, — when the house must be thrown open to the world; when in one room the corpse must be displayed for solemn stares and whispered comments, while in another the prepara-

tion of the funeral meats absorbs all the interest of half a dozen busy women; when the nearest relatives of the dead sit together in a room up stairs, hungering only for the consolations of loneliness and silence; when all talk under their voices, and uncomfortably fulfil what they believe to be their solemn duty; and when even Nature is changed to all eyes, and the mysterious gloom of an eclipse seems to fall from the most unclouded sun.

There was a general gathering of the neighbors from far and near. The impression seemed to be — and Philip was ready to substantiate it — that Julia had died in consequence of a violent convulsive spasm, which some attributed to one cause and some to another.

The Rev. Mr. Chaffinch made his way, as by right, to the chamber of the mourners. Rachel Miller was comforted in seeing him, Mr. and Mrs. Blessing sadly courteous, and Joseph strengthened himself to endure with patience what might follow. After a few introductory words, and a long prayer, the clergyman addressed himself to each, in turn, with questions or remarks which indicated a fierce necessity of resignation.

"I feel for you, brother," he said, as he reached Joseph and bent over his chair. "It is an inscrutable visitation, but I trust you submit, in all obedience?"

Joseph bowed silently.

"He has many ways of searching the heart," Mr. Chaffinch continued. "Your one precious comfort must be that *she* believed, and that she is now in glory. O, if you would but resolve to follow in her footsteps! He shows His love, in that he chastens you: it is a stretching out of His hand, a visible offer of acceptance, this on one side, and the lesson of our perishing mortality on the other! Do you not feel your heart awfully and tenderly moved to approach Him?"

Joseph sat, with bowed head, listening to the smooth, unctuous, dismal voice at his ear, until the tension of his nerves became a positive physical pain.

He longed to cry aloud, to spring up and rush away; his heart was moved, but not awfully and tenderly. It had been yearning towards the pure Divine Light in which all confusions of the soul are disentangled; but now some opaque foreign substance intervened, and drove him back upon himself. How long the torture lasted he did not know. He spake no word, and made no further sign.

Then Philip took him and Rachel Miller down, for the last conventional look at the stony, sunken face. He was seated here and led there; he was dimly conscious of a crowd, of murmurs and steadfast faces; he heard some one whisper, "How dreadfully pale he looks!" and wondered whether the words could possibly refer to him. Then there was the welcome air and the sunshine, and Dennis driving them slowly down the lane, following a gloomy vehicle, in which *something* — not surely the Julia whom he knew — was carried.

He recalled but one other such stupor of the senses: it was during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

But the longest day wears out at last; and when night came only Philip was beside him. The Blessings had been sent to Oakland Station for the evening train to the city, and Joseph's shares in the Amaranth Company were in their portmanteau.

CHAPTER XXV.

For a few days it almost seemed to Joseph that the old order of his existence had been suddenly restored, and the year of his betrothal and marriage had somehow been intercalated into his life simply as a test and trial. Rachel Miller was back again, in her old capacity, and he did not yet see — what would have been plain to any other eyes — that her manner towards him was far more respectful and considerate than formerly. But, in fact, she made a wide distinction between the "boy" that he had been and the man and

widower which he had come to be. At first, she had refused to see the dividing line: having crossed it, her new course soon became as natural and fixed as the old. She was the very type of a mechanically developed old maid, — inflexibly stern towards male youth, devotedly obedient to male maturity.

Joseph had been too profoundly moved to lose at once the sense of horror which the manner of Julia's death had left in his heart. He could not forgive himself for having, though never so ignorantly, driven her to madness. He was troubled, restless, unhappy; and the mention of his loss was so painful that he made every effort to avoid hearing it. Some of his neighbors, he imagined, were improperly curious in their inquiries. He felt bound, since the doctor had suggested it, since Philip and Lucy had acquiesced, and Mrs. Blessing had expressed so much alarm lest it might become known, to keep the suicide a secret; but he was driven so closely by questions and remarks that his task became more and more difficult.

Had the people taken offence at his reticence? It seemed so; for their manner towards him was certainly changed. Something in the look and voice; an indefinable uneasiness at meeting him; an awkward haste and lame excuses for it, — all these things forced themselves upon his mind. Elwood Withers, alone, met him as of old, with even a tenderer though a more delicately veiled affection; yet in Elwood's face he detected the signs of a grave trouble. It could not be possible, he thought, that Elwood had heard some surmise, or distorted echo, of his words to Lucy in the garden, — that there had been another listener besides Julia!

There were times, again, when he doubted all these signs, when he ascribed them to his own disturbed mind, and decided to banish them from his memory. He would stay quietly at home, he resolved, and grow into a healthier mood: he would avoid the society of men, until he should cease to wrong them by his suspicions.

First, however, he would see Philip; but on reaching the Forge he found Philip absent. Madeline received him with a subdued kindness in which he felt her sympathy; but it was also deeper, he acknowledged to himself, than he had any right to claim.

"You do not see much of your neighbors, I think, Mr. Asten?" she asked. The tone of her voice indicated a slight embarrassment.

"No," he answered; "I have no wish to see any but my friends."

"Lucy Henderson has just left us. Philip took her to her father's, and was intending to call at your place on his way home. I hope you will not miss him. That is," she added, while a sudden flush of color spread over her face, "I want you to see him to-day. I beg you won't take my words as intended for a dismissal."

"Not now, certainly," said Joseph. But he rose from his seat as he spoke.

Madeline looked both confused and pained. "I know that I spoke awkwardly," she said, "but indeed I was very anxious. It was also Lucy's wish. We have been talking about you this morning."

"You are very kind. And yet — I ought to wish you a more cheerful subject."

What was it in Madeline's face that haunted Joseph on his way home? The lightsome spirit was gone from her eyes, and they were troubled as if by the pressure of tears, held back by a strong effort. Her assumed calmness at parting seemed to cover a secret anxiety; he had never before seen her bright, free nature so clouded.

Philip, meanwhile, had reached the farm, where he was received by Rachel Miller.

"I am glad to find that Joseph is not at home," he said; "there are some things which I need to discuss with you, before I see him. Can you guess what they are? Have you heard nothing, — no stories?"

Rachel's face grew pale, yet there was a strong fire of indignation in her eyes. "Dennis told me an outrageous

report he had heard in the village," she said; "if you mean the same thing, you did well to see me first. You can help me to keep this insult from Joseph's knowledge."

"If I could I would, Miss Rachel. I share your feeling about it; but suppose the report were now so extended — and of course in a more exaggerated form the further it goes — that we cannot avoid its probable consequences? This is not like a mere slander, which can be suffered to die of itself. It is equivalent to a criminal charge, and must be faced."

She clasped her hands, and stared at him in terror.

"But why," she faltered, — "why does any one *dare* to make such a charge? And against the best, the most innocent —"

"The fact of the poisoning cannot be concealed," said Philip. "It appears, moreover, that one of the women who was in the house on the day of Julia's death heard her cry out to Joseph: 'Go away, — you have killed me!' I need not take up the reports any further; there is enough in these two circumstances to excite the suspicions of those who do not know Joseph as we do. It is better, therefore, to meet those suspicions before they come to us in a legal form."

"What can we do?" cried Rachel; "it is terrible!"

"One course is clear, if it is possible. We must try to discover not only the cause of Julia's suicide, but the place where she procured the poison, and her design in procuring it. She must have had it already in the house."

"I never thought of that. And her ways were so quiet and sly! How shall we ever find it out? O, to think that, dead and gone as she is, she can yet bring all this upon Joseph!"

"Try to be calm, Miss Rachel," said Philip. "I want your help, and you must have all your wits about you. First, you must make a very careful examination of her clothing and effects, even to the merest scrap of paper. A man's good name — a man's life, some-

times — hangs upon a thread, in the most literal sense. There is no doubt that Julia meant to keep a secret, and she must have had a strong reason; but we have a stronger one, now, to discover it. First, as to the poison; was there any arsenic in the house when Julia came?"

"Not a speck! I never kept it, even for rats."

"Then we shall begin with ascertaining where she bought it. Let us make our investigations secretly, and as speedily as possible. Joseph need not know, at present, what we have undertaken, but he must know the charge that hangs over him. Unless I tell him, he may learn it in a more violent way. I sent Elwood Withers to Magnolia yesterday, and his report leaves me no choice of action."

Rachel Miller felt, from the stern gravity of Philip's manner, that he had not exaggerated Joseph's danger. She consented to be guided by him in all things; and, this point being settled, they arranged a plan of action and communication, which was tolerably complete by the time Joseph returned.

As gently as possible Philip broke the unwelcome news; but, lightly as he pretended to consider it, Joseph's instinct saw at once what might be the consequences. The circumstances were all burned upon his consciousness, and it needed no reflection to show him how completely he was entangled in them.

"There is no alternative," he said, at last. "It was a mistake to conceal the cause of her death from the public: it is easy to misunderstand her exclamation, and make my crime out of her madness. I see the whole connection! This suspicion will not stop where it is. It will go further; and therefore I must anticipate it. I must demand a legal inquiry, before the law forces one upon me. If it is not my only method of defence, it is certainly my best!"

"You are right!" Philip exclaimed. "I knew this would be your decision; I said so to Madeline this morning."

Now Madeline's confused manner

became intelligible to Joseph. Yet a doubt still lingered in his mind. "Did she, did Madeline question it?" he asked.

"Neither she, nor Lucy Henderson. If you do this, I cannot see how it will terminate without a trial. Lucy may then happen to be an important witness."

Joseph started. "*Must* that be!" he cried. "Has not Lucy been already forced to endure enough, for my sake? Advise me, Philip! Is there any other way than I have proposed?"

"I see no other. But your necessity is far greater than that for Lucy's endurance. She is a friend, and there can be no sacrifice in so serving you. What are we all good for, if not to serve you in such a strait?"

"I would like to spare her, nevertheless," said Joseph, gloomily. "I meant so well towards all my friends, and my friendship seems to bring only disgrace and sorrow."

"Joseph!" Philip exclaimed, "you have saved one friend from more than disgrace and sorrow! I do not know what might have come, but you called me back from the brink of an awful, doubtful eternity! You have given me an infinite loss and an infinite gain! I only ask you, in return, to obey your first true, proud instinct of innocence, and let me, and Lucy, and Elwood be glad to take its consequences, for your sake!"

"I cannot help myself," Joseph answered. "My rash impatience and injustice will come to light, and that may be the atonement I owe. If Lucy will spare herself, and report me truly, as I must have appeared to her, she will serve me best."

"Leave that, now! The first step is what most concerns us. When will you be ready to demand a legal investigation?"

"At once! — to-morrow!"

"Then we will go together to Magnolia. I fear we cannot change the ordinary forms of procedure, and there must be bail for your appearance at the proper time."

"Already on the footing of a criminal?" Joseph murmured, with a sinking of the heart. He had hardly comprehended, up to this moment, what his position would be.

The next day they drove to the county town. The step had not been taken a moment too soon, for such representations had been made that a warrant for Joseph's arrest was in the hands of the constable, and would have been served in a few hours. Philip and Mr. Hopeton, who also happened to be in the town by a fortunate chance (though Philip knew how the chance came), offered to accept whatever amount of bail might be demanded. The matter was arranged as privately as possible, but it leaked out in some way, and Philip was seriously concerned lest the curiosity — perhaps, even, the ill-will — of a few persons might be manifested towards Joseph. He visited the offices of the county papers, and took care that the voluntary act should be stated in such a manner as to set its character properly before the people. Everything, he felt, depended on securing a fair and unprejudiced judgment of the case.

This, indeed, was far more important than even he suspected. In a country where the press is so entirely free, and where, owing to the lazy, indifferent habit of thought — or, rather, habit of *no* thought — of the people, the editorial views are accepted without scrutiny, a man's good name or life may depend on the coloring given to his acts by a few individual minds, it is especially necessary to keep the balance even, to offset one statement by another, and prevent a partial presentation of the case from turning the scales in advance. The same phenomena were as likely to present themselves here, before a small public, as in the large cities, where the whole population of the country become a more or less interested public. The result might hinge, not upon Joseph's personal character as his friends knew it, but upon the political party with which he was affiliated, the church to which he belonged,

— nay, even upon the accordance of his personal sentiments with the public sentiment of the community in which he lived. If he had dared to defy the latter, asserting the sacred right of his own mind to the largest liberty, he was already a marked man. Philip did not understand the extent and power of the external influences which control what we complacently call "justice," but he knew something of the world, and acted in reality more prudently than he supposed.

He was calm and cheerful for Joseph's sake; yet, now that the matter was irrevocably committed to the decision of a new, uninterested tribunal, he began to feel the gravity of his friend's position.

"I almost wish," Joseph said, as they drove homewards, "that no bail had been granted. Since the court meets in October, a few weeks of seclusion would do me no harm; whereas now I am a suspected person to nearly all whom I may meet."

"It is not agreeable," Philip answered, "but the discipline may be useful. The bail terminates when the trial commences, you understand, and you will have a few nights alone, as it is, — quite enough, I imagine, to make you satisfied with liberty under suspicion. However, I have one demand to make, Joseph! I have thought over all possible lines of defence; I have secured legal assistance for you, and we are agreed as to the course to be adopted. I do not think you can help us at all. If we find that you can, we will call upon you; in the mean time, wait and hope!"

"Why should I not?" Joseph asked. "I have nothing to fear, Philip."

"No!" But Philip's emphatic answer was intended to deceive. He was purposely false, knew himself to be so, and yet his conscience never troubled him less!

When they reached the farm, Philip

saw by Rachel Miller's face that she had a communication to make. It required a little management to secure an interview with her without Joseph's knowledge; but some necessity for his presence at the barn favored his friend. No sooner were they alone than Rachel approached Philip hastily and said, in a hurried whisper: —

"Here! I have found something, at last! It took a mighty search: I thought I never *should* come upon the least bit that we could make anything of: but *this* was in the upper part of a box where she kept her rings and chains, and such likes! Take it, — it makes me uncomfortable to hold it in my fingers!"

She thrust a small paper into his hand.

It was folded very neatly, and there was an apothecary's label on the back. Philip read: "Ziba Linthicum's Drug store, No. 77 Main St., Magnolia." Under this printed address was written in large letters the word "Arsenic." On unfolding the paper he saw that a little white dust remained in the creases; quite enough to identify the character of the drug.

"I shall go back to-morrow!" he said. "Thank Heaven, we have got one clew to the mystery! Joseph must know nothing of this until all is explained; but while I am gone make another and more thorough search! Leave no corner unexplored: I am sure we shall find something more."

"I'd rip up her dresses!" was Rachel's emphatic reply. "That is, if it would do any good. But perhaps feeling of the lining and the hems might be enough. I'll take every drawer out, and move the furniture! But I must wait for daylight: I'm not generally afear'd, but there is some things, you know, which a body would as lief not do by night, with cracks and creaks all around you, which you don't seem to hear at other times."

Bayard Taylor.

REGRET.

SOFTLY Death touched her and she passed away
Out of this glad, bright world she made more fair,
Sweet as the apple-blossoms, when in May
The orchards flush, of summer grown aware.

All that fresh delicate beauty gone from sight,
That gentle, gracious presence felt no more !
How must the house be emptied of delight,
What shadows on the threshold she passed o'er !

She loved me. Surely I was grateful, yet
I could not give her back all she gave me, —
Ever I think of it with vain regret,
Musing upon a summer by the sea ;

Remembering troops of merry girls who pressed
About me, — clinging arms and tender eyes,
And love, like scent of roses. With the rest
She came to fill my heart with new surprise.

The day I left them all and sailed away,
While o'er the calm sea, 'neath the soft gray sky
They waved farewell, she followed me, to say
Yet once again her wistful, sweet "good by."

At the boat's bow she drooped ; her light green dress
Swept o'er the skiff in many a graceful fold,
Her glowing face, bright with a mute caress,
Crowned with her lovely hair of shadowy gold :

And tears she dropped into the crystal brine
For me, unworthy, as we slowly swung
Free of the mooring. Her last look was mine,
Seeking me still the motley crowd among.

O tender memory of the dead I hold
So precious through the fret and change of years !
Were I to live till Time itself grew old,
The sad sea would be sadder for those tears.

Celia Thaxter.

IRONY.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, reviving a doctrine of Origen, professed to have discovered in the sacred writings of the Hebrews this peculiarity, distinguishing it from other literatures, that, beside what the authors seem to say, — above or beneath the obvious meaning of the terms employed, — they say something else, and very different. If the Swedish theosopher is right in this view of them, the Hebrew Scriptures excel in the quality of irony. Not that the writers themselves "palter with us in a double sense." The writers themselves are supposed to be unconscious of the trailing mystery accompanying their earnest speech. But a spirit more subtle than the writer, lurking behind the pen, plays hide-and-seek with the reader. It sounds odd to speak of the Bible as the literature of irony, but, according to this view, it possesses that quality in an eminent degree. For the essence of literary irony consists in the "something behind," a spirit, a meaning, not wholly expressed in the literal sense of the writing. "Irony of the spirit" we may term this species.

THE IRONY OF PASSION.

The principle of irony must have a deep foundation in human nature, so universal is its manifestation, so diverse and opposite the moods of mind that in it find their fit expression. Joy, sorrow, love, hate, — all ironize. It is the native idiom of all passion which thus ekes out its imperfect utterance by drawing on its opposite. Excessive joy, no less than grief, finds vent in tears, and is ready to die of its own fulness. "If it were now to die," says Othello,

"T were now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

On the other hand, overwhelming sorrow, no less than joy, disposes to

mirth. Hamlet, stunned with grief and rage by the recent revelations of his father's ghost, summons his companions with the "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come," of the falconer, and confides to Horatio, on promise of the strictest secrecy, the astounding fact that "there 's ne'er a villain in all Denmark but he 's an arrant knave." The backwoodsman, when, returning from his day's work, he finds that his whole family have been murdered by the Indians, says, "It 's too ridiculous," and laughs and dies.

Love delights in minifying and even disparaging terms of endearment, and often teases by way of blandishment: "Excellent *wretch*! . . . but I do love thee." And often intense hatred borrows the vocabulary of praise.

IRONY AS SATIRE.

Irony, as commonly understood, is criticism by contraries. Emphasis is given to the real thought of the speaker by contrast with the thought professed; as when, in answer to Dalila's complaint that

"In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause,"

Samson Agonistes retorts,

"For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath."

A favorite kind of rhetorical irony is that of warning cloaked as pretended recommendation. Hoffmann's serious admonition to stage-managers and scene-shifters, after the model of Swift's advice to servants, is a happy instance. The writer warns them that poets and actors have conspired to deceive honest people, and make them believe that what they witness on the stage is actual events and persons, much to the prejudice of their understandings and their peace of mind; that consequently they, the managers and scene-shifters, are in duty bound, so far as in them lies, to frustrate this nefarious design, and to counteract the intended illusion.

"To this end, let them occasionally insert the wrong scene or drop the wrong curtain. In a scene representing a gloomy cave, let a little piece of the saloon behind appear, so that when the *prima donna* bewails in touching strains her cruel imprisonment, the spectator may listen undisturbed, knowing that the machinist has only to ring the bell, and the gloomy prison will disappear and the friendly saloon take its place. A very good device is, suddenly, in the midst of a lugubrious chorus, at the very moment of intensest interest, to let fall, as if by accident, a drop scene, separating the actors, so that a portion of those in the background shall be cut off from their interlocutors in the proscenium. . . . I remember," he says, "seeing this measure employed with great effect, although with some incorrectness in the application, in a ballet. The *prima ballerina* was executing a beautiful *sola*. Just as she was pausing for a moment in a splendid attitude, and while the spectators, crazy with delight, were shouting and clapping, the machinist suddenly let fall a drop scene which shut her off from public view. But unfortunately the drop scene was a drawing-room with a great door in the middle, and before one was aware the resolute *dansuse* came hopping through the door, and continued her *sola*. See to it, therefore, that your drop scene on such occasions has no door."*

English literature, second to none in humorous satire, has many choice bits of rhetorical irony. The following is from Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry:—

"When I consider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufactures, there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprise: the one that all dignities and honors should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other that our own province should

have arrived to that greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure that I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labor, with infinite pains, to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they, without any, may condescend to ours. But as we now have an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall be shortly able to level these highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain. . . . Furthermore, it were great cruelty if all such authors as cannot write in the other way were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim, that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion of the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbor's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth that there is hardly any human creature past childhood but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and no doubt was much the better for it in his health. . . . I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful upon the discharge of the peccant humor, in exceeding purulent metre. . . . From hence it follows that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. . . . It is, therefore, manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good subjects of England."

Irony as a mode of satire describes a wide and rich province of letters,—a province embracing not a few of the choicest spirits and some of the most genial compositions of all time. Here shine the names of Lucian, Erasmus, Cervantes, Rabelais, Butler, Voltaire, Swift, Heine.

* *Der Vollkommener Maschinist*, in Hoffmann's *Fantastische*.

But literature has other ironies than that of satire. Writers of loftier aim and graver tone than those I have named have found their advantage in this fascinating element. Bishop Thirlwall, in a paper contributed to the Philological Museum, discusses the irony he professes to find where certainly one would not suspect it, — in the tragedies of Sophocles. But the irony in that case is not a trait of the poet's mind; it inheres in the subject-matter of his fables. It is the irony of Fate in the fortunes of Ajax, of Oedipus, and Philoctetes, which he depicts. The irony I have in view is purely subjective. But how shall I define, how discriminate from satire on the one hand, and superficial badinage on the other; how identify, under forms so various, the subtle spirit which I seem to detect in writers who else have scarce anything in common? I select for examples two poets as remote from each other in the bent of their genius as can well be found, — Milton and Goethe.

In Milton's prose, though largely satirical, the element of irony is not conspicuous. His poetry, which is not satirical, is steeped in it. It constitutes, I think, the peculiar charm of his verse. Take the Hymn to the Nativity. The poet treats the Gentile divinities as actually existing personages, and that, not in the way of poetic machinery, as other Christian poets have sometimes done, but because the position he assumes in this poem is properly outside of all religions. He looks upon their conflict as Homer's gods behold the conflict of the Greeks and Trojans, not indeed with indifference, for he is celebrating the triumph of the Christian cause, yet not exactly as a Christian believer. His position is that of an outsider. He sings the victory, but not as personally concerned in it, except as his sympathy goes with the victor. The Gentile divinities are as real to him as the new-born God who puts them to flight; but they have had their day, they must yield to the incoming era of the new dispensation.

"Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide;
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine,
Our Babe to show his Godhead true
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned
crew."

The irony here consists in the poet's aloofness from his theme, suggesting an *arrière-pensée*, and leaving a gap between it and the thought expressed, of which the reader must supply the missing link. In conversing with works of genius, we feel the difference between those in which the writer is sunk in his theme and goes wholly out in it, and those in which he seems to stand apart from his own creations, as if toying with them and with us. The difference is no test of poetic merit; the creative power may be greater in the former case than in the latter. It is only a difference of intellectual reaction, a difference in the reach of conscious thought, — a fuller waking, albeit the waking of a genius less robust.

The charm of that something beyond, that circumfused *aura* of reserve which constitutes the essence of irony, I find in the greatest perfection in Goethe. Of all writers he impresses me most with the feeling of a double self. He is not, like most of his contemporaries, subjective, but objective in his creations. His individuality is not put forward as in Byron, in Schiller, in Richter, even in Wordsworth, but studiously kept in the background. But the reader is made conscious of that background, of a thought in reserve, which is the real Goethe, behind the thought expressed, which is also the real Goethe as well. Even in his autobiography, where the topic is self, he contrives to get behind that self; now object, now subject, now both. The very title is a stroke of irony, — "Fiction and Truth." In the opening chapter he gravely recounts the astrological aspects which auspicated his nativity; he gives us his horoscope as if it were an essential part of the history. Did Goethe, then, believe in astrology? No. Did he mean to satirize that belief? No. Is he jesting? Yes, and no. Is he in earnest?

No, and yes. The reader may take it as he pleases. This is what another, reflecting on that birth, might find, astrologically expressed, in the fortunes awaiting the man child who was dropped upon this earth-ball in Frankfurt on the Main, on the 28th of August, 1749.

In the "Conversations of German Emigrants" the "Old Man," who had previously narrated two moral stories of the deepest practical significance, promises the company a tale that shall "remind them of nothing and of everything," and thus introduces that wonderful composition which German critics have denominated "The Tale," distinguishing it from everything else in that line. Here, the ironical in Goethe's genius reaches its climax. The thing remains to this day an unsolved problem, and in all likelihood will ever remain so. Whether the author really meant anything more by it than to entertain the reader with a magic-lantern of incongruous images, and, if so, what that meaning is, are matters of conjecture. The sphinx is dumb and gives no sign. Carlyle, who tried his teeth on it, calls it "one of the noblest performances produced for the last thousand years, wherein more meaning lies than in all the literature of our century." Novalis doubtless had Goethe in his mind when he wrote that "the genuine *Mährchen* is prophetic, an absolutely necessary presentation, and the author of such a one a seer of the future." It seems to be taken for granted by those who have studied it, that in some way it figures the past and future of humanity; but as to the import of separate parts, there is no agreement and can be no certainty. It was meant that there should be none. Irony throned on that moaument smiles an eternal smile in the face of Hermeneutic.

In the *Faust*, where the subject-matter itself is the irony of life, the irony in the treatment is less apparent; scarcely at all in the first part, and only here and there, as in the visit to the "Mothers," in the second.

Goethe, like Milton in the "Nativity," assumes, in some of his pieces, a position external to religion, but with this distinction, that Milton, though standing poetically aloof, pays reverent tribute to the Christian faith whose fervent disciple he is, whilst Goethe's attitude is sometimes that of poetic indifference, and sometimes leans to heathen views.

In the lines addressed to his noble and devout friend, the *Fräulein* von Klettenberg, he makes use of the expression, referring to a picture of the Saviour in her room, "The God who suffered for you." "When," he says in his autobiography,—"when in these stanzas, as sometimes on other occasions, I represented myself as an outsider, a stranger, or even a heathen, she did not object; on the contrary, she assured me that she liked me better so than when I made use of Christian terminology, in the application of which, she said, I never succeeded. Indeed, it was a common thing for me, when I read to her the missionary reports, which she always enjoyed hearing, to take the part of the Gentiles against the missionaries, and to venture to prefer their former estate. She remained ever friendly and gentle, and seemed to have no anxiety on my account, nor to be at all concerned about my salvation."

In the poem inscribed "To Coachman Kronos," in which he likens his ideal of life to a day's drive in a stage-coach, finding nothing in Christian imagery that suited his mood, he draws on pagan ideas to celebrate a glorious ending:—

"Drunk with the sun's last ray, —
A sea of fire in my foaming eye, —
Whirl me dazzled and reeling
Into Hell's nocturnal gate.

Sound, O coachman, thy horn !
With clatter and echoing tramp
Let Orcus know we are coming,
'That the host may be at the door
To give us friendly reception."

In the piece entitled "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," he takes part with the silversmith against the Apostle. He describes with artistic sympathy an aged goldsmith at work in his *atelier*, fashioning with pious care, as taught by

his father, figures for the girdle of the loved goddess :—

"When all at once he hears so loud,
Like a rushing wind, in the street a crowd
And a talk there is of a God unseen—
Behind man's foolish brow they ween—
More worthy far than the Being here
In whose breadth the Godhead we revere,
The master listens, nor listens long,
His boys may run to see the throng,
He flies away, nor heeds the sound,
His goddess adorning with deer and hound,
And trusts that his fortune it may be
To represent her worthily.

If any one think otherwise,
Let him do as seemeth good in his eyes.
But to injure our craft if he presume,
A shameful end shall be his doom."

In that most weird and tragic of all ballads, ancient or modern, "The Bride of Corinth," where recent Christianity and expiring polytheism are brought into conflict, he enlists our sympathies in favor of the ancient faith. The spectre bride complains that she is left desolate; all her family have turned Christian :—

"All the gods, the gay, withdrew their blessing,
Fled the house, nor longer here abide;
One alone in heaven unseen confessing,
And a Saviour on the cross who died.
We no longer here
Offer lamb nor steer,
Human victims have their place supplied."

One must not infer from such utterances that the wise and poised seer had any sympathy with disorganizing radicalism. The contrary is evident from the piece entitled "The Neologians":—

"I met a young man and I asked his trade.
It is my endeavor and hope, he said,
To earn enough before I die
A snug little yeoman's farm to buy.
I praised his intent and bade him God speed!
And much I hoped he might succeed,
When I learned that he had from his dear papa,
And also from madam, his mamma,
Baronial estates of the amplest kind.

That is what I call an original mind."

Goethe's irony is due in part to his social position, to reaction against conventional limitations, and in part to hatred of philistinism and pedantry.

Suspicious of systems, in an age of philosophical and political *doctrinaires*; appealed to on this hand and that for a verdict on things human and divine; a disbeliever in violent revolutions, yet living in the midst of them; charged

with indifference to human weal because he chose to promote it by doing his own work in his own way and refused to lend himself to any faction, he found in irony his sure palladium against the assaults of those who could neither convince nor comprehend him. His "Coptic Song" is an indication of the method he sometimes saw fit to adopt :—

"COPTIC SONG.

"Leave to the learned their vain disputations,
Strict and sedate let the pedagogues be:
Ever the wise of all ages and nations
Nod to each other and smile and agree:
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly:
Fool them and rule them, for so it must be.

"Merlin the old in his tomb ever shining,
Where as a youngling I heard him divining,
Similar counsel confided to me:
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly:
Fool them and rule them, since fools they will be.

"Mountains frequented by Indian adorers,
Crypts the resort of Egyptian explorers,
All that is sacred confirms the decree:
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly:
Fool them and rule them, for so it should be."

One sees how the irony so marked in Goethe as a writer had its root in an inborn or inbred irony of character. And this suggests a separate branch of our subject.

IRONY IN CHARACTER.

There are characters in history in whom this trait predominates to such an extent as to constitute them a class by themselves. Socrates, whose *eiposeia*, so baffling to Thrasymachus and the Sophists, perhaps originated our use of the term; Diogenes rolling his tub in mockery of the preparations for the Sicilian war; Augustus choosing a sphinx for his seal; Julian the Apostate, Frederick the Second of the Hohenstauffen, Abelard, Leo the Tenth; among writers, Machiavelli, Erasmus, Gibbon, are different types of this wide variety.

Such characters are apt to appear at the meeting-point of the old and the new, when faith in an old religion or institution or custom is on the decline, and numbers are arrayed against it, as in the beginning of the Christian

era against polytheism, and in the sixteenth century against the Church of Rome. Such periods develop three distinct types of character in relation to old and new: first, the destructive radical, who wishes to abolish the old, the sooner and more completely the better; second, the believing and conscientious conservative, who clings to it with unswerving devotion; and third, between these two a class of men, embracing often the best culture and largest thought of the time, (of men I say, not often of women,—they are usually affianced to one or the other side,) who are not in full sympathy with either direction. They see bigotry, stupidity, antiquated error, on one side, and they also see vulgar adventure, pruriency, and shallowness on the other. They fully apprehend whatever is true in the new ideas, and do them full justice in their private thought; but they also find meanings in the old, which those who renounce it do not perceive, and which give it a right to be. At the same time they feel that the forms which embody those meanings are outgrown, that much in the old is obsolete and will not ally itself with a vigorous future. They are nominally in it, but cannot heartily embrace it. As little can they lend themselves to the turbulent and vulgar new. They fancy they see all there is in both interests, and a good deal more besides. Now, whether it is native irony of character that dictates this position, or whether the position develops the irony, it is here that irony is most at home. An ironical treatment of the claims of both parties is the natural resource of one who feels himself raised above either, and is equally indifferent to both. The author of the essay on the "Irony of Sophocles," already referred to, remarks: "There is always a slight cast of irony in the grave, calm, respectful attention impartially bestowed by an intelligent judge on two contending parties who are pleading their causes before him with all the earnestness of deep conviction and excited feeling."

He sees "that the right and the truth lie on neither side exclusively; . . . both have plausible claims and specious reasons to allege, though each is too much blinded by prejudice and passion to do justice to the views of his adversary." This is the position I have in view. The ironist speaks sometimes in the spirit of one party and sometimes of the other, but always with that mental reserve, that *arrière-pensée* in which the essence of irony consists. From which it appears that irony of character is the negative and polar antithesis of moral enthusiasm. All the advantages are wanting to it which moral enthusiasm gives. The ironist is not an eloquent man. Eloquence supposes earnest advocacy, but earnest advocacy is denied to him. He is not advocate, but judge. That man will never powerfully sway the popular mind who sees both sides. On the other hand, the earnest advocate can never move him, the ironist. There is no intellectual *rapprochement* between him and the popular speaker in whom is no reserve. He comes to despise eloquence, seeing behind the fervid outpouring nothing more than the sentiment of the hour, and noting how the cup is emptied with the speech.

From want of moral enthusiasm it would not be always safe to infer want of faith in humanity, or want of interest in human weal. The ironist may believe that natural growth, not violent change, is the way to accomplish that end, and that every attempt to anticipate the natural course of events retards the growth of good. You may carry your pet measure, but what if you lose more than you gain by it? Abolish one evil and you start another. Luther, when he saw what a wide door of abuse the Reformation had opened, said, with a sigh, that attempting to reform mankind was like trying to seat a drunken man on horseback; you help him on one side and he tumbles on the other. Moreover, the ironist may think that human destiny follows a prescribed course which all our fussing, our conventions and legislation

cannot further or change, but only perhaps embarrass and delay. By shaking the tree you do not ripen the fruit, but may cause it to fall untimely to the ground. Goethe thought that Luther had put back for centuries the cause of human progress. The error here lies in not perceiving that these very agitations are a part of the prescribed course; that Luther and Protestantism were not a wilful interpolation, but a necessary product of the time; that whatever was put back by it was put back divinely; that you cannot break the continuity of history, being yourself but one of the links.

The ironies thus far discussed are intellectual and moral traits; their common element is reserve or the thought behind. By a subtle association, not easily defined, the term is applied to phases of life in which this element does not appear, and where the irony is not in the thought, but in the fact.

IRONY IN RELIGION.

The history of religion exhibits ironies whose point consists in a glaring contradiction of theory and practice, or a conflict of faith and will. When the Emperor Frederick the Second visited Jerusalem, after a treaty with the Sultan Kameel, which gave that city, under certain conditions, to the Christians, the emir Schems-Eddin was charged to see that no offence was given to the Christian sovereign by the Moslem in the practice of their religion. It chanced that the Muezzin who called the faithful to prayer was, during that visit, to have read, as the lesson for the day, a verse of the Koran which denied the divinity of Christ. To meet the difficulty the emir suppressed the ceremony altogether. The Emperor, who cared little for the dogma, was more disappointed at missing an observance he was curious to witness than gratified with the compliment paid to his religion; which compliment, however, he returned by sharply rebuking a Christian soldier

who had just entered the mosque of Omar with a copy of the Gospels. And thus the two religions, in theory bound to urge their own doctrine, denied it in the persons of their chief representatives, bandying compliments with reciprocal disclaimers, and exemplifying what may be called the irony of faith.

Ancient polytheism sometimes betrayed its hollowness by ludicrous revulsions of distrust or ill-will.

The Emperor Augustus had lost two fleets in two successive naval engagements. To signalize his displeasure with the god of the sea, he forbade the image of Neptune to be borne with those of other gods in the next triumphal procession.

Suetonius relates that when the people of Rome heard of the death of their favorite Germanicus, they rushed into the temples and punished the gods with stoning. This putting of your god on his good behavior, treating him according to the good or evil fortune experienced by the worshipper, is a part of that profound insincerity, or, rather, of that latent fetishism, which characterizes the vulgar religion under all dispensations. The principle of fetishism is the practice of religion as a charm to secure good fortune.

Plutarch reports of the infamous Sulla, that, being in imminent danger of defeat in a battle before the gates of Rome, he took from his bosom a little golden image of Pythian Apollo, and, kissing it, said, "O Pythian Apollo, who hast given Cornelius Sulla the victory in so many engagements, hast thou at last brought him to the gates of Rome, there to perish ignominiously with his fellow-citizens?" The petulance of this heathen prayer is paralleled by many a Christian remonstrance addressed to the Christian's God, in like emergencies. Robert the Monk, the chronicler of the first Crusade, relates that Guy, the brother of Bohemond, in the terrible disaster which befell the army of Godfrey at Antioch, cried, "Almighty God, where is your virtue? If you are omnipotent, why do you permit

these things? Who will ever be a soldier of yours or a pilgrim again?"

The irony which mixes belief with unbelief, calculation with devotion, in religion, seems to have reached its perfection in Louis the Eleventh of France, whose devout intercourse with his favorite saints, or rather with their images stuck in his hat, Sir Walter Scott has so effectively portrayed.

Another sort of religious irony is the well-known travesty indulged by the Church of the Middle Age of her own most solemn rites. This enormity prevailed in various forms, in all of which mocking of religion was the leading idea. There was the Feast of Asses, in which an ass covered with sacerdotal robes was led into the church, and a mass performed before him, with burlesque ceremonies and hideous music. There was the Glutton Mass, when the people went to church to cram themselves with meat and drink. Another variety of sacrilegious pastime was the election and installation of the "Pope of Fools," or "Lord of Misrule." On these occasions the rioters would disguise themselves in grotesque costumes, turn the church into a hunting-ground, play at dice upon the altars, and commit every conceivable extravagance. The clergy, it would seem, not only tolerated but encouraged these fooleries. In fact, it was the irony of the Church herself, the Nemesis of faith, religion resenting its own sanctities.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

In a different and not altogether legitimate sense, the word "irony" is used to characterize certain disasters and tragedies of life. We speak of the irony of fate. The phrase is applied to events which have a retributory character, and in which the retribution, from its fitness and unexpected congruity, looks like design; events in which, independently of any relation of cause and effect, a conscious Nemesis appears to have adjusted the occurrence to the person concerned. Saul, in Hebrew history, having driven out the witches from Israel, is constrained at last to

consult one himself, and from her conjuration learns his doom; Julius Cæsar, having conquered Pompey at Pharsalus, falls at the base of Pompey's statue; Dion, who

"Overleaped the eternal bars,
And following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,"

caused the assassination of Heracles, perishes by the hands of assassins; Boniface the Eighth meets his fate through the instrumentality of Sciarra Colonna, whose house he had spoiled; Robespierre ends his career with the guillotine, to which he had sent so many of his fellow-citizens; Napoleon the First, who tried so hard to shut up England in her own island, is shut up by England in an island himself; South Carolina, to make slavery sure, and plant her foot more firmly on the neck of the negro, breaks with the Union, and by that means loses her slaves, and has negroes for her legislators.

THE IRONY OF NATURE.

We began with the irony of spirit; let us round the swift synopsis with a glance at the ironies of nature.

As such I reckon, for one thing, the close reserve with which Nature baffles the scrutiny of science, and hides from curious eyes the final secret of her births. From time immemorial the inscrutable mother has been playing a game of inverted blind-man's-buff with her inquisitive children. She bandages their eyes and bids them catch her if they can. Her explorers chase her hither and thither, but their eyes are holden that should not know her. When any one thinks he has caught her, it is only a part of her drapery which she yields to his clutches, never herself. "Science," says the Persian mystic, "puts her finger in her mouth and cries because the mystery of being will not reveal itself." The physiologist searches for the secret of life. What is it that discriminates animated from inanimate being? Function. In the lowest as in the highest, in the rhizopod as in the angel, it is function that distinguishes life from death. But

where is the functionary? Where sits the performer who plays the many-stringed or the one-stringed instrument? No dissection could ever show. What becomes of him when the instrument stops? No observation could ever report. Performer and performance are indistinguishably one. Between the instrument played and the instrument suddenly stopped there is no perceptible difference, except the fact of ability or inability still to perform. Yet is the difference infinite between life and death. The ontologist searches for the primal substance. Behind all the wrappers that envelop it, beneath all the acts that represent it, he would stand face to face with the ultimate fact. Is it matter? With microscope and knife and crucible he interrogates sensible forms. Is it spirit? With unsparing analysis he interrogates consciousness; and finds himself at last, in whatever direction he seeks, after all his probing, face to face with — nothing. And “nothing” is the answer with which the irony of nature responds alike to physicist and metaphysician, when the search transcends the prescribed bound. The Ixion of Greek mythology is an ever-fit symbol of all endeavors to lay hold of the absolute. Ixion is in love with Juno, the queen of the empyrean; he thinks to embrace her, and embraces a cloud. Transcendentalism experiences the same illusion, and experiences something of Ixion’s penalty of endless rotation, forever traversing the same cycle, from spirit to matter, and round to spirit again, on the wheel to which her serpentine subtleties have bound her.

“Tortos Ixionis angues
Immanemque rotam.”

Philosophy chases, nature hides, forever inviting, forever baffling investigation. “Nature,” wrote Goethe, in the midst of his researches, “we are surrounded and clasped by her, unable to step out of her, and unable to go farther into her. Unbidden and unwarned, she takes us up into her circling dance and whirls herself forth with us until we are exhausted, and sink from

her arms. . . . We live in the midst of her, and are strangers to her; she converses with us unceasingly, and never betrays her secret. We act upon her continually, and yet have no power over her. She lives altogether in her children; and the mother, where is she?”

A deeper irony lurks in the swift termination with which nature limits all beauty, satisfaction, life.

All beauty resides in surfaces merely; it is constituted by lines and angles, of which the least disturbance dissipates the vision. All natural beauty is a phantasmagory, an unreal mockery, to which a sentiment in the soul of the beholder gives all its effect. The glories of sunset, the witchery of rose and gold that lures like the gates of heaven, what is it but vibrations of an invisible ether struggling through moisture and made visible by impediment? Obstruction in the object, abstraction in the subject, explains the whole secret of the gorgeous cheat. The moon-silvered expanse of ocean seen from your balcony at Newport or Nahant, a vision that draws the soul from the body and laps it in elysium; what is it but a remnant of that setting sun received second-hand and mixed with unsavory brine?

The moon on the wave is beautiful, and beautiful the landscape bathed in its light. But encounter that orb at dead of night on a desolate road when past the full, just risen above the horizon and level with your eye, gibbous, lurid, portentous, — what irony glares in it! what a tale it tells of a blasted, worn-out, ruined world!

All human beauty is but skin deep, and scarcely that. A little roughening of the cuticle will mar the fairest face and change beauty to hideousness. What fearful irony leers upon us from the human skull! This was the head, this the divine countenance of some Helen, some Aspasia or Cleopatra, some Agnes of Meran or Mary of Scotland, on whose eyelids hung the destinies of nations, for whose lips the lords of the earth thought the world well lost, from whose lineaments painters drew

their presentment of the Queen of Heaven. How was this cruel metamorphosis wrought? Simply by stripping off the surface. The miraculous bulb was peeled, a layer of tissue removed, and behold the grinning horror! "Get you to my lady's chamber; tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come."

The saying of the poet, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," is true only when predicated of the image in the mind and of intellectual contemplation. The beauty of *things* is a phantom; the enjoyment the senses have of it a slippery illusion. A beautiful phenomenon is actually seen but for a moment. A little while, and though present to the eye it is seen no more, as a strain of music ceases to be heard when unduly prolonged. Only the thought survives the image in the mind. As mere sensation the enjoyment of beauty is fleeting like all our enjoyments; the more intense, the more evanescent. It is a bitter irony of nature, that, whilst grief may last for days and months, all pleasure is momentary. The best that life yields in that kind is an equilibrium of mild content, a poise between joy and pain. Disturb that equilibrium by dropping a sorrow into the scale, and long time is required to restore the balance. Disturb the equilibrium by adding a new joy, and how soon the beam is straight. We get used and indifferent to our joys; we do not get used to our pains. And yet nature can bear a greater accession of sorrow than of pleasure. Strange to say, the heart will sooner break with joy than grief. On the plane of physical experience there are painful sensations which beyond a certain point of aggravation are fatal, as the strain of the rack has sometimes proved. And there are pleasurable sensations which would be fatal if greatly intensified or prolonged. But note this curious fact, that before the limit of endurance in the latter case is reached the pleasure turns to pain, which shows how limited is physical enjoyment. Bodily pain, on the contrary, never breaks into any falsetto of

pleasure, but keeps "due on" its dolorous road till anguish deepens into death.

Of mental emotions, joy in itself is more fatal than sorrow; the only reason why men oftener pine to death than rejoice to death is because occasions of extreme grief are more frequent than occasions of excessive joy.

"If ever," says Faust, in his bargain with Mephistopheles,—"if ever I shall say to the passing moment, 'Tarry, thou art so beautiful,' then you may lay fetters on me and I will gladly go to perdition."

"Le bonheur," says Voltaire, "n'est qu'un rêve, et la douleur est réelle; il y a quatre-vingts ans que je l'éprouve."

Meanwhile, nature pursues her course, regardless alike of joy and grief. No sympathy has she with sad or gay, no care to adjust her aspects with our experience, her seasons with our need, or to match with her sky the weather in the soul. She smiles her blandest on the recent battle-field where the hopes of a thousand homes lie withered, and she smites with her tornadoes the ungathered harvest in which the bread of a thousand homes has ripened. She refuses a glint of her sunlight to the ship befogged on a lee shore, and pours it in full splendor on the finished, irreparable wreck. Prodigal of life, she is every moment teeming with births innumerable, and still the drift of death accumulates on the planet. This earth of our abode is all compact of extinct creations, every creature on it a sarcophagus of perished lives, every existence purchased and maintained by sunless deaths. The outstretched landscape refulgent in the bright June morning, dew-gemmed, vocal with the ecstasies of welcoming birds, suggestive of eternal youth, is a funeral pageant, a part of the fatal procession which takes us with it as we gaze. The fresh enamel laid on by the laughing hours, the festive sheen, the universal face of joy, "the bridal of the earth and sky," when analyzed turns to a thin varnish spread over mould and corruption. And amid the myriad-voiced psalm of life

that makes the outgoings of the morning glad, is heard, if we listen, the sullen ground-tone of mortality with which Nature accompanies all her music.

Out of these glooms into which we have strayed, and out of the ironies of nature and life, there is no escape by the avenues of thought, but only by turning from thought to deed. The social and moral activities for those who live in them neutralize or else compensate these intellectual sorrows and keep the importunities of Momus in check. It belongs to the moral sen-

timent, or rather it belongs to the morally regenerate will, to create for itself a world into which no irony can enter but the blessed irony of God, the reserve which is not limitation and negation and death, but yea behind yea, and life upon life. Love is the anointing of the eyes which transfigures Erebus itself into yea, or makes it invisible. Every really good deed, every genuine act of self-sacrifice is immortal, a birth from the heart of the Divine. The everlasting morning is in it, the gates of hell are powerless, and Mephistopheles leers in vain.

F. H. Hedge.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

COLONEL EPH'S SHOE-BUCKLES.

"YES, this 'ere 's Tekawampait's grave," said Sam Lawson, sitting leisurely down on an ancient grass-grown mound, ornamented by a mossy, black slate-stone slab, with a rudely carved cherub head and wings on top.

"And who was Tekawampait?"

"I wanter know, now, if your granny hain't told you who Tekawampait was?" said Sam, pushing back his torn straw hat, and leaning against the old slanting gravestone.

"No, she never told us."

"Wal, ye see Tekawampait he was the fust Christian Indian minister of the Gospel there was in Oldtown. He was a full-blooded Indian, but he was as good a Christian as there was goin'; and he was settled here over the church in Oldtown afore Parson Peabody; and Parson Peabody he come afore Parson Lothrop; and a very good minister Tekawampait was too. Folks hes said that there couldn't nothin' be made o' Indians; that they was nothin' but sort o' bears and tigers a walkin' round on their hind legs, a seekin' whom they might devour; but Parson Eliot he did n't think so. 'Christ died for them as wal as for me,' says

he; 'and jist give 'em the Gospel,' says he, 'and the rest'll come along of itself.' And so he come here to Oldtown, and sot up a sort o' log-but right on the spot where the old Captain Brown house is now. Them two great elm-trees that's a grown now each side o' the front gate was two little switches then that two Indians brought up over their shoulders, and planted there for friendship trees, as they called 'em; and now look what trees they be! He used to stand under that are big oak there and preach to the Indians, long before there was any meetin'-house to speak in here in Oldtown.

"Wal, now, I tell you, it took putty good courage in Parson Eliot to do that are. I tell you, in them days it took putty consid'able faith to see anything in an Indian but jist a wild beast. Folks can't tell by seein' on 'em now days what they was in the old times, when all the settlements was new, and the Indians was stark, starin' wild, a rarin' and tarin' round in the woods, and a fightin' each other and a fightin' the white folks. Lordy massy, the stories I've heard women tell in their chimbley-corners about the things that

use to happen when they was little was enough to scare the very life out of ye."

"O do, do tell us some of them!" said Henry and I.

"Lordy massy, boys; why, ye would n't sleep for a week. Why, ye don't know. Why, the Indians in them days wa' n't like no crittur ye ever did see. They was jist the horriddest, paintedest, screechin'est, cussedest critturs you ever heard on. They was jist as artful as serpents, and crueller than any tigers. Good Dr. Cotton Mather calls 'em divils, and he was a meek, good man, Dr. Cotton was; but they cut up so in his days it's no wonder he thought they was divils, and not folks. Why, they kep' the whole country in a broil for years and years. Nobody knowed when they was safe, for they was so sly and cunning, and always watching behind fences and bushes, and ready when a body was a least thinkin' on 't to be down on 'em. I've heard Abiel Jones tell how his father's house was burnt down at the time the Indians burnt Deerfield. About every house in the settlement was burnt to the ground; and then another time they burnt thirty-two houses in Springfield, — the minister's house and all, with all his library (and books was sca'ce in them days); but the Indians made a clean sweep on 't. They burnt all the houses in Wendham down to the ground, and they came down in Lancaster and burnt ever so many houses and carried off forty or fifty people with 'em into the woods.

"There was Mr. Rolandson, the minister, they burnt his house and carried off Mis' Rolandson and all the children. There was Jerushy Pierce used to work in his family and do washin' and chores, she's told me about it. Jerushy she was away to her uncle's that night, so she wa' n't took. Ye see the Lancaster folks had been afeard the Indians'd be down on 'em, and so Parson Rolandson he'd gone on to Boston to get help for 'em; and when he come back the mischief was all done. Jerushy said in all her life she never see nothin' so pitiful as that are

poor man's face when she met him, jist as he come to the place where the house stood. At fust he did n't say a word, she said, but he looked kind o' dazed. Then he sort o' put his hand to his forehead, and says he, 'My God, my God, help me!' Then he tried to ask her about it, but he could n't but jist speak. 'Jerushy,' says he, 'can't you tell me, — where be they?' 'Wal,' says Jerushy, 'they've been carried off.' And with that he fell right down and moaned and groaned. 'O,' says he, 'I'd rather heard that they were at peace with the Lord.' And then he'd wring his hands: 'What shall I do? what shall I do?'

"Wal, 't wa' n't long after this that the Indians was down on Medford, and burnt half the houses in town and killed fifty or sixty people there. Then they came down on Northampton, but got driv' back; but then they burnt up five houses, and killed four or five of the folks afore they got the better of 'em there. Then they burnt all the houses in Groton, meetin'-house and all; and the pisen critturs they holared and triumphed over the people, and called out to 'em: 'What will you do for a house to pray in now? we've burnt your meetin'-house.' The fightin' was goin' on all over the country at the same time. The Indians set Marlborough afire, and it was all blazin' at once, the same day that some others of 'em was down on Springfield, and the same day Captain Pierce, with forty-nine white men and twenty-six Christian Indians, got drawn into an ambush, and every one of 'em killed. Then a few days after this they burnt forty houses at Rehoboth, and a little while after they burnt thirty more at Providence. And then when good Captain Wadsworth went with seventy men to help the people in Sudbury, the Indians came pouring round 'em in the woods like so many wolves, and killed all but four or five of 'em; and those poor fellows had better have been killed, for the cruel critturs jist tormented 'em to death, and mocked and jeered at their screeches and screams

like so many divils. Then they went and broke loose on Andover, and they was so cruel they could n't even let the dumb critturs alone. They cut out the tongues of oxen and cows, and left 'em bleedin', and some they fastened up in barns and burnt alive. There wa' n't no sort o' diviltry they wa' n't up to. Why, it got to be so in them days that folks could n't go to bed in peace without startin' every time they turned over, for fear of the Indians. Ef they heard a noise in the night, or ef the wind squealed and howled, as the wind will, they'd think sure enough there was that horrid yell a comin' down chimbley.

"There was Delily Severence; she says to me, speakin' about them times, says she, 'Why, Mr. Lawson, you've no idee! Why, that ar screech,' says she, 'wa' n't like no other noise in heaven above, or earth beneath, or waters under the earth,' says she. 'When it started ye out o' bed between two or three o'clock in the mornin', and all your children a cryin', and the Indians a screechin' and yellin' and a tossin' up firebrands, fust at one window and then at another, why,' says she, 'Mr. Lawson, it was more like hell upon earth than anything I ever heard on.'

"Ye see they come down on Delily's house when she was but just up after her third baby. That are woman had a handsome head o' hair as ever ye see, black as a crow's wing, and it turned jist as white as a tablecloth, with nothin' but the fright o' that night."

"What did they do with her?"

"O, they took her and her poor little gal and boy, that wa' n't no older than you be, and went off with 'em to Canada. The troubles them poor critturs went through! Her husband he was away that night; and well he was, else they'd a tied him to a tree and stuck pine slivers into him and sot 'em afire, and cut gret pieces out o' his flesh and filled the places with hot coals and ashes, and all sich kind o' things they did to them men prisoners, when they caught 'em. Delily was thankful

enough he was away; but they took her and the children off through the ice and snow, jist half clothed and shiverin'; and when her baby cried and worried, as it nat'rally would, the old Indian jist took it by its heels and dashed its brains out ag'in a tree, and threw it into the crotch of a tree, and left it dangle there; and then they would mock and laugh at her, and mimic her baby's crying, and try every way they could to aggravate her. They used to beat and torment her children right before her eyes, and pull their hair out, and make believe that they was goin' to burn 'em alive, jist for nothin' but to frighten and worry her."

"I wonder," said I, "she ever got back alive."

"Wal, the wimmen in them times had a sight o' wear in 'em. They was resolute, strong, hard-workin' wimmen. They could all tackle a hoss, or load and fire a gun. They was brought up hard, and they was used to troubles and dangers. It's jist as folks gets used to things how they takes 'em. In them days folks was brought up to spect trouble; they did n't look for no less. Why, in them days the men allers took their guns into the field when they went to hoe corn, and took their guns with 'em to meetin' Sundays; and the wimmen they kep' a gun loaded where they knew where to find it; and when trouble come it was jist what they spected, and they was up even with it. That's the sort o' wimmen they was. Wal, Delily and her children was brought safe through at last, but they had a hard time on 't."

"Tell us some more stories about Indians, Sam," we said, with the usual hungry impatience of boys for a story.

"Wal, let me see," said Sam, with his hat pushed back and his eyes fixed dreamily on the top of Eliot's oak, which was now yellow with the sunset glory, — "let me see. I hain't never told ye about Colonel Eph Miller, have I?"

"No indeed. What about him?"

"Wal, he was took prisoner by the

Indians, and they was goin' to roast him alive after their fashion, and he gin 'em the slip."

"Do tell us all about it."

"Wal, you see Deliverance Scran-ton over to Sherburne, she's Colonel Eph's daughter, and she used to hear her father tell about that, and she's told me time and ag'in about it. It was this way:—

"You see there had n't ben no alarm about Indians for some time, and folks had got to feelin' kind o' easy, as folks will. When there don't nothin' happen for a good while, and it keeps a goin' on so, why, you think finally there won't nothin' happen; and so it was with Colonel Eph and his wife. She told Deliverance that the day before she reely had forgot all about that there was any Indians in the country; and she'd been out after spruce and wintergreen and hemlock, and got over her brass kettle to bile for beer, and the child'n they brought in lots o' wild grapes that they gathered out in the woods; and they said when they came home that they thought they see an Indian a lyin' all along squirmen' through the bushes, and peekin' out at 'em like a snake, but they wa'n't quite sure. Faith, the oldest gal, she was sure she see him quite plain; but Bijah (he was Colonel Eph's oldest boy) he wa'n't so sure.

"Any way, they did n't think no more about it, and that night they had prayers and went off to bed.

"Afterwards, Colonel Eph he said he remembered the passage o' Scriptor' he read that night: it was 'the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.' He did n't notice it much when he read it, but he allers spoke of it afterwards as a remarkable providence that that are passage should have come jest so that night.

"Wal, atween twelve and one o'clock they was waked up by the most awful screechin' that ever you heard, as if twenty thousand devils was upon 'em. Mis' Miller she was out o' bed in a minit, all standin'. 'O husband, husband, the Indians are on us!' says

she; and sure enough they was. The children, Bijah and Faith, come a runnin' in. 'O father, father, what shall we do?'

"Colonel Eph was a man that allers knew in a minit what to do, and he kep' quite cool. 'My dear,' says he to his wife, 'you take the children and jist run with 'em right out the buttery door through the high corn, and run as fast as you can over to your father Stebbins and tell him to rouse the town; and Bijeh,' says he to the boy, 'you jist get into the belfry window and ring the bell with all your might,' says he. 'And I'll stay and fight 'em off till the folks come.'

"All this while the Indians was a yellin' and screechin' and a waving fire-brands front of the house. Colonel Eph he stood a lookin' through a hole in the shutter and a sightin' his gun while he was a talkin'. He see that they'd been a pilin' up a great pile o' dry wood ag'in the door. But the fust Indian that came up to put fire to't was shot right down while he was a speakin'.

"Wal, Mis' Miller and Faith and Bijeh wa' n't long a dressin', you may believe; and they jist put on dark cloaks, and they jist streaked it out through the buttery door! There was thick pole-beans quite up to the buttery door, and then a field o' high corn, so that they was hid, and the way they run was n't slow, I tell you.

"But Colonel Eph he had to stop so to load that they got the pile o' brush afire, though he shot down three or four on 'em, and that was some comfort. But the long and the short o' the matter was, that they drove the door in at last, and came a whoopin' and yellin' into the house.

"Wal, they took Colonel Eph, and then went searchin' round to find somebody else; but jist then the meetin'-house bell begun to ring, and that scart 'em, and they took Colonel Eph and made off with him. He had n't but jist time to get into his clothes and get his shoes on, when they hurried him of. They did n't do nothin'

to him jist then, you see, these Indians was so cur'ous. If a man made a good fight and killed three or four on 'em afore they could take him, they sot great store by him, and called him a brave man. And so they was 'mazin' careful of Colonel Eph, and treated him quite polite for Indians; but he knew the ways on 'em well enough to know what it was all for. They wanted a real brave man to burn alive and stick slivers into and torment, and Colonel Eph was jist the pattern for 'em, and his fightin' so brave made him all the better for what they wanted.

"Wal, he was in hopes the town would be roused in time for some of 'em to come after him, but the Indians got the start of 'em, and got 'way off in the woods afore people had fairly come together and found out what the matter was. There was Colonel Eph's house a blazin' and a lightin' up all the country for miles round, and the Colonel he said it come rather hard on him to be lighted on his way through the woods by such a bonfire.

"Wal, by mornin' they come to one o' their camps, and there they had a great rejoicin' over him. They was going to have a great feast, and a good time a burnin' on him, and they tied him to a tree and sot an Indian to watch him while they went out to cut pine knots and slivers to do him with.

"Wal, as I said, Colonel Eph was a brave man, and a man that always kep' his thoughts about him, and so he kep' a workin' and a workin' with the withs that was round his hands, and a prayin' in his heart to the Lord, till he got his right hand free. Wal, he did n't make no move, but kep' a loosenin' and a loosenin' little by little, keepin' his eye on the Indian who sot there on the ground by him.

"Now Colonel Eph had slipped his feet into his Sunday shoes that stood thure by the bed and had great silver shoe-buckles, and there was a providence in his doing so, for ye see Indians are 'mazin' fond o' shiny things, and the old Indian he was took with

the shine o' these shoe-buckles, and he thought he might as well have 'em as anybody, so he jist laid down his tommyhawk and got down on his knees and was workin' away as earnest as could be to get off the buckles, and Colonel Eph he jist made a dart forward and picked up the tommyhawk and split open the Indian's skull with one blow, then he cut the withs that was round his legs, and in a minute he was off on the run with the tommyhawk in his hand. There was three Indians give chase to him, but Colonel Eph he kep' ahead of 'em. He said while he was a runnin' he was cryin' and callin' on the Lord with all his might, and the words come into his mind he read at prayers the night afore, 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

"At last he see the Indians gained on him, and he faced round suddenly and struck the highest one smack on the head with his tommyhawk. Then when the next one come up he cut him down too; and the third one, when he see both the others cut down, and Colonel Eph comin' full blaze towards him with his tommyhawk a swingin', he jist turned and run for dear life. Then Colonel Eph he turned and cut for the settlement. He run, and he run, and he run, he did n't well know how long, till, finally, he was clear tuckered out, and he jist dropped down under a tree and slept, and he lay there all the rest of that day, and all night, and never woke till the next day about sundown.

"Then he woke up, and found he was close by home, and John Stebbins, his wife's father, and a whole party, was out lookin' for him.

"Old Colonel Eph used to tell the story as long as he lived, and the tears used to run down his cheeks when he told it.

"There's a providence in every-thing,' he used to say, 'even down to shoe-buckles. Ef my Sunday shoes had n't happened to 'a' set there so I could 'a' slipped into 'em, I could n't 'a' killed that Indian, and I should n't 'a

been here to-day.' Wal, boys, he was in the right on 't. Some seem to think the Lord don't look out only for gret things; but ye see little things is kind o' hinges that gret ones turns on. They say, take care o' pennies and dollars 'l take care o' themselves. It's jest so in everything, and ef the Lord don't look arter little things he a'n't so nice as they say, anyway.

"Wal, wal," said Sam, in conclusion, "now who 'd 'a' thought that anybody could 'a' made anything out o' Indians? Yet there 't was. All them Martha's Vineyard islands turned Christians, and there was Indian preachers and Indian teachers, and they reely did settle down, and get to be quite like folks. But I tell you, boys, it took faith to start with."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

SPECKLED TROUT.

IN the number of this magazine for July, 1869, under the head of "Birch Browsings," I gave some account of a region that lies about the head-waters of the Delaware, in the State of New York, the second tract in the State of any considerable size where one can get a glimpse of genuine backwoods life, and as fresh an article in the way of camping out as can be had anywhere.

Since the expedition to Thomas Lake, described in that paper, I have made another excursion to those woods, this time dipping well into them,—indeed taking the core fairly out of them; and were it not for the speckled trout, which are always a standing invitation, and a deer or two, which I expect to shoot in them one of these days,—yes, and I may add, a black bear or two also,—I should be looking round for new worlds to conquer.

Aaron, one of my companions, a six-foot-in-his-stockings youth from Ohio, had never seen a speckled trout, though he had seen game equally slippery, and had been a constant and sometimes an unwilling camper-out for over four years; and when I had the pleasure of showing him some noble specimens of the fish in a spring, at the house of a friend where we stopped before reaching the woods, I knew his curiosity was only half satisfied. It was not enough that they came up and took food from his

hand; he had a soldier's desire to see them smoking over the coals.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the stage set us down at a little country store and post-office amid the mountains of Shandaken, where the Esopus emerges from Big Ingin Hollow, and takes its eastward course to the Hudson. We expected to join another party at this point, who were to come across the mountains from a different direction, and we experienced our first disappointment of the trip when no familiar faces came out to greet us; but we proceeded to get ready for the march just the same. While delayed here, a half-dozen or more young fellows, stained and sweaty and with their coats on their arms, came in from the backwoods on the Neversink, where they had been at work since spring. They were on their way out to get jobs in haying, and were brawny and well seasoned. They had come by the route we wished to take; and on questioning them closely, I found that the rude draft I had made of the section from the county map was in its main features reliable. Just as we were ready to start our friends arrived, much to our joy; and after exchanging congratulations all round, we set out, in fine spirits, for the head of the Big Ingin, about ten miles distant. On our way up the Hollow we met another party of men and boys, who had just come across the

mountains; they had a rifle and some game,—a wild pigeon, a ruffed grouse, and a gray squirrel.

"Are there wild pigeons in these woods?" I asked.

"Not many; now and then you see one."

"Did they nest here this year?"

"No, sir; two years ago they nested on the Neversink in great numbers, but a cold spell with deep snows came on in April and broke them up, and they have not been back since. A great many froze to death on their nests, and a great many died from hunger."

The passenger pigeon is attracted to this section of country by the vast quantities of beech-nuts that usually abound; they come when the March rains first begin to lay bare the ground, and in places make the woods blue with their numbers; but though the crop of nuts seldom fails, the visits of the pigeons, for some cause or other, occur at longer and longer intervals, and may soon be expected to cease altogether.

The account of the freezing of the pigeons, and the breaking up of their nests by the snow, was confirmed by all of whom we made inquiry. When we reached the Neversink we saw vast numbers of their nests filling the trees for miles, but not a pigeon anywhere.

Big Injin Hollow was not a very big Injin after all. It had reached the second stage of growth as a settlement,—the stage when the log-houses are going out and the framed ones coming in; though as we neared its head, the little stumpy clearings, with their one-roomed log-dwellings, and a "smudge" near the door to keep off the midges or gnats, looked primitive enough. People certainly lived close to the bone here, and no doubt gnawed it hard and I hope found the meat sweet, though there must have been precious little of it. We satisfied ourselves that there was precious little in the streams; for after tramping up and down the main branch and penetrating into the mountains where the smaller tributaries came

down, we barely caught enough trout to afford a good smell for all.

My chief reason for remembering the locality is the novel experience I had that night of trying to go to sleep on a hay-mow beneath which four horses were stabled. A horse, it seems, never sleeps, at least as long as there is any hay in the rack. One of the animals was much disturbed by our proximity, and about every five minutes would prick up his ears and snort threateningly. Then at regular intervals would come the heavy stamping of the beasts changing their positions. Then if all grew still for a few moments, and the big jaws paused from very weariness, some sleeper would turn uneasily in the hay or set up a rival snoring, and thus arouse the suspicious animal beneath, who would wake up his companions, and the snorting and crunching and stamping would recommence as briskly as ever. To add to my discomfort, the hay was musty, and the fine particles of dust choked me so when ever I stirred, that I more than half suspected I had the heavens. I endured it till after midnight, when I slid down on the floor, and, thoroughly regretting that I had not accepted the pressing invitation of the good woman to occupy one of her spare beds, I picked my way through the murky darkness, over logs and rocks, down to our camp-fire, where, rolled in my blanket at the foot of a sugar-maple, I found some sleep at last.

The morning dawned rainy as the night had foreboded, and, after giving the trout another trial, without any better success, we took refuge in a saw-mill, kindling a fire in its huge box stove, and drying ourselves and making our coffee at the same time. Then we looked disconsolately out into the wild, dripping scene. Toward noon the rain slackened or degenerated into a fine drizzle, when we slung knapsacks and set out for the Neversink, which headed on the other side of the mountain, about five miles distant. The atmosphere was "muggy" and hot, and our tramp was a heavy one, relieved from time to

time by brief halts beside the delicious spring runs that here and there crossed our route. On the side of the mountain, in a small sapling, I found the nest of the rose-breasted grossbeak, a rare nest in this State, and the first I had ever seen. My attention was attracted to it by the moaning cry of the parent bird; it was a strange sound which I did not recognize.

We struck the Neversink quite unexpectedly about the middle of the afternoon, at a point where it was a good-sized trout-stream. It had a gamy look, and with boyish eagerness I undid my fishing-tackle and wet my first fly in its waters. But the trees were too thick and their branches too near for fly-fishing, so I took in line and tried a worm, and found the trout small, but plenty and eager. On this hint other fishing-tackle was soon rigged, and the sport commenced in earnest, most of the fishers going down stream; but the prospect up stream was so inviting that a youth and myself concluded to go thither. It was one of those black mountain brooks born of innumerable ice-cold springs, nourished in the shade, and shod, as it were, with thick-matted moss, that every camper-out remembers. The fish are as black as the stream and very wild. They dart from beneath the fringed rocks, or dive with the hook into the dusky depths,—an integral part of the silence and the shadows. The spell of the moss is over all. The fisherman's tread is noiseless, as he leaps from stone to stone and from ledge to ledge along the bed of the stream. How cool it is! He looks up the dark, silent defile, hears the solitary voice of the water, sees the decayed trunks of fallen trees bridging the stream, and all he has dreamed, when a boy, of the haunts of beasts of prey—the crouching feline tribes, especially if it be near nightfall and the gloom already deepening in the woods—comes freshly to mind, and he presses on, wary and alert, and speaking to his companions in low tones.

After an hour or so the trout became less abundant, and with nearly a hun-

dred of the black sprites in our basket we turned back. Here and there I saw the abandoned nests of the pigeons, sometimes half a dozen in one tree. In a yellow-birch which the floods had uprooted a number of nests were still in place, each consisting of a handful of small twigs arranged with very little show of art, and affording little or no protection to the eggs or the young birds against inclement weather.

Before we had reached our companions the rain set in again and forced us to take shelter under a balsam. When it slackened we moved on, and soon came up with Aaron, who had caught his first trout, and, considerably drenched, was making his way toward camp, which one of the party had gone forward to build. After travelling less than a mile, we saw a smoke struggling up through the dripping trees, and in a few moments were all standing round a blazing fire. But the rain now commenced again, and fairly poured down through the trees, rendering the prospect of cooking and eating our supper there in the woods, and of passing the night on the ground without tent or cover of any kind, rather disheartening. We had been told of a bark shanty, a couple of miles farther down the creek, and thitherward we speedily took up our line of march. When we were on the point of discontinuing the search, thinking we had been misinformed or had passed it by, we came in sight of a bark-peeling, in the midst of which a small log-house lifted its naked rafters toward the now breaking sky. It had neither floor nor roof, and was less inviting on first sight than the open woods. But a board partition was still standing, out of which we built a rude porch on the east side of the house, large enough for us all to sleep under, if well packed, and eat under, if we stood up. There was plenty of well-seasoned timber lying about, and a fire was soon burning in front of our quarters, that made the scene social and picturesque, especially when the frying-pans were brought into requisition, and the coffee, in charge of Aaron,

who was artist in this line, mingled its aroma with the wild-wood air. At dusk a balsam was felled, and the tips of the branches used to make a bed, which was more fragrant than soft; hemlock is better, because its needles are finer and its branches more elastic. We were two in the bed and five in the middle, and counterfeited sleep very well; but if my own experience be a safe one to go by, I should say that not more than twenty-five per cent of the snoring was genuine. One tries to cheat himself and his fellows, under such circumstances, into the notion that he is asleep, by breathing hard and by lying supine, when most of the time he feels every midge that bites and notes every stage of the fire by its effect upon his feet.

This is the most serious drawback I meet with in my expeditions to the woods,—my inability to get anything more than a thin dilution of sleep the first three or four nights. Sleep, it seems, is a coy and fitful goddess, and the more you woo her at times, the more you may. Sometimes you cannot fight her off, and again she will not touch her fingers to your eyelids, beseech her never so patiently and long. The main, disturbing cause on the present occasion was the huge fire blazing away there in such proximity to my feet. Some kind of brute instinct seemed to take possession of my body; and no sooner would my mind begin to loosen its rational hold upon things, than this instinct would cry "Fire," and I would rouse up, expecting to find my feet wrapped in flame. And I remember it did get pretty warm when those green beech-logs got thoroughly agoing. The gnats, or "no-see-ems," had to leave, and I found their power of endurance was about equal to my own, for I had to change my position soon afterward.

Aaron's nasal asseverations were no doubt sincere. It was no longer Aaron the citizen, but Aaron the soldier that lay there wrapped in his gray blanket. While the rest of us threw ourselves down without so much as

removing our coats, I noticed that he prepared himself elaborately, took off his shoes (to rest his feet, he said) and hung them up to dry, removed most of his outer clothing, and, rolling himself from top to toe in his blanket, lay down with the utmost matter-of-course air.

There was a spirt or two of rain during the night, but not enough to find out the leaks in our roof. It took the shower or series of showers of next day to do that. They commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon. The forenoon had been fine, and we had brought into camp nearly three hundred trout; but before they were half dressed or the first panfuls fried, the rain set in. First came short, sharp dashes, then a gleam of treacherous sunshine, followed by more and heavier dashes. The wind was in the southwest, and to rain seemed the easiest thing in the world. From fitful dashes to a steady pour the transition was natural. We stood huddled together, stark and grim, under our cover, like hens under a cart. The fire fought bravely for a time, and retaliated with sparks and spiteful tongues of flame; but gradually its spirit was broken, only a heavy body of coal and half-consumed logs in the centre holding out against all odds. The simmering fish were soon floating about in a yellow liquid that did not look in the least appetizing. Point after point gave way in our cover, till standing between the drops was no longer possible. The water coursed down the underside of the boards, and dripped in our necks and formed puddles on our hat-brims. We shifted our guns and traps and viands, till there was no longer any choice of position, when the loaves and the fishes, the salt and the sugar, the pork and the butter, shared the same watery fate. The whiskey was water-proof, else we should have had to drink it up to keep it dry. The fire was gasping its last. Little rivulets coursed about it, and bore away the quenched but steaming coals on their bosoms. The spring run

in the rear of our camp swelled so rapidly, that part of the trout that had been hastily left lying on its banks again found themselves quite at home. For over two hours the floods came down. About four o'clock, Orville, who had not yet come from the day's sport, appeared, — Orville the stubborn, who worried the trout in a faded linen coat and white hat, sticking to them till they grew familiar with his bleached appearance, and nibbled his hook in confidence. To say Orville was wet is not much; he was better than that, — he had been washed and rinsed in at least half a dozen waters, and the trout that he bore dangling at the end of a string had hardly been out of their proper element.

But he brought welcome news. He had been two or three miles down the creek, and had seen a log-building, — whether house or stable he did not know, but it had the appearance of having a good roof, which was inducement enough for us instantly to leave our present quarters. Our course lay along an old wood road, and much of the time we were to our knees in water. The woods were literally flooded everywhere. Every little rill and springlet ran like a mill-tail, while the main stream rushed and roared, foaming, leaping, lashing, its volume increased fifty-fold. The water was not roily, but of a rich coffee-color, from the leechings of the woods. No more trout for the next three days! we thought, as we looked upon the rampant stream.

After we had labored and floundered along for about an hour, the road turned to the left, and in a little stumpy clearing near the creek a gable uprose on our view. It did not prove to be just such a place as poets love to contemplate. It required a greater effort of the imagination than any of us were then capable of, to believe it had ever been a favorite resort of wood-nymphs or sylvan deities. It savored rather of the equine and the bovine. The bark-men had kept their teams there, horses on the one side and oxen on the other, and no Hercules had ever done duty in

cleansing the stables. My first impulse was to take to the woods again. I trust I am a lover of horses and cattle, and the savor of the stall with its occupant, and of the barn with long rows of patient cows, is agreeable to me; but the prospect then before me of boarding in a musty manger, and treading the ooze beneath was not specially inviting. But there was a dry loft overhead with some straw, where we might get some sleep, in spite of the rain and the midges; a double layer of boards, standing at a very acute angle, would keep off the former, while the mingled refuse hay and muck beneath would nurse a smoke that would prove a thorough protection against the latter. And then, when Jim, the two-handed, mounting the trunk of a prostrate maple near by, had severed it thrice with easy and familiar stroke, and, rolling the logs in front of the shanty, had kindled a fire, which, getting the better of the dampness, soon cast a bright glow over all, shedding warmth and light even into the dingy stable, I consented to unsling my knapsack and accept the situation. The rain had ceased and the sun shone out behind the woods. We had trout sufficient for present needs; and after my first meal in an ox stall, I strolled out on the rude log-bridge to watch the angry Neversink rush by. Its waters fell quite as rapidly as they rose, and before sundown it looked as if we might have fishing again on the morrow. We had better sleep that night than either night before, though there were two disturbing causes, — the smoke in the early part of it, and the cold in the latter. The "no-see-ems" left in disgust; and though disgusted myself, I swallowed the smoke, and hugged my pallet of straw the closer. In the morning I felt much like a sugar-cured ham, minus the sugar. But the day dawned bright, and a plunge in the Neversink set me all right again. The creek, to our surprise and gratification, was only a little higher than before the rain, and some of the finest trout we had yet seen we caught that morning near camp.

Our friends here reached the end of their tether, and after breakfast, with feelings of sadness and regret, we saw them turn their faces homeward, leaving the original trio to finish their campaign, the plan of which embraced a farther traversing of the Neversink, a crossing of the mountains by an unknown way into the Beaverkill, thence to Balsam Lake, thence across the mountains again to the Mill Brook, and thence home, — in all a tramp of upwards of forty miles in the woods.

We tarried yet another day and night at the old stable, but taking our meals outside, squatted on the ground, which had now become quite dry. Part of the day I spent strolling about the woods, looking up old acquaintances among the birds, and, as always, half expectant of making some new ones. Curiously enough, the most abundant species were among those I had found rare in most other localities, viz. the small water wagtail (*Seiurus noveboracensis*), the mourning ground warbler, and the yellow-bellied woodpecker. The latter seems to be the prevailing woodpecker through the woods of this region.

I do not like to confess that I had the heart to shoot a robin which alighted on a tall tree near camp, but only that I began to tire of a diet of all fish and no flesh; and had a "fat wren" happened to show himself in my vicinity, it is highly probable he would have been roasting over our coals in less than five minutes afterward.

That night the midges, those moths that sting, held high carnival. We learned afterward, in the settlement below and from the bark-peelers, that it was the worst night ever experienced in that valley. We had done no fishing during the day, but had anticipated some fine sport about sundown. Accordingly Aaron and I started off between six and seven o'clock, one going up stream and the other down. The scene was charming. The sun shot up great spokes of light from behind the woods, and beauty, like a presence, pervaded the atmosphere. But tor-

ment, multiplied as the sands of the sea-shore, lurked in every tangle and thicket. In a thoughtless moment I removed my shoes and socks, and waded in the water to secure a fine trout that had accidentally slipped from my string and was helplessly floating with the current. This caused some delay and gave the gnats time to accumulate. Before I had got one foot half dressed, I was enveloped in a black mist that settled upon my hands and neck and face, filling my ears with infinitesimal pipings and covering my flesh with infinitesimal bitings. I thought I should have to flee to the friendly fumes of the old stable, with "one stocking off and one stocking on"; but I got my shoe on at last, though not without many amusing interruptions and digressions.

In a few moments after this adventure I was in rapid retreat toward camp. Just as I reached the path leading from the shanty to the creek, my companion, in the same ignoble plight, reached it also, his hat broken and rumpled, and his sanguine countenance looking more sanguinary than I had ever before seen it, and his speech, also, in the highest degree inflammatory. His face and forehead were as blotched and swollen as if he had just run his head into a hornets' nest, and his manner as precipitate as if the whole swarm was still at his back.

No smoke or smudge which we ourselves could endure was sufficient in the earlier part of that evening to prevent serious annoyance from the same cause; but later a respite was granted us.

About ten o'clock, as we stood round our camp-fire, we were startled by a brief but striking display of the aurora borealis. My imagination had already been excited by talk of legends and of weird shapes and appearances, and when, on looking up toward the sky, I saw those pale, phantasmal waves of magnetic light chasing each other across the little opening above our heads, and at first sight seeming barely to clear the tree-tops, I was as vividly

impressed as if I had caught a glimpse of a veritable spectre of the Never-sink.

After we had climbed to our loft and had lain down to sleep, another adventure befell us. This time a new and uninviting customer appears upon the scene, the *genius loci* of the old stable, namely, the "fretful porcupine." We had seen the marks and works of these animals about the shanty, and had been careful each night to hang our traps, guns, etc. beyond their reach, but of the prickly night-walker himself we feared we should not get a view.

We had lain down some half-hour, and I was just on the threshold of sleep, ready, as it were, to pass through the open door into the land of dreams, when I heard outside somewhere that curious sound, — a sound which I had heard every night I spent in these woods, not only on this but on former expeditions, and which I had settled in my mind as proceeding from the porcupine, since I knew the sounds our other common animals were likely to make, — a sound that might be either a gnawing on some hard, dry substance, or a grating of teeth, or a shrill grunting.

Orville heard it also, and, raising up on his elbow, asked, "What is that?"

"What the hunters call a 'porcupig,'" said I.

"Sure?"

"Entirely so."

"Why does he make that noise?"

"It is a way he has of cursing our fire," I replied. "I heard him last night also."

"Where do you suppose he is?" inquired my companion, showing a disposition to look him up.

"Not far off, perhaps fifteen or twenty yards from our fire, where the shadows begin to deepen."

Orville slipped into his trousers, felt for my gun, and in a moment had disappeared down through the scuttle-hole. I had no disposition to follow him, but was rather annoyed than otherwise at the disturbance. Getting

the direction of the sound, he went picking his way over the rough, uneven ground, and, when he got where the light failed him, poking every doubtful object with the end of his gun. Presently he poked a light grayish object, like a large round stone, which surprised him by moving off. On this hint he fired, making an incurable wound in the "porcupig," which, nevertheless, tried harder than ever to escape. I lay listening when, close on the heels of the report of the gun, came excited shouts for a revolver. Snatching up my Smith and Westson, I hastened, shoeless and hatless, to the scene of action, wondering what was up. I found my companion struggling to detain, with the end of the gun, an uncertain object that was trying to crawl off into the darkness. "Look out!" said Orville, as he saw my bare feet, "the quills are lying thick around here."

And so they were; he had blown or beaten them nearly all off the poor creature's back, and was in a fair way completely to disable my gun, the ramrod of which was already broken and splintered clubbing his victim. But a couple of shots from the revolver, sighted by a lighted match, at the head of the animal, quickly settled him.

It proved to be an unusually large Canada porcupine, an old patriarch, gray and venerable, with spines three inches long, and weighing, I should say, twenty pounds. The build of this animal is much like that of the woodchuck, that is, heavy and pouchy. The nose is blunter than that of the woodchuck, the limbs stronger, and the tail broader and heavier. Indeed, the latter appendage is quite club-like, and the animal can, no doubt, deal a smart blow with it. An old hunter with whom I talked thought it aided them in climbing. They are inveterate gnawers, and spend much of their time in trees gnawing the bark. In winter one will take up its abode in a hemlock, and continue there till the tree is quite denuded. The carcass emitted a peculiar offensive odor, and, though very fat,

was not in the least inviting as game. If it is part of the economy of nature for one animal to prey upon some other beneath it, then the poor devil has indeed a mouthful that makes a meal off the porcupine. Panthers and lynxes have essayed it, but have invariably left off at the first course, and have afterward been found dead or nearly so, with their heads puffed up like a pin-cushion, and the quills protruding on all sides. A dog that understands the business will manoeuvre round the porcupine till he gets an opportunity to throw it over on its back, when he fastens on its quillless underbody. Aaron was puzzled to know how long-parted friends could embrace, when it was suggested that the quills could be depressed or elevated at pleasure.

The next morning boded rain; but we had become thoroughly sated with the delights of our present quarters, outside and in, and packed up our traps to leave. Before we had reached the clearing, three miles below, the rain set in, keeping up a lazy, monotonous drizzle till the afternoon.

The clearing was quite a recent one, made mostly by bark-peelers, who followed their calling in the mountains round about in summer, and worked in their shops making shingle in winter. The Biscuit Brook came in here from the west, — a fine, rapid trout-stream six or eight miles in length, with plenty of deer in the mountains about its head. On its banks we found the house of an old woodman, to whom we had been directed for information about the section we proposed to traverse.

"Is the way very difficult," said I, "across from the Neversink into the head of the Beaverkill?"

"Not to me; I could go it the darkest night ever was. And I can direct you so you can find the way without any trouble. You go down the Neversink about a mile, when you come to Highfall Brook, the first stream that comes down on the right. Follow up it to Jim Reed's shanty, about three miles. Then cross the stream, and on

the left bank, pretty well up on the side of the mountain, you will find a wood road, which was made by a fellow below here who stole some ash logs off the top of the ridge last winter and drew them out on the snow. When the road first begins to tilt over the mountain, strike down to your left, and you can reach the Beaverkill before sundown."

As it was then after two o'clock, and as the distance was six or eight of these terrible hunters' miles, we concluded to take a whole day to it, and wait till next morning. The Beaverkill flowed west, the Neversink south, and I had a mortal dread of getting entangled amid the mountains and valleys that lie in either angle.

Besides, I was glad of another and final opportunity to pay my respects to the finny tribes of the Neversink. At this point it was the finest trout stream I had ever beheld. I have seen many clear, cold streams, but none before so absolutely transparent as that. It was so sparkling, its bed so free from sediment or impurities of any kind, that it had a new look, as if it had just come from the hand of its Creator. I tramped along its margin upwards of a mile that afternoon, part of the time wading to my knees, and casting my hook, baited only with a trout's fin, to the opposite bank. Trout are real cannibals, and make no bones, and break none either, in lunching on each other. A friend of mine had several in his spring, when one day a large female trout gulped down one of her male friends, nearly one third her own size, and went around for two days with the tail of her liege lord protruding from her mouth. A fish's eye will do for bait, though the anal fin is better. One of the natives here told me, that when he wished to catch large trout (and I judged he never fished for any other, — I never do), he used for bait the bull-head or dart, a little fish an inch and a half or two inches long, that rests on the pebbles near shore and darts quickly, when disturbed, from point to point. "Put that on your hook," said he, "and

if there is a big fish in the creek he is bound to have it." But the darts were not easily found; the big fish, I concluded, had cleaned them all out; and then it was easy enough to supply our wants with a fin.

Declining the hospitable offers of the settlers, we spread our blankets that night in a dilapidated shingle-shop on the banks of the Biscuit Brook, first flooring the damp ground with the new shingle that day piled in one corner. The place had a great-throated chimney with a tremendous expanse of fireplace within, that cried "More" at every morsel of wood we gave it.

But I must hasten over this part of the ground, nor let the delicious flavor of the milk we had that morning for breakfast, and that was so delectable after four days of fish, linger on my tongue, nor yet tarry to set down the talk of that honest, weather-worn passer-by who paused before our door, and every moment on the point of resuming his way, yet stood for an hour and recited his adventures hunting deer and bears on these mountains. Having replenished our stock of bread and salt-pork at the house of one of the settlers, midday found us at Reed's shanty, — one of those temporary structures erected by the bark jobber, to lodge and board his "hands" near their work. Jim not being at home, we could gain no information from the "women folks" about the way, nor from the men who had just come in to dinner; so we pushed on, as near as we could, according to the instructions we had previously received. Crossing the creek, we forced our way up the side of the mountain, through a perfect *cheval-de-frise* of fallen and peeled hemlocks, and, entering the dense woods above, began to look anxiously about for the wood-road. My companions at first could see no trace of it; but knowing that a casual wood-road cut in winter, when there was likely to be two or three feet of snow on the ground, would present only the slightest indications to the eye in summer, I looked a little closer, and could make out a mark or two here

and there. The larger trees had been avoided, and the axe used only on the small saplings and underbrush, which had been lopped off a couple of feet from the ground. By being constantly on the alert, we followed it till near the top of the mountain; but when looking to see it "tilt" over the other side, it disappeared altogether. Some stumps of the black cherry were found, and a solitary pair of snow-shoes were hanging high and dry on a branch, but no further trace of human hands could we see. While we were resting here a couple of hermit thrushes, one of them with some sad defect in his vocal powers which barred him from uttering more than a few notes of his song, gave voice to the solitude of the place. This was the second instance in which I have observed a song-bird with apparently some organic defect in its instrument. The other case was that of a bobolink, which, hover in midair and inflate its throat as it might, could only force out a few incoherent notes. But the bird in each case presented this striking contrast to human examples of the kind, that it was apparently just as proud of itself and just as well satisfied with its performance as its more successful rivals.

After deliberating some time over a pocket-compass which I carried, we decided upon our course, and held on to the west. The descent was very gradual. Traces of bear and deer were noted at different points, but not a live animal was seen.

About four o'clock, P. M., we reached the bank of a stream flowing west. Hail to the Beaverkill! and we pushed on along its banks. The trout were plenty, and rose quickly to the hook; but we held on our way, designing to go into camp about six o'clock. Many inviting places, first on one bank, then on the other, made us linger, till finally we reached a spot, a smooth, dry place overshadowed by balsam and hemlock, where the creek bent around a little flat, which was so entirely to our fancy that we unslung our knapsacks at once. While my companions were cutting

wood and making other preparations for the night, it fell to my lot, as the most successful angler, to provide the trout for supper and breakfast. How shall I describe that wild, beautiful stream, with features so like those of all other mountain streams? And yet, as I saw it in the deep twilight of those woods on that June afternoon, with its steady, even flow, and its tranquil, many-voiced murmur, it made an impression upon my mind distinct and peculiar, fraught in an eminent degree with the charm of seclusion and remoteness. The solitude was perfect; and I felt that strangeness and insignificance which the civilized man must always feel when opposing himself to such a vast scene of silence and wildness. The trout were quite black, like all wood trout, and took the bait eagerly. I followed the stream till the deepening shadows warned me to turn back. As I neared camp, the fire shone far through the trees, dispelling the gathering gloom, but blinding my eyes to all obstacles at my feet. I was seriously disturbed on arriving to find that one of my companions had cut an ugly gash in his shin with the axe, while felling a tree. As we did not carry a fifth wheel, it was not just the time or place to have any of our members crippled, and I had bodings of evil. But, thanks to the healing virtues of the balsam, which must have adhered to the blade of the axe, and double thanks to the court-plaster with which Orville had supplied himself before leaving home, the wounded leg, by being favored that night and the next day, gave us little trouble.

That night we had our first fair and square camping out, — that is, sleeping on the ground with no shelter over us but the trees, — and it was in many respects the pleasantest night we spent in the woods. The weather was perfect and the place was perfect, and for the first time we were exempt from the midgets and smoke; and then we appreciated the clean new page we had to work on. Nothing is so acceptable to the camper-out as a pure article in

the way of woods and waters. Any admixture of human relics mars the spirit of the scene. Yet I am willing to confess that, before we were through those woods, the marks of an axe in a tree was a welcome sight. On resuming our march next day we followed the right bank of the Beaverkill, in order to strike a stream which flowed in from the north, and which was the outlet of Balsam Lake, the objective point of that day's march. The distance to the lake from our camp could not have been over six or seven miles; yet travelling as we did, without path or guide, climbing up banks, plunging into ravines, making detours around swampy places, and forcing our way through woods choked up with much fallen and decayed timber, it seemed at least twice that distance, and the mid-afternoon sun was shining when we emerged into what is called the "Quaker Clearing," ground that I had been over nine years before, and that lies about two miles south of the lake. From this point we had a well-worn path that led us up a sharp rise of ground, then through level woods till we saw the bright gleam of the water through the trees.

I am always struck on approaching these little mountain lakes with the extensive preparation that is made for them in the conformation of the ground. I am thinking of a depression, or natural basin in the side of the mountain or on its top, the brink of which I shall reach after a little steep climbing; but instead of that, after I have accomplished the ascent, I find a broad sweep of level or gently undulating woodland that brings me after a half-hour or so to the lake, which lies in this vast lap like a drop of water in the palm of a man's hand.

Balsam Lake was oval shaped, scarcely more than half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, but presented a charming picture, with a group of dark gray hemlocks filling the valley about its head, and the mountains rising above and beyond. We found a cow-house in good repair, also a dug-out and paddle and several floats of logs. In the

dug-out I was soon creeping along the shady side of the lake, where the trout were incessantly jumping for a species of black fly, that, sheltered from the slight breeze, were dancing in swarms just above the surface of the water. The gnats were there in swarms also, and did their best toward balancing the accounts by preying upon me while I preyed upon the trout, which preyed upon the flies. But by dint of keeping my hands, face, and neck constantly wet, I am convinced that the balance of blood was on my side. The trout jumped most within a foot or two of shore, where the water was only a few inches deep. The shallowness of the water perhaps accounted for the inability of the fish to do more than lift their heads above the surface. They came up mouth wide open, and dropped back again in the most impotent manner. Where there is any depth of water, a trout will jump several feet into the air; and where there is a solid, unbroken sheet or column, they will scale falls and dams fifteen feet high.

We had the very cream and flower of our trout-fishing at this lake. For the first time we could use the fly to advantage; and then the contrast between laborious tramping along shore, and sitting in one end of a dug-out and casting your line right and left with no fear of entanglement in brush or branch, while you was gently propelled along, was of the most pleasing character.

There were two varieties of trout in the lake, — what it seems proper to call silver trout and golden trout; the former were the slimmer and seemed to keep apart from the latter. Starting from the outlet and working round on the eastern side toward the head, we invariably caught these first. They glanced in the sun like bars of silver. Their sides and bellies were indeed as white as new silver. As we neared the head, and especially as we came near a space occupied by some kind of water-grass that grew in the deeper part of the lake, the other variety would begin to take the hook, their bellies a bright gold color, which became a deep orange

on their fins; and as we returned to the place of departure with the bottom of the boat strewn with these bright forms intermingled, it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. It pleased my eye so, that I would fain linger over them, arranging them in rows and studying the various hues and tints. They were of nearly a uniform size, rarely one over ten or under eight inches in length, and it seemed as if the hues of all the precious metals and stones were reflected from their sides. The flesh was deep salmon-color; that of brook trout is generally much lighter. Some hunters and fishers from the valley of the Mill Brook, whom we met here, told us the trout were much larger in the lake, though far less numerous than they used to be. This, I think, is generally the case; brook-trout do not grow large till they become scarce. It is only in streams that have been long and much fished that I have caught them as much as sixteen inches in length.

The liveliest sport I had on Balsam Lake was during a heavy thunder-show-er. How the trout can distinguish the fly when it rains so hard that the surface of the water seems an inch or two deep with bubbles is more than I can tell; yet I know they did, and that very readily. As the rain began to come down pretty briskly, Aaron headed the boat for camp. My fly was dragging, and as we were shooting over the water-grass which waved to and fro beneath the surface, two flame-finned beauties darted from the green depths and were instantly hooked. On this hint we backed water, took up a position with head to the wind, and for nearly an hour, amid the pouring rain and rattling thunder, the sport went on. I had on two flies, and usually both were snapped at the moment they touched the water. But the sport did not degenerate into wanton slaughter, for many were missed and many merely slapped the hook with their tails; and when we were a few short of a hundred, the blue sky shone out, and, drenched to the skin, we rowed leisurely back to camp.

The "porcupigs" were numerous about the lake, and not at all shy. One night the heat became so intolerable in our oven-shaped cow-house, that I was obliged to withdraw from under its cover and lie down a little to one side. Just at daybreak as I lay rolled in my blanket, something awoke me. Lifting up my head, there was a porcupine with his fore-paws on my hips. He was apparently as much surprised as I was; and to my inquiry as to what he at that moment might be looking for, he did not pause to reply, but hitting me a slap with his tail which left three or four quills in my blanket, he scampered off down the hill into the brush.

Being an observer of the birds, of course every curious incident connected with them fell under my notice. Hence as we stood about our camp-fire one afternoon, looking out over the lake, I was the only one to see a little commotion in the water, half hidden by the near branches, as of some tiny feathered swimmer struggling to reach the shore. Rushing to its rescue in the canoe, I found a yellow-rumped warbler, quite exhausted, clinging to a twig that hung down into the water; I brought the drenched and helpless thing to camp, and, putting it into a basket, hung it up to dry. An hour or two afterward I heard it fluttering in its prison, and cautiously lifting the lid to get a better glimpse of the lucky captive, it darted out and was

gone in a twinkling. How came it in the water? That was my wonder, and I can only guess that it was a young bird that had never before flown over a pond of water, and, seeing the clouds and blue sky so perfect down there, thought it was a vast opening or gateway into another summer land, perhaps a short cut to the tropics, and so got itself into trouble. How my eye was delighted also with the red-bird that alighted for a moment on a dry branch above the lake, just where a ray of light from the setting sun fell full upon it. A mere crimson point, and yet how it offset that dark sombre background!

I have thus run over some of the features of an ordinary trouting excursion to the woods. People, inexperienced people, sitting in their rooms and thinking of these things, of all the poets have sung and romancers written, are apt to get sadly taken in when they attempt to realize their dreams. They expect to enter a sylvan paradise of trout, cool retreats, laughing brooks, picturesque views, balsamic couches, etc., instead of which they find hunger, rain, smoke, toil, gnats, mosquitoes, dirt, broken rest, vulgar guides, and salt-pork; and they are very apt not to see where the fun comes in. But he who goes in a right spirit will not be disappointed, and will find the taste of this kind of life better, though bitterer, than the writers have described.

John Burroughs.

MY RETREAT.

O RIOLE and bobolink and butterfly,
A lovely medley to the ear and eye;
A distant sound of seas upon the sand,
And every glory of the bright green land!—

These are my friends, and this my happy home,
A floor of clover and the sky's blue dome;—
Afair the children drop their garments down,
And play like lilies in the salt wave sown.

A GERMAN LANDLADY.

PART I.

IT was by one of those predestinations which men call lucky chances that I came to know the *Fräulein* Hahlreiner. An idle question put to a railway acquaintance, and in a moment more had been spoken the name which will stand in my memory forever, calling up a picture of the best, dearest, jolliest landlady in all Germany.

Up two such flights of stairs as only victims of monarchies would consent to climb we toiled to find her. There was a breeze of good cheer in the first opening of her door.

"Is the *Fräulein* Hahlreiner in?"

"I are she," laughed out of the broad red lips and twinkled in the pretty brown eyes. We had not suspected it, for she looked in no wise like the proprietress of an apartment to let, — more like the happiest and best-natured of chambermaids; untidy a little, it must be owned, but so picturesque in every word and motion, that one would not have risked any change, even to additional neatness. The rooms were just what we wanted. Who could have believed that, while we were journeying sadly away from beloved Tyrol, there stood waiting in the heart of Munich just the beds, the sunny windows, the cheerful parlor, that would fit us? The readiness of one's habitations is a perpetual marvel in the traveller's life: it is strange we can be so faithless about accommodations in the next world, when we are so well taken care of in this. It took few words to make our bargain, and few hours to move in; in a day we were at home, and the big, motherly *Fräulein* understood us as if she had nursed us in our cradles. How her presence pervaded that whole floor! There were thirteen rooms. A German baron with wife and two children, to whom he whistled and sang and shouted twelve hours a day, like a giant

bobolink in a meadow, had some of the rooms. Two mysterious Hungarian women, who were secret and stately and still, and gave dinners, lived on the corner; and we had all the rest, except what was kitchen, or cupboard, or the *Fräulein's* bedroom.

It is wonderful how soon it seems proper to have kitchen opposite parlor, unknown neighbors the other side of your bedroom wall, dishes washed on the hall table, and charcoal and company coming in at same door. When we learn to do this in New York, there will be fewer deaths from breaking of bloodvessels in the effort to be respectable.

No artist has ever yet taken a photograph of the *Fräulein* Hahlreiner which could be recognized. Neither can I photograph her. I can say that she was five feet seven inches high, and fat to the degree of fatness which Rubens loved to paint; that she was fifty-two years old, and did not look as if she were more than forty; that she had hazel brown eyes, perpetually laughing, a high white forehead, two dimples in her left cheek which were never still, and hair, as free as the dimples, too long to be called short, too short to be called long, always floating back in the air as she came towards you: on great occasions she had it curled by a hair-dresser, — the only weakness I ever discovered in the *Fräulein*; but it was such a short-lived one, one easily forgave it, for the curl never stayed in more than two hours. I can say that, in spite of her fatness, her step was elastic and light, and her hands and feet delicately shaped; I can say that her broken English was the most deliciously comic and effectively eloquent language I have ever heard spoken; I can say that she cooked our dinner for us at two, went shopping for or with us at five, threw us into fits of laughter at eight by some unexpected bit of

mimicry or droll story, and then tucked us up at bedtime, with an affectionate "Good night. Sleep well!" But after all this is told, I have told only outside truths, and given little suggestion of the charm of atmosphere that there was about our dear Fräulein and everything she did or said.

The Munich days went by too quickly, — days in the Pinakothek, days in the Glyptothek, days in the Art Exposition, with its two thousand pictures. We had climbed into the head of the statue of Bavaria, roamed through the king's chambers at the Nymphenburg, seen one hundred thousand men on the Teresina meadows, and the king giving prizes for the horse-races; and now the day came on which we must leave Munich and each other.

My route lay to the north, — Nuremberg, Rhine, Rotterdam, London. For many days I had been in search of a maid to go with me as far as Rotterdam. The voluble Madame Marksteller, who supports a family of ten children, and keeps them all in kid gloves and poodles by means of an intelligence office, swept daily into my room, accompanied by applicants of all degrees of unsuitability. It grew disheartening. Finally I was reduced to the choice between a pretty and young woman, who would go with me only on condition of being my bosom companion, and an ugly old woman, who was a simpleton. In this crisis I appealed to the Fräulein.

"Dear Fräulein, why could not you go with me to Rotterdam?"

"O my dear lady, you make me go to be like fool, to think of so nice journey," said she, clapping one hand to her head, snapping the fingers of the other, and pirouetting on her fat legs.

But all sorts of lions were in the way; lodgers, whose dinners must be cooked.

"I will pay the wages of a cook to take your place, my Fräulein."

A country cousin was coming to make a visit; a cousin whom she had not seen for twenty-five years. She might stay a week.

"Very well. I will wait till your cousin's visit is over."

"But, my lady, I fear I make stupid thing for you. I knows not how to do on so great journey."

"Ha!" thought I, "I only wish I were as safe from stupidities and blunderings for the rest of my life as I shall be while I am in your charge, you quick-witted, bright-eyed old dear!"

The country cousin, I fear, was hurried off a little sooner than she liked.

"I tell she she must go. My lady cannot wait so long. Six days in Munich are enough for she," said the Fräulein, with a shrug of the shoulders which it would have cut the country cousin to the heart to see.

On a windy noon, such as only Munich knows, we set out for Nuremberg. If I had had any misgivings about the Fräulein's capacity as courier, they would have been set at rest in the first half-hour at the railroad station. It was evident that anything she did not know she would find out by a word and a smile from the nearest person: all were conciliated the minute they looked into her ruddy face. And as for me, never in my life had I felt so well presented as by the affectionate tone in which she said, "My lady."

Trusting to Murray, I had telegraphed to the Würtemberger Hof for rooms. At nine o'clock of a dark night the German crowd in the Nuremberg station lifted up its voice, and said there was no Würtemberger Hof.

"There must be," said I, brandishing my red Murray, with my thumb on the spot. Crowd chuckled, and said there was not.

"O my lady, wait you here while I go and see," said the Fräulein, bundling me into a chair as if I had been a baby. Presently she came back, with, "My lady, she do not exist these now four years, the Würtemberger Hof. We go to the Nuremberger Hof, which are near, and he have our telegram."

Out into the darkness we trudged, following a small boy with a glass of beer, and found, as the Fräulein had said, that the Nuremberger Hof had re-

ceived our telegram, and had prepared for us two of the cleanest of its very dirty rooms. How well I came to know my *Fräulein* before the end of that rainy day in Nuremberg!

"O my lady, am I to go where you go, and see all?" she exclaimed in the morning, when I told her to be ready at nine to drive with me. "O, never did I think to see so much." She had evidently had in the outset a fear that she would see little except at the railway stations and hotels. She little knew how much pleasure I anticipated in her companionship.

They are cruel who tell you that a day is time enough to see Nuremberg. It is a place to spend two weeks in; to lounge on doorsteps, and peer into shadowy places; to study old stones inch by inch, and grow slowly wonted to all its sombre picturesqueness.

As we stood looking at Peter Vischer's exquisite carvings on the shrine of St. Sebalds, I pointed out to the *Fräulein* the bass-relief representing St. Sebald's miracle with the icicle. She looked with cold, steady eyes at the finely chiselled fire which was represented curling upward from the little pile of broken icicle, and then said, "Do you believe, my lady?"

"O no, *Fräulein*," said I; "I can't quite believe that icicles ever made so good a fire as that, even for a saint. But I suppose you believe it, do you not?"

"O no, I not. The Church ask too much to believe. If one would believe all, one cannot do," said she, in a tone of timidity and hesitation quite unusual for her; and a moment later, still more hesitatingly, "Have you read Renan, my lady?"

I started. Was this my German landlady, who spent most of her time over her cooking-stove, asking me if I read Renan? "Yes," I said, "I have read most of his books. Have you?"

"O yes, and I like so much. My confessor he say he no more give me —" (here she halted: the long word "absolution" was too much for her, and

she made a sweeping gesture of benediction to indicate it), — "he no more give me — so — if I not put away that book; so I go not to him, now, two year, because I will not make lie."

"But then you are excommunicated, are you not, if you have not been to confession for two years?"

"Yes, I think," cheerily, quite reassured now that I must be as much of a heretic as she, since I too read Renan; "but I will not make lie. I will have my Renan. Then I read, too, the book against Renan; and he say St. Paul say this, and St. Peter say the other, but he go not to my heart. I love the Jesu Christ more by Renan, as in what the Church say for him."

Strange enough it was to walk through the still aisles of these old churches, and, looking up at the dusty stone saints, to whom incense is burned no longer, hear this simple soul repeat over and over, with great emphasis, "I love the Jesu Christ more by Renan as in what the Church say for him."

Then we went down into the old dungeons under the Rathhaus, through chilly winding galleries, into stone chamber after stone chamber, rayless, airless, pitiless, awful. The *Fräulein* grew white with horror. She had never believed the stories she had read of torture-chambers and dungeons.

"Ach, mein Gott! mein Gott! and this is what might be to-day if Father — had the way; and they tell us we lose the good old times. I will tell to all peoples I know I have seen the good old times under the ground of this Nürnberg!"

When we came out again into the open air, she was so pale I feared she would be ill. She sat down trembling on the stone stairs, and drew a long breath: "Ach Gott! but I am thanks to see once more the overworld."

It was almost wicked, after this, to take her to the still worse dungeons under the city walls, which are literally hung and set full of instruments of torture, and in the last of which is kept the famous Iron Virgin. In the first chambers were milder instruments for

punishments of common offences, many of which have been used in Nuremberg within seventy years, — grotesque masks to be worn on the street by men and women convicted of slanderous speaking ("Ha, ha!" laughed the *Fräulein*, "there could not be made enough such masks to be weared in Munich"); and a curious oblong board with a round hole at each end, into which husbands and wives who quarrelled were obliged to put their heads, and live thus yoked for days at a time. This pleased the *Fräulein* greatly. "Think you, my lady, this would be good?" she said, sticking her fat fist through one of the holes, and opening and shutting it,—"think you they would love themselves (each other) more?"

But her smiles soon died away, and she was paler than in the Rathhaus dungeons. This great hearty woman, usually ruddy as a frost-bitten apple in December, and stronger than most men, grew white and trembling at the first look at the horrible instruments of torture with which the other chambers were filled. Indeed, it was a sight hard to bear, — racks and wheels and pulleys and weights and thumb-screws, helmets and cradles and chairs set thick with iron spikes, and at last, in the lowest dungeon of all, the Iron Virgin. I held the poor *Fräulein's* hand. For the minute I was the protector and not she. The woman who was our guide recited her story with such glib professional facility, and pulled out bars, and shoved back the doors, and showed the sharp spikes, all with such a cheery smile, that to me it robbed the cruel stone statue of much of its atmosphere of the horrible. I even felt a morbid impulse to step into the image's embrace and let the spiked doors be partly shut on me; but for the *Fräulein's* sake I forbore, and hurried her out as quickly as possible into her "overworld."

"O, never would I live in this Nürnberg, my lady," she said; "at each step I see ghost; and see color of that water," she added, pointing to the slug-

gish river: "it are black with the old sins."

How she laughed the Nuremberg jewellers into selling me oxidized silver cheaper than they meant to! How she persuaded the stolid Nuremberg "cocher" to drive faster, at least ten times faster, than was his wont! And how, most marvellous of all, she convinced the keeper of the Nuremberg cemetery where Albert Dürer was buried, that it could do no harm for me to bring away a big bunch of bright sumac leaves from one of the trees! I should as soon have thought of appealing to one of the carved Baumgartner burghers on their stone slabs to give me permission; but the *Fräulein* was too much for the keeper. He turned his back, so as not to seem to condone the offence, and satisfied his conscience by calling out, "Enough, enough, you have taken enough," several times before we were ready to stop picking. How quickly she saw and how keenly she felt the best things! Not a line of Adam Kraft's or Peter Vischer's carving was lost on her. Not a single picturesque face or group escaped her. Much more I saw in that one day of Nuremberg, for having her by my side; and very short I found the next day's railroad ride to Mayence, by help of her droll comments on all that happened.

Curled up in one corner were a fat old German and his wife, and opposite them an officer with his young bride. The officer and the burgher talked incessantly with great vehemence. I saw that the *Fräulein* listened with keenest attention; it was evidently all she could do to keep quiet. At the first opportunity she said to me: —

"O my lady, he are ultramontane, the fat man; he are Senator; they talk always about our government. I like so much to hear what they say; but the fat man, he are such fool."

The Senator's wife looked like a man in woman's clothes, — hard featured, bony, hideous. As night came on she proceeded to make her toilet; she took off her boots, and put on huge worsted shoes, bound with scarlet; on her head

she put a knit cap, of cranberry red; above that, the hood of her gray waterproof; above all this, a white silk handkerchief, tied tight under her chin; on top of all, her round hat. The effect was like nothing in earth but a great woollen gargoyle. The Senator looked on as complacently as if it were the adorning of Venus herself.

"O my lady, have you seen what she make for mouth when she speak?" said the Fräulein. I had not, for we were on the same side of the carriage. "My lady, you must see. I will make that she speak for you," said the malicious Fräulein, drawing nearer to the unsuspecting victim, and asking some question in the friendliest of voices. I forgave the unchristian trick, however, at sight of the mouth in motion.

After the Senator and the officer had both left the carriage, the Fräulein told me the substance of their discussion; political questions seemed familiar to her; she had her own opinion of every candidate; and O, how she did hate the ultramontanes! "O my lady, this Senator he wish to have for president a man who make always his walk backwards. Never he go forwards."

It took me some seconds to comprehend that this was the Fräulein's English for a conservative, the thing she hated with her whole heart.

The sun shone brightly on the fields and woods. She exclaimed with delight at each new mile: "O, how I like to see smoke go up from house!"

"O, find you not the world nice, my lady? I find so nice, I could kiss the world. Always people say, this world are bad world. The world are good world. It are mens that are bad."

Then she would startle me again by farmer-like comments on the country.

"O, here are all such poor wood country; I would cut down such poor wood, and make land for other thing.

"Now begin to be more good stone, here.

"O look, my lady, what nice farm with much meadow for coos." (Never could I persuade the Fräulein to say *cows*.)

At last I said to her: "Fräulien, you talk like a farmer."

"Ach, my lady," and her face grew clouded, "I make farm for eleven year. I am great farmer. That is all what I love. O, I could die, some time, I such hungry have for my beautiful farm."

By this time I was prepared to hear that my Fräulein had at one time or another in her life filled every office for which German towns have an opening, from burgomaster down; but that she had been a farmer I never suspected.

"You must tell me, Fräulein, all about it, when we are on the Rhine. We can talk quietly there."

"Yes, my lady, I tell you. It are like story in book."

For a few moments she looked dreamily and sadly out of the window; but her nature had no room for continued melancholy. Soon she began to laugh again, at sight of the slow, ditch-like Main, on which unwieldy boats and sloops were wriggling along.

"O my lady, this river go all the way as if he think each minute, 'I go no farther.'"

Match that who can for a hit at a sluggish river.

At one of the stations I saw her talking with a conductor on another train bound back to Nuremberg.

"I ask for my cousin. He are ober-conductor on that train. I send him note. He can see me when I come back. He will be in Heaven when he get my note." And her face twinkled more like the face of fifteen than of fifty. I looked inquiringly.

"He are my cousin; but I love he not; but he write me every year, for thirteen year, 'Will you marry me?' and I write to he: 'Thank you, thank you, but I think not to marry you, nor any other man. Live well, live well.' And he speak no more, till come same time next year; but always he say to all peoples, that he will me marry. He wait till I be glad of he. But I think he wait till I die. And his mother she hate me, because she wish that he had wife to take he out of her house. He

make her cry so much, so much. He is so — how do you say, my lady, when peoples is all time like this?" And in an instant she had utterly transformed her face, so that she could have passed any police officer in the world, however he had been searching for her, so cross, so glum, so hateful did she become from eyebrows to chin. Never off the stage, and rarely on it, have I seen such power of mimicry as had this wonderful old *Fräulein*.

"He are always like that, my lady, all time, morning, noon, night, all year; and he say, every day to his mother, 'Hold tongue! I will not have wife, if I cannot have Caroline.'" This last sentence she pronounced with a slow, sullen, dogged drawl, which would have made the fortune of an actress.

"O *Fräulein*," I said, "you ought to have been an actress."

"Yes, my lady, I think," she replied, as simply as a child, with no shade of vanity in her manner. "I would be rich woman now. When I was child a great manager in Augsburg, he ask my grandfather to give me to study with his daughter. He say I make good, and be great player; but in those days no people liked artists like to-day, and my grandfather he are so angry, and he say, 'Go away; come no more in my house.'"

Thus laughing and listening, and looking out on the pleasant meadows of the Main, we came to Mayence, and at Mayence took boat to go down the Rhine. This was the *Fräulein's* first sight of the Rhine. All the tenderness and pride and romance of her true German soul were in her eyes, as the boat swung slowly round from the pier, and began to glide down the river. And now began a new series of surprises. From Mayence to Cologne there was not a ruin of which my *Fräulein* did not know the story. Baedeker was superseded, except for the names of places; as soon as I mentioned them to her she invariably replied, "O yes, I know; and have you read, my lady, how," etc. The *Johannisberg Castle*, given to Metternich by his Emperor,

the cruel Hatto's Tower, the Devil's Ladder, the Seven Virgins, the Lurley, the Brothers, Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth, — she knew them all by heart; and for the sake of hearing the time-worn old stories, in her delicious broken English, I pretended to have forgotten all the legends. Nothing moved her so much as the sight of the two rocky peaks on which the two brothers had lived, and looked down on the Bornhofen Convent in which their beloved Hildegard was shut up.

"O, each brother, he could see her if she walk in that garden," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Now, it come no more that a man love so much, so long, so true."

Just beyond the Brothers we passed the great Marienburg water-cure. Reading from Baedeker, I said: "*Fräulein*, that would be a cheap place to live; only twelve thalers a week for board and lodging and medical attendance."

"O no, my dear lady. It are not cheap, for there be nothing to eat. At end of eight day the man from Wassercure he shall be so thin, so thin, it shall shine the sun through him."

Throughout our whole journey the *Fräulein's* astonishment was unbounded at the poor fare and the high prices. In her beautiful goodness, she had supposed that all landlords were content, as she, with moderate profits, and anxious, as she, to give to their guests the best food.

"O my lady, find you this chicken good?"

"Not very, *Fräulein*. What is the matter with it?"

"O, the bad man, the bad man, to ask for this chicken one gulden. He are old chicken, my lady, and he are boiled before he are in oven. O, I know very well. O, I win much money by this journey; never before had I courage to give old chicken. Now I give!"

Much I fear me that from this time henceforth the lodgers in my dear *Fräulein's* house will not find it such a marvel of cheap comfort as we did.

"O my lady," she said one day, "if

you come again to me, you shall all have as before. But to other peoples, I no more give beefsteak for fifteen kreutzers. I will be more rich, I have been ass."

By dint of the Cologne and Düsseldorf line of steamboats, and the Netherlands steamship line, and endless questioning and unlading and lading, the Fräulein and I and the trunks at last came to land at Rotterdam. We had a day at Cologne, a night at Düsseldorf, and one never-to-be-forgotten night on the river. At Düsseldorf we wandered about the streets for an hour and a half seeking where to lay our heads. Here the poor Fräulein had on her hands, besides me, an English barrister and his wife, who could speak no German, and who drifted very naturally into our wake. What a procession we were, at eleven o'clock of the darkest sort of night, nobody knowing just where he was going, each person thinking somebody else was taking the lead. Suddenly the porters ahead of us plumped our trunks down in the middle of the street at the feet of two men with lanterns.

"Really, aw, now this is, aw, the most extraordinary place for a custom-house, aw, 'pon my honor," said the English barrister, whose name was not Dundreary.

"Have you meat or sausages?" said the biggest man, flashing his lantern-light full into our dismayed faces. "O mercy, no!" shouted we with bursts of laughter, and such evident honesty, that he let us go, contenting himself with punching the sides of all the carpet-bags.

"O Fräulein, did you tell that man you had no sausages?" said I sure she could not have eaten up the six I saw her buy at Cologne.

"My dear lady, he say, 'Have you meat or sausage?' and I say, 'No, I have no meat.' I not make lie, I make diplomatique."

From Düsseldorf to Rotterdam it was a day and a night and half a day. The Rhine stretched broader and broader. The shores of Holland

seemed slowly going under water, and the wind-mill arms beat the air wildly like struggling arms of drowning monsters. It was as cold as winter in the cabin; and it rained pitilessly on the deck. The poor Fräulein read all the magazines which I had bought for her in Cologne, and an old comic almanac which she borrowed from the steward, and at last curled herself up in a corner and went to sleep in despair. The night differed from the day only in being a little colder and darker, and in the Fräulein's having a red-flannel petticoat over her head. When I waked up and saw her pleasant great face in this ruddy halo of fiery flannel, I felt as comforted as if it had been a noonday sun.

It was at noon of a Thursday that we came, as I said, to land at Rotterdam; but this is hardly the proper phrase in which to describe arriving at a place which is nine parts water. Venice seems high and dry in comparison with it; and the fact that you go about in boats at Venice, and in cabs at Rotterdam, only serves to make the wateriness of Rotterdam more noticeable.

"O my lady, it are all one bridge from one water to another water," said Fräulein, as we drove up and down and across canal after canal, to find the house of Moses Ezekiel, the Jew, who is a money-changer. It rained dismally, but the Dutchwomen were out on all the doorsteps, with pails of water, scrubbing and wiping and brushing and rinsing, with cloths and mops and brooms, as if they were enchanted by some soap-and-watery demon. Windows shone like mirrors; door-handles glittered like jewels.

"O, how they do are clean, these Dutch," said the Fräulein, taking account with a housekeeper's eye of all this spotlessness.

How sorry I grew as the hour came for me to say good by to this dear, honest, droll, loving woman I cannot tell. The last thing she did for me was to look at the sheets in the dreary little berth in which must be spent my one night between Rotterdam and Lon-

don, and to say with great indignation to the surprised stewardess, "Call you those sheets clean, in English? Never my lady sleep in such sheets, from Munich to Rotterdam. O, but I think a steamschiff (boat) are place for bad peoples to be punish for sin!"

Then she cried over me a little, and went away. I watched her till she had shut the cab door, and was being whirled off to take the early train for Munich. Then I too shed a few tears, saying to myself, "God bless the old darling. I shall never see her like again."

The story of the *Fräulein's* life I feel a hesitancy about telling. It stands out so in my memory in its quaint, picturesque, eloquent broken English, that to try to reproduce it is like trying to describe one of Teniers's pictures of peasant life. But nothing, not even the dulness of grammatical speech, can rob it of all its flavor of romance, and no one but myself will know how much it loses in my hands.

PART II.

HER father was a Suabian hunter, and one of the king's rangers. Her mother was a daughter of a subaltern officer. There were ten children, of which my *Fräulein* and her twin brother were the youngest. They were poor but gay, living a free life in the woods, with venison for dinner every day. When the little Caroline—for now I must give her her name—was three years old her father died; but she never forgot him, remembering to this day, she says, more vividly than almost anything else in her life, how he used to come home in his ranger's uniform, and taking her on one arm and her twin brother on the other, toss them both up in the air, calling her his little "rusty angel," in affectionate jest at her freckled skin.

One year later the mother died, and the ten children, left with very little money, were scattered here and there, in houses of friends and relatives. Caroline was sent to her paternal grandfather, who was a government advocate in Augsburg. The grand-

mother had written that she would take the handsomest of the six little girls, and the lot fell on Caroline. O, what a picture it was she drew of her arrival, late at night, at the fine house in Augsburg! She was carried, a poor little frozen bundle of baby, into a great parlor, where her grandparents with a small party of friends were playing whist. The servant set her on the piano while they unrolled her wrappings, one after another, for it was a cold winter night.

"Then at last out come I; and they stand me up on the piano, and my grandmother she say, 'Mein Gott! if this be the handsome, what are the rest?' And one old servant,—and she I hate all my life,—she put both her hands high, and she say, 'Mein Gott, she have red hair and rusty skin!'"

In a few days, however, the little red-haired, rusty-skinned child became the pet of the whole house; and from this time till her grandmother's death Caroline was happy. But before she was six she had become such an unmanageable little hoyden, that her grandparents, in despair, shut her up in a convent school in Augsburg, only allowing her to come home for Saturdays and Sundays and the vacations. In this school she spent seven years, and came out, at thirteen, a full-grown woman, knowing a little of many things, but no one thing well, and too full of animal life to be held with any bonds. That very year came her first lover, asking to marry her.

"My grandfather, he send for me, and I come, like I go always on one foot, jumping like cat for bird; and there sit this man I know not; and my grandfather he point to me, and he say, 'You think to marry that child? Look at her!'" I am sure that the *Fräulein* was too modest to tell me how beautiful she was as a young girl. But I can easily make the picture for myself. She was above the medium height, and very slender; her cheeks were red, her forehead high and white; her eyes the brightest and wickedest hazel, and her mouth and chin piquant and wil-

ful and tender and strong, altogether. Not often does the world see just such a face as she must have had in her youth.

The next year the grandmother died, and now began dark days for Caroline. Two of her aunts, who had not loved her father, came to keep her grandfather's house. They locked up her piano. They took away the pretty clothes her grandmother had given her. They gave her more and more hard work to do, until in one short year she was like a servant in the house. Then they sent her away to another aunt's house, on pretence of a visit, and kept her there three months; and when she returned, she found that her grandfather, who was now very old and imbecile, had married a new wife.

"Now came for me the worst of all the time. My grandfather's wife, she say, 'You must not stay here, I will not have, you are too fine lady. You can go earn your bread like others.' And I say, 'O, what can I do? I nothing know, where can I go? And, my lady, I are only fifteen when she tell me to go make living for myself.'"

The grandfather was too old and feeble to interfere, and moreover had been prejudiced against Caroline by his wife and daughters. So the child went out into the world, with a little bundle of clothes, and a few gulden in her pocket. She had about one hundred dollars a year from her father's estate, which luckily was in hands of a trustee, or the cruel aunts would have robbed her of that. A kind neighbor took her in, and tried to cheer her; but her heart was broken. "All day, my lady, I cry and I cry, till I look so ugly nobody would take such ugly girl to live in house for servant. My face get quite another shape."

At last the good neighbor came home one day in great delight, and told Caroline that the Baroness—had seen her in church, and liked her face so much that she had asked her name, and now sent to know if she would come and live with her as nurse for her three little children.

"This are like help from Heaven,
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my lady; and when I go to Baroness, she take me by chin, and she say, 'Would you like to live in my house?' And I cry so, I can no more speak, and I say, 'O, I glad of any house, so I have home.'"

For three years she lived with the Baroness, who proved a kind and wise mistress. The little children were sweet and lovable, and "I think I stay in that house till my time come to be died," said the *Fräulein*, with tender, wet eyes. But one day came a sharp, authoritative letter from her grandfather, ordering her to return home at once.

"I get great afraid, I think he wish to me kill, and I would not go; but the Baroness say, 'No, he are your grandfather, you must go.' So I go, and my grandfather he look at me with such angry eyes I am sick, I cannot stand up; and he say, 'The Baron love you too much. You are vile, bad girl. You go no more to his house. I will you shut up.'"

Cruel, idle tongues had done poor Caroline this harm. Probably the scandal rose from the careless jest of some thoughtless man or woman, who had observed the beautiful face of the young nursery-maid in the Baron's house. "I should make lie, my lady," said the *Fräulein* here, "if I say that the Baron speak ever to me one word not like my father. He good man."

After a few wretched weeks in the grandfather's house Caroline found a second home in the family of the Countess—of Augsburg. Here she lived for seven years as lady's maid to the old Countess, who loved her much. "But the young Countess, she love me not. She hate me. It are like cat see dog always when we see each other, we so hate; but my old Countess, she say always to me, 'O Caroline, have patient, have patient; for my sake go you not away.'"

At last came a day when, for some trifling provocation, the young Countess took Caroline's two ears in her noble hands, and jerked her head violently back and forth, until the girl could hardly see.

"Many time, my lady, I say to her, 'Take your hands away, I will not from any man this bear'; and at last, my lady, I make so," said the *Fräulein* hitting out from the shoulder with a great thrust which a prize-fighter might admire, "and she go back against the wall; and the old Count, he come flying and scream, 'You kill my daughter, you shall to prison go.' And he put his hand on me, and I make so again, my lady, that he go back against the other wall. O, I was strong like one hundred men! And my poor old Countess she come with her two hands tight, and she cry, 'O Caroline, Caroline, be not like this; go not away from me.' And I say to her, 'My dear lady, I no more can bear. I go away to-night; and I go to my room, and in middle of my angry I stop to laugh, to see the old Count like he pinned to the wall where I put him with my one arm, and the young Countess like she pinned to the other wall, where I put her with my other arm.'"

In an hour Caroline had packed her boxes, and was ready to leave the house, but she found herself a prisoner in her room. The door was firmly locked, and to all her cries she could get no answer. All night long she walked up and down, with her bonnet and cloak on. At eight in the morning the bell rang as usual for her to go to the Countess. "Ha!" say I, "the old Count he think I go to my lady, for her I so love. But I open my door, I have heard he come like cat and unlock with key; and I go straight to big door of great hall; and at door stand old Count, and he say, 'What mean you? Go to the Countess.' And I say, 'No, I go no more to Countess, I go to burgomaster.' And I look at he so he no more dare move. I think," with a chuckle of delight at the memory, "he no more wish to feel how heavy are my hand, for he are poor little man. I could him kill, like chicken, and so he know very well."

Straight to the burgomaster the excited Caroline went, and told her story. For once a burgomaster was on the side of right; reprimanded the Count

severely, and compelled him to give up all Caroline's boxes, and pay her the full sum due of her wages. Now she was, for the first time for many years, thoroughly happy. She had saved money in her seven years' service, and she had become a skilful dress-maker. She hired a little apartment, and sent for an old servant who had been fond of her in her childhood.

Old Monika was only too glad to come and live once more with her young mistress; and as for Caroline, after ten years of serving, to be once more independent, to have an affectionate waiting-woman ready to do her bidding,—"it was like Heaven, my lady. In morning, Monika she bring me my bath, like I lady again; and she say, 'Fräulein, my Fräulein.' And I make my eyes like I sleep, sleep, so that I can hear her say 'my Fräulein' many times, it so me please. Then she be fear that I died; and she come close and take my by shoulder; and then I give jump quick out of bed, and make her great fright and great laugh. But always I eat with my Monika, as if I not lady, for I say, I too have been servant; and I cannot eat by self; I have not hungry; and I love my old Monika very much."

The good Countess sent all her friends to Caroline, and in a short time she had more dress-making than she could do, even with Monika's help; but she would not employ workwomen. She tried the experiment once, and had a seamstress for three months, but she could not endure the trouble and annoyance of it. "O my lady, I get in such great angry with she, she make so stupid things. I send she away. I think I be died with angry, if she not go."

It was, after all, but a bare living that one woman's hands could earn with a needle in Augsburg, in those days. Caroline and her Monika had only about two hundred dollars a year.

"How could you live on so little money, dear Fräulein?" said I.

"O my lady, in those time all are so cheap. I get pound of meat for nine kreutzers, now it are twenty. I get

quart milk for three kreutzers, now it are five. I get nine eggs for four kreutzers, now I must pay two kreutzers for one egg; and in Augsburg then I buy for one kreutzer all vegetable Monika and I eat for two day, and now in my house in Munich I give six kreutzers for what I must give one person at one time."

Even at these low prices they had to live sparingly: one half-pound of meat three times a week; never anything but coffee and bread for breakfast; once a week a glass of wine. But Caroline was happy and content. "Never did I think to ask God for more than I have. I are so glad with my Monika; and I sing at my sew all day."

But fate was spinning a new tint into Caroline's life. In the spring of her third year of dress-making she found herself seized with a sudden ambition to go to Munich and get new fashions.

"It are great journey for me to take alone; and I had not money that Monika go too; I know I need not to go; but I cannot be free night nor day from thinking I will to Munich go, and get fashion for my ladies."

On the fourth day after her arrival in Munich the poor solitary Augsburg dress-maker was taken ill with a terrible fever. In great fright, the lodging-house keeper had her carried to the hospital, and gave herself no further concern about the friendless stranger. There poor Caroline lay in a crowded ward, so delirious with fever that she could not speak intelligently, and yet, by one of those inexplicable mental freaks sometimes seen in such cases, quite aware of all which was passing about her. She heard the doctors pronounce her case hopeless; she knew when they cut off her beautiful hair, but she tried in vain to speak, or to refrain from speaking when the mad raving impulse seized her.

At length one night, the third night, between twelve and one o'clock, she suddenly opened her eyes, and saw a tall man bending over her bed, with a candle in one hand.

"O my lady, never can I tell what I saw in his face; never, my lady, have you seen so beautiful face. I say to myself, 'O, I think I be died, and this are the Jesu Christ; or if I not be died, this are my darling for all my life.' And he smile, and say, 'Are you better?' And I shut my eyes, and I say to myself, 'I will not speak. It are Jesu Christ.'"

This was the young Dr. Anton —, who had been, from the moment Caroline was brought into the hospital, so untiring a watcher at her bedside, that all his fellow-students persecuted him with raillery.

"But my Anton he say to them: 'I do not know what it are, I think that beautiful girl' (for, my lady, all peoples did call me beautiful; you would not now think, now I am such ugly, thick, old woman), — I think that beautiful girl die. But if she not die, she are my wife. You can laugh, all you; but I have no other wife in this world."

It was in very few words that my Fräulein told me this part of her story. But we were two women, looking into each other's wet eyes, and I knew all she did not say.

They could not be married, Anton and Caroline; for the paternal government of Bavaria, not liking to have too large pauper families left on its hands, forbids men to marry until they can deposit a certain sum in government trust for the support of their families, if they die. Anton had not a cent in the world: neither had Caroline. For four years they worked and waited, he getting slowly but surely into practice; she, laying by a gulden at a time out of her earnings. Once in four weeks he came to Augsburg to see her, sometimes to stay a day, sometimes only a few hours. "It took so much money for journey, he could not more often come. But he say, 'My lieblich, I may die before we can marry; I will make sure to kiss you once in four week.'"

There was, perhaps, a prophetic instinct in Anton's heart. Before the end of the fourth year his health failed,

and he was obliged to leave Munich, and go home to his mother's house. For six months Caroline did not see him. Week by week came sadder and sadder letters. Anton was dying of consumption. At last his mother wrote, "If you want to see Anton alive, come."

At sight of Caroline he revived, so much so that the physicians said, if he had no return of hemorrhage, he might possibly live three months; longer than that he could not hold out.

O cruel, paternal government of Bavaria! Here were this man and woman, held apart from each other, even in the valley of the shadow of death, by the humane law providing against pauper children.

The one desire left in Anton's heart was to be moved to Augsburg, and die in Caroline's house. He and his mother were not in sympathy; the family was large and poor; he was in the way. Then Caroline said, "Come."

"O my lady, you think not it was harm. His mother she go on knees to me, and say, 'Take Anton with you.' And I know I can keep him alive many weeks in my house; he will be so glad when he are alone with me, he will not die so soon. No one could speak harm of me, for this man I lead like little child, and lift in my arms, he are so sick."

So Caroline gave up her apartment in Augsburg, hired a little farm-house just out of the city, and took her lover home to die. The farm was just large enough for her to keep two cows and raise a few vegetables. The house had but one good room, and that was fitted up for Anton. Caroline and Monika slept in two little closets which opened from the kitchen. Before daylight Monika went into the city to sell milk and vegetables; while she was gone Caroline took care of the stable and the animals, and worked in the garden. Not one kreutzer's worth of work did they hire. The two women's hands did all.

In the sweet country air and in the sight of Caroline, Anton grew daily stronger, until at the end of three months he could walk a few rods with

out leaning on her arm, and hope sprang up once more in their hearts.

Then, lured by that illusive dream, which has cost so many dying men and women so dear, they started for Italy to escape the severe winter winds of Augsburg. They went in a little one-horse wagon, journeying a few miles a day, resting at farm-houses, where the brave Caroline took care of her own horse, like a man, and then paid for their lodging by a day's dress-making for the women of the family. In this way they spent two months; but Anton grew feebler instead of better, and when they reached home Caroline lifted him in her arms, and carried him from the wagon to the bed.

"When I lay him down, he look up in my face with such look, and he say: 'Liebling, it are no use. I have spent all my money for nothing. Now I die.'"

The journey, cheaply as they had made it, had used up every kreutzer of the earnings which had been put by towards their marriage. Now they had nothing, except what Caroline could earn, with now and then a little help from Anton's mother. But Caroline's heart never failed her; she thought of but one thing, the keeping Anton alive.

"All day, my lady, it are as if I see Death stand at door; and I look at him in eyes, and I say, 'You go away! I give not Anton to you yet. O Jesu Christ, let me keep my Anton one day the more.'"

And she kept him day by day, until the doctors said his life was a miracle; and Anton himself said to her sometimes: "O liebling, let me go; it is better for you that I die."

At last the day came, but it was nearly at the end of the second year. It was late in the spring. Anton had not left his room for weeks; but one morning he said to her that he thought he would like to sit under the trees once more.

"And O my lady, the minute he say that I know he think it are his last day. So I dress him in warm clothes, and I carry him out in my arms, and

put him in big chair I make myself out of old died tree ; and the sun it shine, shine, O so warm ! and I read to him out of book he like. But I see he no more hear, and very quick he say, 'Come close to me' ; and I go close, and he put his two hands on my face and say : 'Liebling, I think God be always good to you for your good to me.' And then he point with finger that I take him in house ; and Monika and I we have but just get him in bed, when he fall back, and are died in one minute ; and, my lady, I can say true, that in the first minute I was glad for my Anton that he have no more pain."

Soon after Anton was buried came Anton's second cousin, Herr Bridmacher, to see Caroline. The Herr Bridmacher owned a great farm of seven hundred acres near Starnberg. By this time all Anton's friends, far and near, had heard of the faithful and beautiful Caroline, who had so well administered the little farm, and made Anton's last months so comfortable. Herr Bridmacher offered her good wages and absolute control of the farm. It was the very life she most liked, and it offered an escape from Augsburg, the very air of which had become insupportable to her. She accepted the offer immediately, and at the end of a week was walking by Herr Bridmacher's side, up the broad road of Brentonrede farm.

"O my lady, my heart he go down in me when I see that farm. The Herr Bridmacher he have been fool. He have the same thing in the same field all his life, till the ground be no more good ; and he are so mean, he have on that seven hundred acre only seven servant ; he have four coos, three horse, and two pair oxen, and one are lame. And the house, it be shame to see such house ; it let water come in in many place ; and the floor it go up, and it go down, like the cellar are all of hills. And I say to him : 'It are well for you, Herr Bridmacher, that I not see your fine farm before I come. But I have my word given, and I go not

back. I stay.' Then he begin to make great compliment to me, how he think I do all well. But I say : 'O, thank you, I not wish to hear. You think to journey, you have me told. The sooner you go the better I like. Good night, sir.' So I go to my bed ; but all night the wind he blow my windows so I cannot to sleep ; but I say to myself, 'Caroline, if only that fool go away, here are splendid farm for you.' So I am quite quiet. And in the morning, Herr Bridmacher he say : 'Good morning, good morning. I start to Italy to-morrow' ; and I say, 'I very glad to hear that. You stay two years, I hope.' And when he go down the road I stand at door, and I snap my two hands after he, and I say, 'Long journey to you, my master.'"

With short intervals of interruption and annoyance from Herr Bridmacher, Caroline had the management of Brentonrede farm for eleven years. At end of that time Brentonrede owned seventy-five cows, eight horses, eight pairs of oxen, twenty-four calves, and two hundred chickens. There were twenty-five work-people, — seventeen men and eight women. The house was in perfect repair, and the place had more than doubled in value. Just before Caroline came to him the poor silly Herr Bridmacher had offered it for sale for sixty thousand gulden (about twenty-five thousand dollars) ; after she left him he sold it for one hundred and forty thousand gulden.

It would be impossible to reproduce the Fräulein's graphic and picturesque story of her life during this time. She had no neighbors, but she was never lonely. Her whole soul was in her work. At three o'clock every morning she rose, and gave the laborers their first meal at four. Five times a day they were fed, the Brentonrede people : at four in the morning, bread, soup, and potatoes ; at eight, bread and milk, or bread and beer ; at eleven, knoedels,* with which they had either meat, pud-

* Knoedels are dumplings made of flour, chopped herbs, and sometimes a little ham. They are the common food of farmers throughout Germany.

ding, or curds; at four, bread and beer; and at six or eight, bread and soup.

One of her greatest troubles in the outset was the religiousness of her work-people:—the number of Paternosters they insisted on saying every morning in the little chapel on the place.

"O my lady," she said, "I wish you could see that chapel. Such a Mother Goddess never did I see in my life. She look so like fool, that when I go first in I make that I drop something on floor I cannot find, so I put my face close to floor, that they not see me laugh. But I make she all clean; and I make chapel all clean; and then I say to men: 'Very well; if you need pray fourteen Paternosters on week-day, you need pray fourteen Paternosters on Sunday. So many as you pray on week-day, it are my order that you pray on Sunday, if you work at Brentonrede.' Then they grumble, and they tell the priest. They like not to take time that are their own time on Sunday to say fourteen Paternosters; but they like better to say Paternosters in my time than to dig in field. So the priest he put on his big hat, and he come to door, and knock, knock; and I go; and he say, 'Are you the Fräulein of Brentonrede?' And I say, 'Yes, Father, I are she.' And then he begin to say, 'Now, my daughter,' with long face; and then he tell me that he are told I have pigs in the chapel, and that I will not let the people to pray. And I say, 'O no, that are not true.' And I take he to chapel, and show how clean it are; and only I have in corner two big bottle of vitriol, which I have afraid to keep in house, because it are such danger; and I tell him I think Holy Mother Goddess will be so good to keep it safe, that it blow not up the house. And he say that are no harm, but why do I not let the people to pray. And I tell him that I say not the people shall not pray. I say they shall pray fourteen Paternoster on Sunday, if they pray fourteen Paternoster on week-day; and since then they pray but one Paternoster on week-day, so

that they take not time from their Sunday. And he scratch his head very hard, and know not what to say me to that; and then I give him good bottle wine and a cheese, and I say, 'Now, Father, it cannot be in this world that we believe all what are telled. I do not believe what are telled of you, and do you not believe any more what are telled of me.' And he get so red in the face, for he know all peoples say his housekeeper are wife to he; and so he shake my hand, and he go away. And always I hear after that he say, 'The Fräulein of Brentonrede she are good woman; she are good Catholic.' But he know in his heart I laugh at he."

How she gloated over some of her harvest memories,—of wonderful afternoons in which more loads of hay were piled up in Brentonrede barns than had ever been known to be got in in one afternoon before. One particular wheat harvest, I remember, she mentioned. She had seen at noon that a heavy storm was coming up. Whole acres of wheat were lying cut, ready to be made up into sheaves. "Then I call all the men and women, and I say, 'If all the wheat are in before dark, I give you one cask beer, and two cheese, and all bread you can eat, and a dance.' I think not it could be; but I work with them myself, and I tie up with the straw till my hands they bleed, O so much; but I nothing care. And the wheat it are all in, my lady, before nine o'clock,—twenty-five wagon-loads in one afternoon; and in all the country they tell it for one great story that it was done in Brentonrede."

The Brentonrede farm soon became well known in the whole region about Starnberg. Herr Bridmacher's friends used to make it a stopping-place in their drives; and the Fräulein often entertained parties of them at tea or luncheon. She was very proud of doing the honors of Brentonrede; and to these parties, and to her two years of close intercourse with the invalid Anton, she owed a certain *savoir faire*, which, added to her native graceful-

ness and quickness of comprehension, would prevent her ever being embarrassed, I think, in any situation.

In the tenth year of her Brentonrede life came a burgomaster from a neighboring town to ask her to marry him. By this time her love for Anton had taken the healthful shape of tender, regretful memory, which made no sorrow in her active, useful life, and set no barrier between her and other men. But her heart was wedded to Brentonrede farm. So, like a true diplomatist, she told Herr Bridmacher of this offer, and asked his advice.

"I know very well he not like that I leave farm. He know he cannot make farm by herself. I think he will marry me herself, to keep me for farm. I not love he. O no, my lady, I love no man after my Anton. But I know he go on journey every year, sometimes for two three year, and I think I like very well to be his wife, and stay on farm while he go."

The Herr Bridmacher took the same view of it that Caroline did. Of course he could not have her leave the farm: so he said he would marry her when he came back from Italy,—from a year's journey on which he was about starting. The burgomaster was sent away, and Caroline went contentedly on with her farming for another year. When Herr Bridmacher returned, and their marriage was again discussed, the question of settlements came up, and upon this they fell out. Caroline was firm in her demand that Brentonrede should be settled on her and her children.

"I know very well, my lady, that all his people fine people. They think I am only poor work-girl who can make farm. Never I wish to go as his wife into one of their house. It are only for love of farm that I marry he; if he die, and I not have farm, what I do then?"

But Herr Bridmacher was equally firm. He would settle money on her, but not Brentonrede. Money Caroline would not have, not even if it were enough to buy another farm. It was

Brentonrede she loved, and she did not in the least love Herr Bridmacher. "I know all the time he are fool, and like mule, beside," she said; adding with the gravest simplicity, "But I know he have been for ten year the most time away from Brentonrede, and I think when I are his wife he like it not even so much than before."

So Caroline and Herr Bridmacher parted in great anger. With her savings she bought a little house in the suburbs of Munich. But the city air oppressed her. Her occupation was gone. At end of a year she sold the house for two thousand gulden more than she gave for it, and bought another, farther out of the city, with a few acres of ground about it. Here she lived as she had in Augsburg, keeping one servant, three cows, hens and chickens, and working all day in a vegetable and flower garden.

"O my lady, it are like one picture, when I have work there one year. Not one inch in all my place but have a fine green leaf or flower growing on he; all peoples that drive by from Munich, they stop and they look and they look, and I are so proud when I hear them say, 'It are all one woman that do this with her own hands.'"

One afternoon as the Fräulein sat alone in her little sunny parlor, there was a ring at the door.

"I go, and I see, O such nice Englishman. I have he seen before, many times, stands to look in my garden. He are priest I know by his dress,—priest of your church, my lady. Then he say, 'Do you live here alone?' And I say, 'Yes.' And then he try to say more, but he cannot German speak, and I no English understand. So he laugh, and he say, 'I come again with my wife. She can all say in German.'"

The next day he came back with his wife, and the thing they had to say was no more nor less than to tell the Fräulein they were coming to spend the summer in her house. Her face and the face of her garden had been such magnets to them, that their hearts were set on coming to live for

six months where they could see both every day.

"I say, 'But I know not how to do for high people. I cannot make that you have comfortable.' But they say, 'We will you show all. We want little.' And so they come. They take my two rooms up stairs; and they sit all day in my garden; and the lady, she grow so fat, and she say she are never so happy in all her life, as in my house; and they are, now these seven years, my best friends in the world."

These best friends of the *Fräulein's* were an English clergyman and his wife; and her acquaintance with them was one of the crises in her romantic life. In the autumn when it was necessary for them to go back to Munich, they persuaded her to sell her little farm (which was not so profitable as pretty) and take part of a house in the city, and rent apartments. She entered with many misgivings on this untried experiment; but her shrewd, sagacious nature was as successful here as in remodelling Herr Bridmacher's exhausted farm. She has lived in Munich for seven years. Her apartment has never, for one month, stood empty, and she is only waiting for the opportunity to add to it another whole floor. She has nearly paid for her furniture, which is all thoroughly good and satisfactory, and she says: "If I spare (save) very much and spend not on nothings, I think in six year I have enough money to go live as I like in country, and have garden." She yearns for green fields, and the smell of the earth. I am not sure that the English clergyman did

well to transplant her within the city walls.

As for Herr Bridmacher, he came to grief, as might have been predicted, soon after parting with Caroline. After several unsuccessful attempts to find some one to fill her place, he sold his farm for one hundred and forty thousand gulden, put most of the money into a commercial speculation and lost it.

The good Caroline, hearing a short time ago that he was seen in Munich looking very shabby and out at elbows, wrote asking him to come to her house.

"I could not bear, my lady, to think that I so comfortable in this nice house by the money he pay me, and he have not money enough to go like gentleman as he always go before; and now I are old woman, I can ask to my house if I like."

But Herr Bridmacher was too proud to come.

"He hate me. I hear from friend that know, that he hate me, O so much! He say I are reason for all his trouble. But I think he are reason heself. Except for he had been one mule, I are in his house to-day, and Brentonrede are worth three hundred thousand gulden, and he have six children to make that he are no more sorry."

Poor Herr Bridmacher! From my heart I pity him, when I think what he has lost. But I have almost more resentment than pity, when I think that, but for his foolish pride and obstinacy, my *Fräulein* would have been to-day the loving mother of children and the gracious Lady of Brentonrede.

H. H.

UNDER THE SKYLIGHT.

I HAVE no office with staring sign
Down in the noise of the crowded mart.
A window square to the sky is mine,
In an humble loft, where all apart
I live, with my friends and books and art.
No currents of gold from Wall Street come
To breed the fever of loss and gain;
But the golden southlight warms my home,
Or on my skylight patters the rain,
While I paint or sing my castles in Spain.
No checks that smile for a day, and melt,
The postman brings to my humble door;
But letters from friends, whose love is felt
To be richer than all the golden store
Of the millionaire whose soul is poor.
Gold is good, but it is not the best.
True love's bank,—can it ever break?
What if it should?—The sun in the west
Sinks and rises again, to make
A long, long banquet of Give and Take.
Time is passing, but Time is renewed.
Life runs over with wealth untold.
Age grows younger in all that is good,
Reaping the fields where Youth stood cold
In the drear bare furrows, and dreamed of gold.
What if the light of our matin prime
Struggles through clouds with a pallid beam!
One ripe day of life's latter time
Is worth a hundred of fitful gleam,—
Is worth long years of an aimless dream.
O misty land of uncertain Youth,
Low-lying swamps of fear and doubt!
We have left you below for the heights of truth,
We have found through the fogs a pathway out.
Below us the youths and maidens shout,
Wandering, careless, through roads unknown,
Wrapped in the warm soft vapory air,
Here, in the clear still upper zone,
We see how wide is life, how fair,
While Age's light gilds Age's care.
What if the snow-wreath crown our heads,—
We gain the electric strength of frost.
We are treading the path each mortal treads;
We are nearing the spring, we have counted the cost;
We trust, ay, know, we shall not be lost!

C. P. Cranch.

SOME ENGLISH WORKINGMEN.

TEN or a dozen years ago a meeting was held in one of the great provincial cities of England, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, whose intellect and mental energy had not yet succumbed to conquering time. One of the peculiarities and special attractions of the meeting was a speech from a workingman, — a genuine workingman, who had only washed the grime of the iron-foundry off his face and hands, in order to mount the platform, and play the orator among philanthropic peers and popular members of Parliament. The workingman spoke well, for a workingman of that time; England has grown half a century, or thereabouts, during the dozen years that have passed since then. There was nothing particular in the speech as a speech. I have a tolerably good memory, but I cannot recollect anything the artisan-orator said, or distinguish his eloquence in my remembrance from that of any of the commonplace members of Parliament, and other such speakers who preceded and followed him. But I remember that Lord Brougham was for a while in ecstasies. He jumped to his feet, when the speech of the iron-worker was over, and with all the frightful gesticulation and hideous, indescribable contortions of countenance he was wont to exhibit when roused to emotion of any kind, he protested that that speech was the very finest he had ever heard. That was something like praise! Lord Brougham had doubtless heard Fox and Pitt; he might possibly have even heard Mirabeau; he must have been familiar with the eloquence of Canning and Plunkett and O'Connell, just as he was with that of Berryer and Montalembert and Gladstone and Bright; and he declared emphatically that this workingman's oration was the very finest he had ever heard in his life. Of course, this was sheer nonsense and extravagance; but it was for the moment sincere; it was not

meant for nonsense and extravagance. Brougham was really surprised and delighted to hear a genuine workingman who could talk sensibly as well as fluently, and he exploded into the same kind of natural and pardonable effusiveness as that which is permitted to any of us when we hear an intelligent boy deliver some piece of recitation gracefully and effectively, and we declare in our enthusiasm that Edwin Booth could not have done it any better. After a while, however, Brougham began to repent him of his fury of praise. He seemed to fear that his panegyric might be the means of sending the honest iron-worker into a wrong path for the rest of his life; and he therefore took opportunity, before the meeting separated, to deliver a public admonition to his *protégé* against the fascinations of the platform. In the most earnest tones, and with gestures more fearful to behold than ever, he warned the orator never to be led into adopting the unprofitable calling of a public speaker, — “unprofitable,” interjected his Lordship, suddenly remembering his own career, “save to the very, very few,” — and always to keep to his honest and manly occupation as a worker in iron. Thus did the venerable statesman and agitator give the sugar first and the pill afterwards.

I have since occasionally seen or heard something of Brougham's iron-worker, and he has not thus far justified the alarms or verified the praises of his illustrious admirer. He speaks occasionally at meetings of workingmen, but he has not given up his original occupation, and he has not made any mark as a public speaker. Nobody any longer wonders to hear a workingman make a decent speech in England; and Brougham's friend is now only one of many who can do as well as he, while there are a few who can do a great deal better. The representative English

workingman has made an immense advance during the last ten years, — that is to say, he has made an immense advance towards being like everybody else, — like the average Radical members of Parliament, for instance. The rude, fervid, passionate eloquence, born of a deep sense of wrong, and thrilling with the half-poetic exaggeration of the untutored, sincere "one idea," — the sort of eloquence that we used to read about in the pages of "Alton Locke," and which I suppose was really to be heard in the days of the Charter and Feargus O'Connor, — that eloquence is little known now among the representative speakers of the English working-class. Such men now argue well and closely, talk plain facts and good sense, and can only be listened to with respect and answered by substantial reasoning; but they do not try to be orators. Take the highest specimen of the class and bring him to perfection, and he would still be no more of an orator than such a man as Mr. W. E. Forster, for example, is an orator: he would be a ready, clear, and effective speaker, marshalling good arguments and appropriate facts with disciplined skill to a direct purpose. Neither the agitation created in England by the American civil war, nor the yet more intense and personal excitement of the Reform struggle, brought out an orator, among London workingmen. Some of the most influential leaders of the body are not even effective speakers. George Potter, for instance, the leader of the trades-union organizations, is a very indifferent speaker. I fancy that in the English provinces, in the northern counties especially, there is more of fervid eloquence, at meetings of workingmen, than is usually heard in London; but even there I have not heard any hint of the appearance of an orator.

The most prominent representative of workingmen now occupying the attention of the English public is doubtless Mr. Odger, who has for some time past been making ineffectual efforts to get into Parliament, and is, I hope, destined some day to find a seat there. When-

ever he becomes a member of Parliament, he will, I venture to think, greatly disappoint the House of Commons; for he will be just as good a speaker as anybody there, with the exception of some five or six, perhaps; and there is nothing whatever of the typical stump orator, or "Alton Locke" workingman about him. He is a gentleman (I do not know why the term should not be applied to him) of good acquirements and information, full of sound sense, able to make a clear, telling, argumentative speech. He will be a member of Parliament *comme un autre*. He will disappoint many of his brother-legislators, just as a lady was disappointed the other day in Washington when she was shown a great Indian chief, who had come up as a delegate from I know not how many warlike tribes, and she saw a personage wearing a frock-coat, gray pantaloons, and a stove-pipe hat. There are London workingmen who look and speak far more effectively in a theatric or artistic sense, as representatives of their class, than sensible and respectable Mr. Odger. There is a man, for example, who lately paid a visit, I believe, to the United States, — Mr. Thomas Conolly, an Irish plasterer, living in London, — who makes the nearest approach to what may be called "artisan eloquence" I have ever heard in England. Conolly is a wonderful speaker in his way, — rough and ready, fluent, boisterous, and witty, mingling up sense and nonsense, shrewd argument and droll buffoonery, in such a manner as to be sometimes almost irresistible. Louis Blanc, I remember, was greatly impressed by Conolly's powers, and even went so far as to style him a genuine orator. But Conolly has practically come to nothing; and this fact of itself is enough to prove that he is no orator. Indeed, I never heard anything from him which suggested to me that he possessed any gleam of that nameless, indefinable, mysterious gift of the gods, which makes a man an orator, and not merely a speaker. During the height of the Reform agitation, I asked an English statesman what would happen

if this or that leader of workmen, whom I named, were suddenly to turn out a great orator, — an artisan Mirabeau or O'Connell. "Probably a great social revolution," he answered; "at any rate, such a man would be the most powerful personage in England, and might dictate terms to prime ministers." No such man appeared; a tolerably good proof, I think, that he was not in existence, and that the occasion had no need of him.

There was lately in the United States a representative of a certain kind of English workmen, — a man with a sort of literary and semi-philosophical turn of mind about him; more like, perhaps, to the people in "Alton Locke" than your sensible, gentlemanly Odgers and rough, robust, humorous Conollys. This was a Mr. Robert Coningsby (an odd name for an artisan, some one may say), who is, or was, a working engraver, and who has considerable literary gifts and far greater literary aspirations. Coningsby is one of the class who would bid their working brethren seek their welfare rather in individual culture than in combined political agitation, — a profound mistake in a country like England, where, in order to render individual culture possible to any save a wondrously energetic and persevering few among the working-class, a combined and successful political agitation to remove class privileges and found a national system of education would first be necessary. Coningsby made a bold bid at one time to be the leader of a school of "sweetness and light" dilettanteism among workmen, and he received the special welcome and patronage of the *Times* newspaper, in whose columns he published a long letter advising his laboring brethren to give up politics and study Plato. But politics had at that time more hold over workmen than Plato, and the Reform battle was fought and won, as now the battle for national education is being fought, and Coningsby collapsed. Just then such advice as his, however plausible, however well meant and sincere, was trea-

son to his class. But Coningsby is a man of ability and considerable self-culture, able to handle a pen as well as an average magazinist of professional training, and likely, perhaps, to pass into the ranks of literature altogether. Other London workmen have already done this, and quite successfully. I could name more than one, who were artisans the other day, but who, having cultivated by self-tuition a natural taste for literary work, made gradual efforts towards opening a way into literature, and, feeling their way prudently as they went, were able at last to give up manual labor altogether, and live as journalists and magazinists. I think the literary profession has much reason to be proud of such accessions.

There is one workman whom I know in London, who, although he has made quite a distinct success as a writer, and won something of a literary name, still keeps — at least has kept thus far — to his handicraft as a journeyman engineer. He is not at all of the Odger or Coningsby style, but is in manners, talk, and appearance just a rough, blunt, uncouth workman; only different from most other workmen in being of remarkably stunted stature and apparently rather feeble frame. This is Mr. Thomas Wright, a working engineer (boiler-maker or something of the kind, I think), who has succeeded, despite of some discouraging and severe physical disadvantages, in qualifying himself for a very honorable position in the ranks of literature. He first became known by some essays which were published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, describing with the pen of a genuine workman some phases of life among his class. There was a freshness, a simplicity, above all, an unmistakable truthfulness and realism, about these sketches, which at once attracted attention, and encouraged the author to publish a volume called "Some Habits and Customs of the English Working - Classes, by a Journeyman Engineer." The book had a very decided success, and was reviewed carefully and favorably by all

the great critical journals. The peculiarity of the work which first attracted attention was the absence of all pretence to the style of the professional *littérateur*; it was the genuine, simple, unmistakable production of a workingman, describing in his own way and his own language the life he had himself seen and known. Since then "The Journeyman Engineer," as he always calls himself on his title-pages, has written other books, and a sort of romance dealing with the experiences, the habits, and the sufferings of his class, — works which, whatever their literary merit, have the high and rare value of a simple, faithful realism, and a profound sincerity. They too have been successful; and I doubt not that mere prudence and proper economy alone will gradually compel the journeyman engineer to give up hammering rivets, and make a more profitable living by the writing of books. But in appearance, manner, and ways of thinking and describing, he will ever remain what he now is, an unpretending English workingman.

The Fenian element in London did undoubtedly for a while throw a certain light of fierce picturesqueness over some groups of the working-classes. But even before the London Fenians had estranged themselves by their wild excesses from popular sympathies, they had had hardly any influential representatives of the English working-class on their side; and the old vehemence and hyperbolic eloquence of the Chartist era could scarcely be said to have had even a momentary revival. London workingmen in general cordially sympathized with Irishmen, of whatever class, who claimed justice and good legislation for their country; and throughout the Reform Bill agitation, what time the railings of Hyde Park lay prostrate, the workingmen applauded no one, after the great Beales himself, more cordially than they did The O'Donaghue, the handsome and brilliant young Irish chieftain of polished eloquence, splendid ancestry, and ruined fortunes, — the only Irish member of

Parliament who took any active part in the campaign of English reformers. But no Hibernian splendor of diction suffused the downright, direct arguments, the simple, plain speaking of the English workingmen. In fact, the English artisan, even when he devotes himself to political agitation, is becoming above all things respectable. He is no longer a picturesque figure. His tendency is quite as much towards science as towards politics. I think Huxley is at present more popular with him than Bright. Indeed, the latter had somewhat lost popularity among workingmen just before his lamentable illness. He had discouraged the effort to return workingmen to the House of Commons, and more than once had subjected, not very sympathetically, to the analysis of a clear, penetrating, somewhat cold judgment, the impulses of an enthusiasm and an ambition alike natural to, and honorable in, the class. Therefore the typical London workingman of to-day — I mean the typical captain among his class — is hardly to be regarded as a devoted admirer of John Bright. Bright has little or no sympathy with ambition; and the representative workingman is ambitious. Bright is religious rather than scientific; and the workingman tends to be scientific rather than religious. I question whether there are any classes of persons in England, not professional *savans*, who are now more eager for scientific knowledge than the more intelligent workingmen. There is something about Huxley, as there is about Stuart Mill, which workingmen find sympathetic; which attracts them, wins their confidence, and makes them feel that the most rigid scientific teaching may be elevated by a soul, and animated by a light of emotion and enthusiasm. From Feargus O'Connor to Mill and Huxley what a distance has the Alton Locke of the London workshop traversed in the short space of twenty years!

I must say that I attribute much of the improvement which has lately taken place among English artisans to the influence of their trades-union organi-

zations. Whatever the defects of these institutions, they have done much to teach the workingmen independence as a class, and the value of discipline, co-operation, and practical education. They have indeed, to a great extent, educated the workingman. The very remarkable desire for scientific knowledge, of which I have already spoken, may be traced in great measure to the processes of precise reasoning upon facts, and to the observation of social and industrial phenomena, which the whole system of trades-union organization encouraged and indeed required. The English workingman is already as different a being from the agricultural laborer as a New England farmer from one of the "white trash" of the South, under the old system. The fact that the London artisan is becoming less picturesque and more commonplace every day is a very healthy and auspicious sign. I hope the time is not far distant when he may cease to be a distinct type of personage altogether, and when no clearer idea will be conveyed of a man's intellectual or social condition by describing him as an artisan than there would be now by describing him as a Londoner. He seems already to have quite emerged from the condition in which his highest honor and most substantial hope was believed to consist in the patronage of his social superiors. That kind of thing, often done with the best intentions, was almost always enfeebling and degrading. Of course I do not speak of the healthful, manly, sympathetic, systematic efforts of such men as "Tom Hughes" and F. D. Maurice, and others of the same class, to help the artisan to education and to self-help. That kind of assistance and co-operation was neither given nor received as patronage. Lately an idea entered into the minds of some well-meaning and really intelligent young men of the aristocratic class, that a great deal could be done in the way of removing social prejudices and elevating the artisan, by instituting a system of æsthetical and philanthropical tea-parties in one of the public

halls of London, at which the workingmen and their wives were to be brought into familiar and friendly acquaintance with the sons and nephews, but I suppose not the daughters and nieces, of earls and viscounts. The thing was carried on perseveringly for some time; it may indeed be going on still for aught I know; but I have heard that it was not particularly successful. A very amusing description of one of these gatherings was given to me by a friend who himself belonged not long since to the working-class, but whose remarkable natural gifts and ardent love of literature and culture have now made of him a very rising professional journalist. The efforts of the shy, well-intentioned young aristocrats to be friendly and familiar with the puzzled and diffident workingmen; the iterated struggles to start satisfactory conversations, and to keep them going when started; the almost paralyzing fear on the part of the "swells" lest they should seem to be doing the patrons, and yet the perpetual necessity that they should make the advances and take the initiative, if the whole thing was not to collapse in utter awkwardness, humiliation, and silence; — all these phenomena seemed to my friend delightfully ridiculous, and were described by him with unctious and humor. Nothing of that kind comes to any particular good. Of course all rigid class distinctions are everywhere objectionable, and, under certain conditions, fraught with danger; but there is no more necessity for taking trouble to bring an artisan and a lord together at a tea-party than there is for bringing a lawyer's clerk or a haberdasher into formal association with his lordship. The very effort is itself a proclamation of class distinction. Of late years, however, it is only just to say that the dead weight of opposition and obstruction, which the English workingman had to encounter on his way to education and political freedom, arose less from the influence of the aristocracy than from that of the middle class. Now that the workingman of England is in a fair

way to education and to political and intellectual freedom, I hope something may be done for the middle class. The young nobles and the young workmen are alike improving and full of promise; I hope the light of education and the spirit of manhood may next illumine and animate the young philistines of the middle class.

The representative English artisan of to-day may then, I think, be described as a manly, active-minded, self-reliant person, accustomed to discipline and understanding its uses; democratic rather in what is called the "philosophical-radical" style than in the manner of Bright and Cobden;

fond of literature, and probably fonder still of science; calmly unorthodox, but assuredly not irreligious. Of course I have been describing the best of the class, but only, if I may use such a phrase, the "average best"; that is to say, I have not had in my mind a few striking and exceptional men; I have been thinking of a great many men, leaders in their own immediate groups, indeed, but who are to be found everywhere without search or trouble of any kind. I know of no class in the English commonwealth of whom better things can be said, no class who in the same time have made anything like the same progress.

Justin McCarthy.

JEREMIAH S. BLACK AND EDWIN M. STANTON.

A FEW days after the death of Mr. Stanton, at the request of the publishers of "The Atlantic" I prepared an article on some of the characteristics of the great Secretary as they revealed themselves to me in the varying phases of the Rebellion. It was not history or biography, nor was it intended to be. It spoke of his tireless industry, indomitable courage, promptness of decision, readiness to assume responsibilities, intense patriotism, and a self-sacrificing devotion to his imperilled country. In illustration of these characteristics, I cited a few of the many facts that had come to my knowledge, either by personal observation or the authentic testimony of others.

Mr. Jeremiah S. Black does not like my portraiture of Mr. Stanton, or my statement of facts. He appears in the June number of "The Galaxy" in a communication addressed to myself, in which my statements are questioned and my conclusions are denied. The article is characteristic of the man; and I am not surprised at the manner or the matter of it. Mr. Black seems to belong to a class of public men who

are lingering behind their age, soured, disappointed, and vindictive. He seems specially conscious, — and his consciousness is apparently strengthening with time, — that there are few lawyers, fewer statesmen, and no patriots, who this day approve the advice he gave the President, on the 20th of November, 1860, in the only act which will carry his name to posterity. Contemporaneous history has already pronounced that "his argument gave much aid and comfort to the conspirators," that he "virtually counselled the President to suffer this glorious concrete Republic to become disintegrated by the fires of faction or the blows of actual rebellion, rather than use the force legitimately at his service for the preservation of its integrity." Nor is posterity likely to reverse this judgment. Loyal men, whose words and acts are instinct with patriotism, may perhaps afford to pardon the utterance of one who is passing into history under the irreversible condemnation already pronounced of a people saved in spite of his imbecile counsels and perilous theories.

As vulgar as vituperative, as ill-man-

nered as ill-tempered, with an effrontery as strange and fatuous as it was brazen, his article falsifies history and defames the dead, though the writer must have known that both the living witnesses and the documentary evidence are at hand to rectify the one and vindicate the other. It is not now my purpose to reply to his laudation of President Buchanan; or to his denial that Howell Cobb, while Secretary of the Treasury, by his treasonable utterances at Washington and among the money-lenders of Wall Street, deranged the finances and sunk the national credit; or to his denial that John B. Floyd while Secretary of War, sent muskets where they could be "clutched" by the rising conspirators; or to his apology for Toucey; or to his canonization of Jacob Thompson, the smallest and basest of the Cabinet conspirators. I am mindful that Mr. Black was a mere lawyer when he entered the Cabinet, that he had little association or acquaintance with statesmen. Of course his associates in the Cabinet, who had some experience in public affairs, although they have left little evidence in the records of their country of learning, eloquence, or statesmanship, towered up before his inexperienced eyes. No wonder that to this political neophyte Jacob Thompson seemed a great and illustrious statesman, "so immeasurably far above" the range of ordinary mortals, that they "will never in this life be able to get a horizontal view of his character." My object now is to defend Mr. Stanton from his treacherous friendship and vindicate the truthfulness of my statements, so recklessly assailed, by testimonies which cannot be gainsaid, and which are beyond the reach of cavil and successful contradiction.

In portraying the signal services rendered his country by Mr. Stanton, I referred to the fact that on entering Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet he put himself in communication with leading Republicans in Congress; that so anxious was he for the safety of the Republic, he visited by appointment Mr. Sumner at his lodgings after midnight, to im-

press upon him the danger which menaced the nation. These facts were stated to illustrate Mr. Stanton's exalted patriotism, which prompted him to rise above the claims and clamors of mere partisanship, and to invoke the aid of loyal men beyond the lines of his own party and outside of the administration of which he was a member, to serve his imperilled country menaced by a foul and wicked revolt. Such patriotism, however, Mr. Jeremiah S. Black does not comprehend. Such action he cannot applaud. He sees in it nothing but "overt acts of treachery." He doubts, questions, denies, and exclaims with holy horror: "Into what unfathomed gulfs of moral degradation must the man have fallen who could have been guilty of this!"

Notwithstanding these doubts, denials, and exclamations, Mr. Stanton, nevertheless, did put himself in communication, while in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, with leading Republicans. Of this fact there is no lack of competent testimony. Mr. Seward, — certainly not a biassed witness, — under date of June 6th writes: —

"You recall the memories of 1860 and 1861; our anxieties for the 4th of March then to come; the conferences we had, and the efforts we made. You ask me to give you my understanding of the position of the lamented Mr. Stanton at that time.

"When the election of 1860 closed, it left in the Executive Department President Buchanan, a Democrat, with an entire Democratic Cabinet, to remain in office until the 4th of March, when Abraham Lincoln was to be inaugurated President with a Republican Cabinet.

"Some of the then members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet were known to be disloyal. General Cass, eminently loyal, was understood to be dissatisfied with the President.

"The Democratic party had a majority in Congress, and that majority, like the President's Cabinet, included a number of persons who avowed themselves disloyal, and who ultimately joined the seceders in rebellion.

"Many disloyal persons held executive and judicial offices throughout the country, and many of the ministers who represented the United States in foreign countries were disloyal. The Rebels speedily effected an organization, and the administration was known to be holding conferences with their agents with regard to measures bearing upon disaffected States.

"I was, with you, a member of the Senate, and it early became understood that I was to be appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Lincoln. In this manner it happened that I came to be regarded somewhat extensively as a person representing the incoming administration and the Republican party, upon which the preservation of the Union was so soon to be devolved. We apprehended the danger of a factious resistance by the Rebels at the seat of government, and an outbreak of the revolution in Congress; probably on the occasion of counting the electoral votes, or at the inauguration. We were alarmed by plots for the assassination of the President on his way from Illinois.

"There were many suspected officers in the army and the navy; and both those arms of the executive power seemed inadequate to the crisis.

"I arrived in Washington and took up my residence there immediately after the election, and devoted myself thenceforth exclusively to the public service.

"If my memory serves me, I did not personally know Edwin M. Stanton until after he was appointed Attorney-General, in place of Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who became Secretary of State on the resignation of General Cass.

"Mr. Peter H. Watson, who during Mr. Lincoln's administration became a very devoted and efficient Assistant Secretary of War, was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stanton as well as of myself. Immediately after Mr. Stanton took office, he put himself into indirect communication with me at my house, employing Mr. Watson for that purpose. Every day thereafter, until the inauguration had passed, I con-

ferred either in the morning or in the evening or both with Mr. Stanton through the same agency, and the question what either of us could or ought to do at the time for the public welfare was discussed and settled. Mr. Watson often brought with him suggestions in writing from Mr. Stanton and returned to Mr. Stanton with mine.

"During all that time I was not in social relations with President Buchanan, and I took care for that and other reasons not to compromise Mr. Stanton, or other loyal members of his Cabinet, by making public the conferences which were held between any of them and myself. In some cases peculiarly perplexing I had Mr. Stanton's permission to refer to him as authority for information I gave some of my Union associates. The holding of the consultations was made known by me, with Mr. Stanton's consent, to President Lincoln and some other political friends. With these exceptions, the consultations between Mr. Stanton and myself were kept by me in entire confidence, and they have remained so.

"One day, as I was riding through F Street from the Capitol, I met Mr. Stanton on foot. We recognized each other, and a hurried explanation concerning our relations, as they were being conducted through the agency of Mr. Watson, took place. We separated quickly, from the motive on my part, and I supposed on his, of avoiding public observation. This was the only occasion, as I remember, on which I met Mr. Stanton until after the expiration of Mr. Buchanan's Presidential term."

While Mr. Seward forbears giving details of the consultations held with Mr. Stanton, he states that whenever they had occasion "to discuss measures it was only the right, fitness, expediency, and sufficiency of these measures that came in question"; and that Mr. Stanton expressed "entire confidence in the loyalty of the President and of the heads of the departments who remained in association with him until the close of that administration."

Concerning the midnight visit which

so excites the incredulity and indignation of Mr. Black Mr. Sumner himself writes :—

"My acquaintance with Mr. Stanton goes back to my first entrance into the Senate, as long ago as 1851, when Mr. Chase said to me one day, 'There is an Ohio friend of mine here who will be glad to know you,' and he introduced me to Mr. Stanton. I was busy in the Senate and he was busy in court, so that we saw little of each other, but whenever we met it was as friends. I remember well how much he was excited, when, in the debate on the Boston petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill, immediately after the surrender of Anthony Burns, June, 1854, I was set upon by the slave-masters of the Senate, Mr. Mason and Mr. Butler leading in the assault. Mr. Stanton was on the floor of the Senate while I was speaking, and afterwards spoke of the incident with much sympathy for me. On the evening of this debate he was at the house of our excellent friend Dr. Bailey, who did so much against slavery, and there dwelt on the conduct of certain Senators.

"I always understood that Mr. Stanton was a Democrat who hated slavery; and when he went into the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, I felt that the national cause must derive strength from his presence there. You do not forget those anxious days. At last, in the month of January, 1861, while our troops were left to starve in Fort Sumter, I called on him at the Attorney-General's office, relying on his patriotism for information and counsel with regard to the state of the country. He was in the inner room, where he received me kindly, seeming glad to see me. Looking about and seeing somebody in the room, he whispered that we must be alone, and then passed into the anteroom, where was also somebody, and then into the next room, and then into the next, when, finding somebody in each room, he opened the door into the corridor, where he began an earnest conversation, saying that he must see me alone,

—that this was impossible at his office,—that he was watched by the traitors of the South,—that my visit would be made known to them at once,—and he concluded by proposing to call on me at my lodgings at one o'clock that night, when he would tell me of the fearful condition of affairs as he saw them. I said in reply that I would expect him at the time named by him.

"He came at one o'clock that night, and was alone with me for an hour. During this time he described to me the determination of the Southern leaders, and developed particularly their plan to obtain possession of the national capital and the national archives, so that they might substitute themselves for the existing government. I was struck, not only by the knowledge he showed of hostile movements, but by his instinctive insight into men and things. His particular object was to make us all watchful and prepared for the traitors. I saw nobody at the time who had so strong a grasp of the whole terrible case. The energies which he displayed afterwards as Secretary of War, and which wore him to death, were already conspicuous; nor can I doubt that, had his spirit prevailed in the beginning, the Rebellion would have been strangled at its birth.

"In the summer that followed, especially during the July session of Congress, I was in the habit of seeing Mr. Stanton at his house in the evening, and conferring with him freely. His standard was high, and he constantly spoke with all his accustomed power of our duties in the suppression of the Rebellion. Nobody was more earnest than himself. Compared with him the President and Congress seemed slow.

"It was his burning patriotism and remarkable vigor of character which determined his selection as Secretary of War; but at this time he was very little known to Senators personally. You may remember that, on the receipt of his nomination by the Senate, I rose at once, and, after stating my acquaintance with him, declared that within my knowledge he was one of us."

This testimony of Mr. Sumner may satisfy Mr. Black that Mr. Stanton's midnight visit was actually made, and may give him some insight into that gentleman's associations and antislavery proclivities. It may perhaps lead him to modify somewhat his bald and unsupported declaration that "he had no affinities whatever with men of your [my] school in morals or politics," and that "his condemnations of the Abolitionists were unsparing for their hypocrisy, their corruption, their enmity to the Constitution, and their lawless disregard for the rights of States and individuals."

Mr. William A. Howard, of Michigan, was for several years a member of the House, and a gentleman of large and commanding influence. In a letter to Attorney-General Hoar, under date of the 7th of February, from which I am permitted to quote, he says:—

"And now commenced a series of efforts most strange, that lasted through two long and fearful months,—so fearful, indeed, that even now at this late day, and when the Republic is safe, I shudder to think of them. If you will refer to the resolutions of the House early in January, 1861, under which the special committee, of which I was chairman, was appointed, you will see that the committee was clothed with very ample powers. That committee was raised at the request of loyal members of the Cabinet. The resolutions came from them and were placed in my hands with a request that I would offer them, and thus become, if they should pass, chairman of the committee. At first I refused to assume so fearful a responsibility. But being urged to do so by members and Senators, I at last consented to do so, on condition that the Speaker would allow me to nominate two members of the committee. I selected Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts and Mr. Reynolds of New York. Mr. Reynolds was elected as a Democrat, but he was true as steel and a good lawyer.

"I do not know that Mr. Stanton wrote the resolutions creating the

committee. I did not see him write them. I never heard him say he wrote them. It would be easier, however, to persuade me that Mr. Jefferson did not write the Declaration of Independence than that Mr. Stanton did not write those resolutions. If he did write them, they are a sufficient answer to all that Mr. Black has said or can say. Whoever wrote them and requested the House of Representatives to adopt them would not have occupied any doubtful position. I do not think I saw Mr. Stanton at any time between the 1st of January and the 4th of March, 1861; but I think I heard from him more times than there were days in those two months. The clearest statements of legal rights, defining the boundaries of treason, the most startling facts, when the evidences of treachery could be found, were furnished.

"One of the secretaries had accepted the resignation of officers who had joined the Rebellion, and had dated back the resignations, in one case two days, for the avowed purpose of protecting the scoundrel from trial by naval or military law, for leading the attack on the Pensacola Navy-Yard on the 12th day of January, 1861, while he still held his commission. The letter covering the resignation stated that the resignation was written on the 13th, but dated back to the 11th, the day before the attack, and he wanted the acceptance to be dated from that day, so as to save him from military law. It boasted that they had smashed the civil courts in Florida. The resignation was received at the department on the 22d day of January at eight o'clock in the afternoon; but the acceptance was dated on the 11th as requested. I state dates from memory, and may not be entirely accurate. We were put upon this inquiry by information brought to us by a 'bird' which flew directly from some Cabinet minister to the committee-room. I never suspected Mr. Black or Mr. Toucey of this 'impropriety.' If I suspected Mr. Stanton or Mr. Dix or Mr. Holt, it was

because they were 'suspicious characters.'

"We were more than once told it would probably be necessary to arrest a certain member of the Cabinet for treason. Once we were told it would probably have to be within an hour, but to wait until we could hear a second time. Word came to hold on. Those messages certainly came from some member of the Cabinet. I always supposed something was going on there about that time. If so, probably Mr. Black did not know anything about it; and most likely Mr. Stanton's great modesty prevented his doing or saying anything about it. Mr. Black informs us, too, that Mr. Stanton was at that time a 'Democrat': perhaps that prevented his doing anything about these matters. For obvious reasons personal interviews with Cabinet ministers were avoided during the labors of the committee; but I do know I many times sent inquiries, and always received answers with great promptness, conveying information of great importance. But these communications were indirect and anonymous."

Equally explicit is the testimony of Mr. Dawes, another member of that committee. In an article written immediately after the death of Mr. Stanton and published in the "Congregationalist" of Boston, he stated that some of the most important and secret plans of the conspirators became known and were thwarted by means of communications from Mr. Stanton to the committee. "Once a member of that committee," said Mr. Dawes in this article, "read by the light of the street lamps these words: '*Secretary — is a traitor, depend upon it. He declared in Cabinet to-day that he did not want to deliver this government intact into the hands of the black Republicans. Arrest him instantly, or all will be lost.*' The paper went back to its hiding-place, but the Secretary, though he walked the streets unmolested, was watched from that hour."

Who can question the truthfulness of

these testimonies? Who can doubt the fact that Mr. Stanton, in the extraordinary emergencies of that dark winter, did put himself in communication with Republican members of Congress? Who can resist the belief that the motives which then actuated him were as pure and lofty as ever glowed in a patriot's bosom? Will the naked and unsupported assertions and imputations of Mr. Black, however vehemently and persistently made, shake the faith and confidence of the American people in the loyalty and honor of Edwin M. Stanton?

In my article, I stated, on what I deemed unquestionable authority, that Mr. Stanton had, before entering the Cabinet, advised Mr. Buchanan to incorporate into his message the doctrine that the Federal government had the power, and that it was its duty, to coerce seceding States. Mr. Black positively declares that Mr. Stanton never was consulted on that subject by the President, and that he never gave such advice. Mr. Dawes, in his article in the "Congregationalist," makes this statement in clear and emphatic language.

"It was," he says, "while these plans for a *coup d'état* before the 4th of March were being matured in the very Cabinet itself, and in the presence of a President too feeble to resist them and too blind even to see them, that Mr. Stanton was sent for by Mr. Buchanan, to answer the question, 'Can a State be coerced?' For two hours he battled, and finally scattered for the time being the heresies with which secession had filled the head of that old broken-down man. He was requested to prepare an argument in support of the power, to be inserted in the forthcoming message. He did it in language that neither time nor argument has improved upon, and his statement of the power was adopted by the President and inserted in the message. Had it remained as the doctrine of the administration, its whole attitude towards the Rebellion would have been changed, and the result no one can now state.

"Mr. Stanton left the city immediately, for the trial of an important cause in Pittsburgh, and saw no more of the President or men in Washington, until summoned by telegraph to a place in the crumbling Cabinet in the last days of December. Meantime the traitors had overborne the President, and events were rapidly culminating. Two days before the meeting of Congress they had frightened him into expunging from his message the assertion of the power to coerce a State in rebellion, and to insert in its place the contrary doctrine."

This statement was made on the authority of Mr. Stanton himself. In a letter written to me a few weeks since Mr. Dawes says: "When Mr. Washburn and I lived together on Fourteenth Street, near Mr. Stanton's, he used to call and see us occasionally. He stayed very late one night, telling us all about his connections with Mr. Buchanan's administration and the war. At that time he told us the story of Mr. Buchanan's sending for him before his last regular message, as I related it in the 'Congregationalist.'" Perhaps this positive assertion of Mr. Stanton himself to Mr. Dawes and Mr. Washburn will weigh quite as much with the American people as the merely negative statement of Mr. Black.

While admitting that Mr. Stanton had always been a Democrat till he took his place in the Republican party during the war, I stated in my article in "The Atlantic" that he had "early imbibed antislavery sentiments." I referred to his Quaker descent; to his grandfather's emancipation of his slaves; to the fact, which he frequently referred to, that Benjamin Lundy was wont to visit his father's house, and that he had often sat upon his knee and listened to his antislavery teachings; to the statement made me by Mr. Chase himself, that Mr. Stanton accosted him in the streets, nearly thirty years before, and said that he was in entire accord with the antislavery sentiments he had just put forth; and to the well-known fact that he was a frequent guest at Dr.

Bailey's house, where he often met and associated with antislavery men. Mr. Black seems shocked at this statement. He emphatically declares that the Democrats gave Mr. Stanton "office, honor, and fortune"; that if my statement be true, "he was the most marvellous impostor that ever lived or died." Perhaps a liberty-loving people will be more charitable towards Mr. Stanton than Mr. Black is. They will hardly join him in declaring it "cold-blooded and deliberate treachery" simply because, though a Democrat, he faintly cherished the antislavery teachings of his youth. They will rather respond to the words recently written to me by the veteran Abolitionists Theodore D. Weld and Samuel May.

"In the early spring of 1835," writes Mr. Weld, "I gave a course of lectures upon slavery in Steubenville, Ohio. In the announcement of the course objections and discussion were invited. Before going to the first lecture I was told that a young lawyer was to reply to me; at the close I called for objections. None were made, and the audience dispersed. At the next there was the same invitation and the same result. On the morning after, a young man, whom I had observed taking notes at the lectures, sought me at my lodgings and introduced himself as Mr. Stanton, saying in substance, 'I meant to fight you, but my guns are spiked, and I have come to say that I see, with you, that all men hold their rights by the same title-deed, that the slaveholder in picking flaws in the slave's title-deed picks the same in his own and in every man's.' A conversation of half an hour followed, during which he greatly impressed me with his hearty frankness, independence, moral insight, and keen mental force. God be thanked that, a quarter of a century later, the nation had such a man to lead its forlorn hope triumphant through its darkest hour."

Mr. May, in a letter recently received, asks: "Did you ever hear Mr. Stanton speak of B. Lundy? Do you remember taking me to his room when I went

to Washington to get signatures to the testimonial circular letter for Garrison, and introducing me to him with some words as to my errand? After getting through with three or four persons who had precedence, he, still standing behind his 'standing desk,' after a few words and inquiries about Mr. Garrison, began to speak of visits which Lundy made to his father's house when he (E. M. S.) was a boy; of the long talks always on slavery which Mr. Lundy and his father had together, and of the silent interest he took in them. He had, evidently, grown up with a great reverence for Mr. Lundy. Who can tell how far these repeated talks of Lundy in the humble farm-house in Ohio, so long ago, were a power in preparing the future Secretary of War, who was to grasp the entire strength and resources of the nation in his hand, and wield them for slavery's final destruction? For myself, I was perfectly convinced, from the deep and earnest tone in which he spoke of Lundy, that he recognized a spirit which had controlled and shaped his own. And when in another (briefer) interview, two or three days later, I found him again leading the conversation to Lundy and those early visits to his father's house, I was made sure of my first impression, and I rejoiced in the Providential arrangement which had caused that early seed, sown in simple faith, to find a soil suited to it when, 'though buried long,' it should not 'deceive the hope.' Benjamin Lundy's 'soul was marching on,' when Stanton planned and directed the gigantic measures, before which even the seemingly unconquerable monster slavery was compelled to yield and die."

And here I notice Mr. Black's denial that Mr. Stanton indorsed Mr. Cameron's proposition to arm the negroes. He affirms with great positiveness that it was "morally impossible" that Mr. Stanton should have done so, for the reason that "he was at that time a white man, every inch of him, proud of the great race he sprung from, and full of faith in its capacity to fight its own

battles and govern itself"; and that "nothing would have humiliated him more than to see the American people relinquish their rightful place in the front rank of the world, surrender their inheritance of free government, and sneak back behind the African for protection in war or in peace." This base utterance sufficiently reveals the *animus* of Jeremiah S. Black, but it does not prove that Edwin M. Stanton was not early in favor of arming black men for the defence of the imperilled nation. That it does not prove it, is rendered certain by the testimony of Mr. Cameron himself. In a note recently received by me he says: "I submitted my report, when Secretary of War in 1861, to several gentlemen, chiefly from my own State, and many of them opposed it. Wearied with objections to a measure on the adoption of which I was convinced the existence of the nation might ultimately depend, I sought out another counsellor,—one of broad views, great courage, and of tremendous earnestness. It was Edwin M. Stanton. He read the report carefully, and after suggesting a few verbal alterations, calculated to make it stronger, he gave it his unequivocal and hearty support."

By the act of July, 1862, the President was authorized to receive for military purposes persons of African descent. Some time afterwards Mr. Stanton referred to General Holt the question of the right and duty of the government to employ persons of African descent as soldiers. That gentleman made an elaborate, vigorous, and eloquent report in favor of receiving into the armies persons irrespective of creed or color. Mr. Holt, in a note addressed to me under date of 18th of June, says: "Soon after this report had been received and read by Mr. Stanton, he warmly thanked me for it, and left the impression on my mind of his entire concurrence in its views. Some time afterwards, in one of those unreserved conversations which we occasionally had upon the absorbing questions of the day, he declared sub-

stantially, and with the vehemence which often characterized him in the discussion of such topics, that *the war could never be successfully closed for the government, without the employment of colored troops in the field.* The importance of this declaration at that juncture, added to the solemn earnestness with which it was uttered, fixed it indelibly upon my memory. I could not have been mistaken in then regarding him as the decided and persistent advocate of this policy."

Mr. Black, with reckless audacity, declares too that the scene in the Cabinet, when the intelligence was received that Colonel Anderson had removed from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, "is a pure and perfectly baseless fabrication," "completely exploded by the record, which shows that Colonel Anderson's transfer of his force from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was in literal obedience to orders from the President, which Floyd himself had drawn up, signed, and transmitted." This assertion is made in the face of their despatches, now on file in the War Department, as certified to by Adjutant-General Townsend, under date of 19th of July.

WAR DEPARTMENT, December 27, 1860.
TO MAJOR R. ANDERSON, U. S. A., FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Intelligence has reached here this morning that you have abandoned Fort Moultrie, spiked your guns, burnt the carriages, and gone to Fort Sumter. *It is not believed, because there is no order for any such movement.* Explain the meaning of this report.

(Signed) J. B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War.

This declaration of Floyd to Anderson, that "there is no order for any such movement," conclusively shows the construction he put upon previous orders, and is a complete refutation of Black's assumptions and assertions. The following despatch of Colonel Anderson shows, too, that he did not act upon any previous order, but upon his own responsibility:—

CHARLESTON, December 27, 1860.

TO HON. J. B. FLOYD, Secretary of War.

The telegram is correct. I abandoned Fort Moultrie because I was certain that, if attacked, my men must have been sacrificed and the command of the harbor lost. I spiked the guns and destroyed the carriages to keep the guns from being used against us. If attacked, the garrison would never have surrendered without a fight.

(Signed) ROBERT ANDERSON,
Major First Artillery.

That Floyd was disappointed and exasperated beyond all bounds by the movement of Colonel Anderson is abundantly proven. General Holt, at that time member of Buchanan's Cabinet, in his brilliant speech at the banquet in Charleston, on the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, after the flag-raising at Fort Sumter, thus referred to the mortification, anguish, and fury of the baffled traitor. "When intelligence reached the capital," says Mr. Holt, and it will be remembered that he spoke from personal knowledge, "that by a bold and dexterous movement this command had been transferred from Moultrie to Sumter, and was safe from the disabled guns left behind, the emotions of Floyd were absolutely uncontrollable,—emotions of mingled mortification and anguish and rage and panic. His fury seemed that of some baffled fiend, who discovers suddenly opening at his own feet the gulf of ruin which he had been preparing for another. Over all the details of this passionate outburst of a conspirator, caught and entangled in his own toils, the veil of official secrecy still hangs, and it may be that history will never be privileged to transfer this memorable scene to its pages. There is one, however, whose absence to-day we have all deplored, and to whom the nation is grateful for the masterly ability and lion-like courage with which he has fought this Rebellion in all the vicissitudes of its career,—your Secretary of War, who, were he here, could bear testimony to the truthfulness of my words. He looked upon that scene, and the country needs not now to be told

that he looked upon it with scorn and defiance."

This speech made the tour of the country, was published in pamphlet form, and Mr. Black must have seen it. He, however, uttered no denial, and demanded no explanation, while Mr. Stanton lived. Now that the great Secretary's lips are closed in death, his for the first time are opened. But though Mr. Stanton shall never bear testimony again upon the point, there are those, now living, of unquestioned probity, who remember his descriptions of the scene. Mr. Dawes, in the letter already quoted, states, in corroboration of his own and Mr. Washburn's recollections, that "Mrs. Dawes distinctly remembers hearing Mr. Stanton tell at our house the story of that terrible conflict in the Cabinet."

Mr. Black's denial of that Cabinet scene is rather the argument of a tricky advocate than the unbiassed testimony of an honest witness. His argument is that, because Mr. Stanton, when the eyes of traitorous spies were upon him, sought an interview with Mr. Sumner in the darkness of night, he was such "a dastard," "crawling sycophant," and "stealthy spy," that he "must have been wholly unfitted to play the part of Jupiter Tonans in a square and open conflict," and that it was "not possible that the fearless Stanton of your 'Cabinet scene' could be the same Stanton who, at one o'clock, was 'squat like a toad' at the ear of Sumner." Is such a shuffling and skulking mode of denial, made by one who manifestly feels himself to be on the defensive, to outweigh the declarations of Mr. Stanton made to credible witnesses, and the positive averments of Joseph Holt? Mr. Black, having denied, after a manner, that there was such a Cabinet controversy, in which Mr. Floyd and Mr. Stanton were actors, adds in a semi-heroic style: "I take it upon me to deny most emphatically that Mr. Stanton ever 'wrote a full and detailed account of that Cabinet scene.'" "I can show that your assertion is incredible." He then proceeds to make an

argument in support of his denial. But the testimony of Judge Holt is conclusive. He writes:—

"Several years ago, Mr. Stanton read to me, in the War Department, a letter addressed by him to Mr. Schell, of New York, in answer to one from that gentleman, wherein he set forth quite in detail what was said and done at the meeting of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, which was followed at once, as I now remember it, by Mr. Floyd's resignation. The deliberations and discussions of that, as of other Cabinet meetings, being then and still held under the seals of official confidence, I cannot, of course, repeat what the statements of this letter were, but can only affirm that they accorded with my own recollection of the facts. I requested of Mr. Stanton a copy of this letter, which he promised to furnish me, but under the pressure of his official labors and engagements the matter was probably lost sight of, as the copy never reached me. Subsequently he informed me that the letter had never been sent, he having, as I understood it, come to the conclusion that such disclosures would not be justified, unless made with the consent of the parties to the Cabinet meeting, and to the deliberations referred to."

With his usual audacity and utter obnoxiousness of facts Mr. Black denies my statement that Floyd, while Secretary of War, sent arms "where they could be clutched by conspirators." This direct denial of a statement founded on documentary evidence is amazing. While sitting in the Cabinet, Floyd was in sympathy and co-operation with Southern leaders who were preparing for secession and rebellion. Arms by his orders were sent from Northern armories and arsenals to arsenals in the South. Benjamin Stanton of Ohio, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives, asked of the Secretary of War a statement, showing the number of arms sent from the armories and arsenals at the North to those at the South. In compliance with directions of General Holt, Secretary of

War, Colonel H. K. Craig, of the ordnance office, reported on the 15th of January, 1861, that "on the 30th day of December, 1859, an order was received from the War Department, directing the transfer of 115,000 arms from the Springfield Armory and the Watertown and Watervliet Arsenal to different arsenals at the South. Orders were given in obedience to those instructions on the 30th day of January, 1860, and the arms were removed during the past spring." He also added that these arms, which had been sent to South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, numbering 63,000, had already been seized by the Rebels.

Colonel Magnadin, of the Ordnance office, was examined by the House Committee on Military Affairs, and stated that, in obedience to the "naked order" of Secretary Floyd, he ordered from Pittsburg "forty columbiads and four 32-pounders to the fort on Ship Island, and seventy columbiads and seven 32-pounders to the fort at Galveston." These heavy guns were ordered to be sent to forts where not one could be mounted. General Patten, in a report made to General Holt, Secretary of War, under date of 8th of January, 1861, stated that not a gun could be mounted at Ship Island, that only eighty thousand dollars had been appropriated to the fort at Galveston, which would cost nearly half a million; that ground was not broken, and the foundation walls were not laid, and it would take five years to finish it. The patriotic people of Pittsburg protested against the removal of these guns; and when General Holt entered the War Office he at once countermanded Floyd's treasonable order. Notwithstanding these facts, which are matters of record and within reach of all, Mr. Black interposes his astounding denial. If, when verification is at hand, he is so reckless in his statements, what confidence can be placed upon his otherwise unsupported assertions?

In my article I incidentally referred to what I had understood to be the fact, that Mr. Cameron had proposed to resign his

commission as Secretary of War, provided a successor could be appointed not unfriendly to him, and that he had suggested Mr. Stanton. Mr. Black avers that this was not so, that Mr. Cameron did not resign, was in fact removed, and had no part in naming a successor. I am content to rest the case upon the following testimonies. Mr. Cameron, in a recent note to me, writes:—

"I called on Mr. Lincoln, and suggested Edwin M. Stanton to him as my successor. He hesitated; but after listening to me for a time, he yielded, and sent me to offer the place of Secretary of War to him, and added: 'Tell him, Cameron, if he accepts, I will send his nomination as Secretary, and yours as Minister to Russia, to the Senate together.'

Senator Chandler, in a recent note, writes: "Before Cameron resigned, he invited me to breakfast at his house to meet Edwin M. Stanton, whom I had then never met, and told me that the gentleman I was to meet had been nominated for Secretary of War, at his request. At the breakfast, the fact of Cameron's having recommended Mr. Stanton as his successor was not only mentioned, but the meeting was expressly for the purpose of enabling some one whose friendship Mr. Cameron placed reliance to judge of the wisdom of his course, by actual contact with the coming Secretary."

This statement of Mr. Chandler, concerning the meeting at the house of Mr. Cameron, is corroborated by the following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr. Wade. "I recollect," he says, "very well, that Mr. Cameron made known to Mr. Chandler and myself his determination to resign his position as Secretary of War, and recommend to Mr. Lincoln Mr. Stanton as his successor in that department. From my long acquaintance with Mr. Stanton, and my confidence in his ability, integrity, and fitness for the place, as well as his determined antislavery principles, I was much pleased with the suggestion, as was Mr. Chandler. Shortly after this we were invited to

breakfast at Mr. Cameron's, to meet Mr. Stanton, at which meeting Mr. Cameron mentioned to Mr. Stanton the resolution he had come to, and that gentleman reluctantly gave us to understand that, if he was offered the appointment, he would accept."

From Senator Ramsey I have received a note, in which he says: "I desire to relate a circumstance which carries with it the best attainable evidence of the truth of your statement—the words of Mr. Stanton himself. I met Senator Cameron and Mr. Stanton at Mr. Chandler's house, in Washington, during the impeachment of President Johnson. In conversation, Mr. Stanton, referring to the unpleasant and delicate situation in which he was placed, in seeming to cling to an office which the President was determined to drive him from, said, half playfully, pointing to General Cameron: 'This gentleman is the man who has brought all this trouble upon me, by recommending me to Mr. Lincoln for Secretary of War, and then urging me to accept the place.'"

Chief Justice Chase, in a letter written to Mr. Cameron, from which I am permitted to quote, is still more explicit and conclusive on the point at issue: "Senator Wilson is quite right in his statement that you resigned the post of Secretary of War, and that you indicated Mr. Stanton as your successor. I supposed myself at the time, and still suppose, that I was well informed as to the circumstances. Some time before you resigned, you expressed to me your preference for the position of Minister to St. Petersburg, and I conversed with Mr. Lincoln on the subject under your sanction. No intimation of a thought on Mr. Lincoln's part that the resignation of the one post, and the acceptance of the other, were not purely voluntary acts on your part, was received by me. Nor have I now any belief that it was not at the time wholly at your option to remain in the Cabinet, or to leave it for the honorable and important position offered to you."

In illustration of Mr. Stanton's readiness, in great emergencies, to take responsibilities, I cited the fact that he placed in the hands of Governor Morton, of Indiana, a quarter of a million of dollars, out of an unexpended appropriation, made nearly two years before, for raising troops in States in insurrection. Mr. Black takes up this simple statement of a fact, criticises it at great length, declares that "the whole story is bogus," pronounces it untrue in the aggregate and in detail, in the sum-total, and in every item." He declared Governor Morton's purpose in going to Washington to be "to demand payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to the State of Indiana"; that "the money had been appropriated by Congress to pay it, and it was paid according to law." His whole statement touching this point is full of unconcealed, not to say ostentatious, malignity, and betrays either a reckless disregard of truth or an inexcusable ignorance.

The simple facts are these. The Democratic party in 1862 carried Indiana. At once its presses announced that the military power would be taken from the Governor, and the Indiana Legion would be disbanded. The Legislature was opened by violent and inflammatory speeches. The House of Representatives returned Governor Morton's message to him, and passed a resolution accepting the message of Governor Seymour of New York. The threatened military measures were introduced, taking from the Governor all military power, and conferring it upon the State Auditor, Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. To defeat such unconstitutional and revolutionary measures, the Republican members of the House withdrew from the Legislature, and it adjourned without the necessary legislation to defray the ordinary expenses of the State. Governor Morton, believing it would be madness to do so, refused to call an extra session, appealed to the loyal people to stand by him; and counties,

banks, railroad companies, and private individuals promptly came forward and supplied him with money to meet pressing demands upon the treasury.

In that emergency Governor Morton went to Washington, not, as Black falsely says, to demand payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to Indiana, but, in the Governor's own words, to apply "for an advance under an appropriation made by Congress, July 31, 1861." That act appropriated two million dollars to be expended under the direction of the President in supplying and defraying the expenses of transporting and delivering such arms and munitions of war as in his judgment might be expedient "to place in the hands of any of the loyal citizens residing in any of the States of which the inhabitants are in rebellion against the government of the United States, or in which rebellion is or may be threatened." That appropriation most clearly had been made to supply arms and defray expenses only in States where the inhabitants were in rebellion, or where rebellion was or might be threatened. Were the inhabitants of Indiana in rebellion? Did rebellion exist in that State? Was rebellion "threatened"? These were the questions to be answered. After full consideration of the condition of affairs in that State, the menaced action of the dominant party in the Legislature, and the lawless conduct of "The Knights of the Golden Circle" and "The Sons of Liberty," Mr. Stanton took the responsibility, decided that Indiana *was* "threatened" with rebellion, and intrusted to Governor Morton, as disbursing officer, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of

that appropriation. And in so doing, instead of deserving the oburgatory epithets applied to him by Black, he merits and will ever receive the grateful admiration of his loyal countrymen.

In his message to the Legislature, in January, 1865, Governor Morton, in giving an account of this proceeding, said: "It will be perceived that this money was not paid to me as a loan to the State or an advance to the State upon debts due to her by the general government, and creates no debt against the State whatever, but that in theory it is an expenditure made by the President through me as his disbursing agent." And yet, in face of this official declaration, Mr. Black has the effrontery to assert that this money, so placed in the Governor's hands, was in "payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to the State of Indiana," and that "the money had been appropriated by Congress to pay it, and it was paid according to law."

I have thus noticed the assumptions and assertions of Mr. Black in the arraignment and criticisms of his article in "The Galaxy." In the light of this review an intelligent public will not be slow to note the wide discrepancies between his statements and the authentic facts as they now appear, on the authority of official records and the testimonies of unimpeachable witnesses. Nor will they fail to come to the conclusion that, either through lack of intelligence and needful research, or through natural perversities of mind or heart, he is eminently untrustworthy, and wholly unfitted to examine, criticise, or review the labors of others relating to the historic events of our times.

Henry Wilson. *

FOUR MONTHS WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA (IN 1842). BY HIS SECRETARY.

PART I.

IN the year 1841 I was taking some lessons in painting of Francis Alexander, the well-known and highly esteemed Boston artist. Many of the most prominent men of the country, and a great many of the most beautiful women of Boston, had sat to Alexander. His portraits were unflinching in likeness, bold, strong, and masterly in execution, and characterized by that highest quality of portraiture, the expression of the *soul* of the sitter in the painted resemblance. His pictures are very numerous in Boston and vicinity, and in all that constitutes the highest type of portrait-painting they have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by those of any American artist.

Early in the winter of 1841 it had been announced that Charles Dickens would shortly visit this country, and Mr. Alexander wrote to him at London, inviting him to sit for his picture on his arrival. The next steamer brought a prompt answer from Mr. Dickens, accepting the invitation. I was quite glad of this arrangement, for having read all he had written, and sharing largely in the general enthusiasm for the author and his works, I looked forward with pleasure to the honor of an introduction, through my friend Alexander.

The steamer on board which Mr. Dickens and his wife had taken passage was telegraphed below on Saturday, January 22, 1842. On her arrival at the wharf Mr. Dickens rode at once to the Tremont House, where rooms had already been engaged for him. He had scarcely been housed before a crowd of admiring friends called to pay their respects; and, as he says in his "Notes," before he and his wife had half finished their

first dinner, they had received invitations to seats enough in the various churches, for the next day, to accommodate a score or two of grown-up families!

Mr. Dickens had left England an invalid, having suffered much from severe illness, and, after a rough voyage in midwinter, was in great need of rest. He fully appreciated the kindness and respect thus early shown him, and often referred to it with evident pleasure.

Sunday passed and Monday came, and a crowd of visitors thronged the house. Statesmen, authors, poets, scholars, merchants, judges, lawyers, editors, came, many of them accompanied by their wives and daughters, and his rooms were filled with smiling faces and resounded with cheerful voices. They found the great author just what they hoped and expected he would be from his writings, and no happier greetings were ever exchanged than those at the Tremont House on the arrival of Charles Dickens and his wife at Boston.

Meanwhile the press was active in describing his looks and manners, and all things connected with the arrival of the distinguished strangers. Go where you would in the city,—in the hotels, stores, counting-rooms, in the streets, in the cars, in the country as well as the city,—the all-absorbing topic was the "arrival of Dickens!" The New York and Philadelphia papers repeated all that was published by the Boston press, and delegations from societies, and committees of citizens from distant cities, came to see the great author and arrange for meetings and receptions in other places.

The young people were intensely

interested in the matter. "Boz" was young, handsome, and possessed of wonderful genius, and everything relating to him and his family was of surpassing interest to them.

Mr. Dickens had appointed ten o'clock, on the Tuesday morning succeeding his arrival, for his first sitting to Alexander. The artist's rooms were at No. 41 Tremont Row, not far from the Tremont House. The newspapers had announced the fact, and, long before the appointed hour, a crowd of people were around the hotel and arranged along the sidewalk to see him pass. The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, eagerly awaiting his appearance, and as he passed they were to the last degree silent and respectful. It was no vulgar curiosity to see a great and famous man, but an earnest, intelligent, and commendable desire to look upon the author whose writings—already enlisted in the great cause of humanity—had won their dear respect, and endeared him to their hearts. He pleasantly acknowledged the compliment their presence paid him, bowing slightly as he passed, his bright, dark eyes glancing through and through the crowd, searching every face, and reading character with wonderful quickness, while the arch smiles played over his handsome face.

On arriving at the anteroom Mr. Dickens found a large number of the personal friends of the artist awaiting the honor of an introduction, and he passed from group to group in a most kind and pleasant way. It was here that I received my own introduction, and I remember that after Mr. Dickens had passed around the room, he came again to me and exchanged some pleasant words about my name, slightly referring to the American hero of the Revolution who had borne it.

The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back again to the Tremont; and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture.

The engravings in his books which had then been issued either in England or America were *very little* like him. Alexander chose an attitude highly original, but very characteristic. Dickens is represented at his table writing. His left hand rests upon the paper. The pen in his right hand seems to have been stopped for a moment, while he looks up at you as if you had just addressed him. His long brown hair, slightly curling, sweeps his shoulder, the bright eyes glance, and that inexpressible look of kindly mirth plays round his mouth and shows itself in the arched brow. Alexander caught much of that singular *lighting up of the face* which Dickens had, beyond any one I ever saw, and the picture is very like the original, and will convey to those who wish to know how "Boz" looked at thirty years of age an excellent idea of the man.

I saw the picture daily as it progressed, and, being in the artist's room on the Thursday following the first sitting, Mr. Alexander told me that he had "just made a disposal of my services." I did not know what he meant. He then told me that Mr. Dickens and his wife had been at his house that forenoon, and Mr. Dickens said: "Mr. Alexander, I have been in the country but a few days, and my table is already heaped high with unanswered letters! I have a great number of engagements already. I did not expect a correspondence like this, and I must have a secretary. Can you find me one?" And Mr. Alexander at once mentioned me. I felt very diffident in regard to it, for I did not feel qualified for such a position with such a man, however great the pleasure I knew I should derive from it. But my friend would take no excuses, insisted that I was just the man for the place; and while we were talking a note came from Mr. Dickens, requesting that he would bring me to the Tremont House. So I went with Mr. Alexander, and was received with great cordiality and kindness by Mr. Dickens and his wife, and made an

appointment to commence my duties on the following morning.

On Friday morning I was there at nine o'clock, the time appointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had their meals in their own rooms, and the table was spread for breakfast. Soon they came in, and, after a cheerful greeting, I took my place at a side-table and wrote as he ate his breakfast, and meanwhile conversed with Mrs. Dickens, opened his letters, and dictated the answers to me.

In one corner of the room, Dexter the sculptor was earnestly at work modelling a bust of Mr. Dickens. Several others of the most eminent artists of our country had urgently requested Mr. Dickens to sit to them for his picture and bust, but, having consented to do so to Alexander and Dexter, he was obliged to refuse all others for want of time.

While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature, and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come to Dickens with a solemn, business-like air, stoop down and look at him sideways, pass round and take a look at the other side of his face, and then go back to his model and work away for a few minutes; then come again and take another look and go back to his model; soon he would come again with his callipers and measure Dickens's nose, and go and try it on the nose of the model; then come again with the callipers and try the width of the temples, or the distance from the nose to the chin, and back again to his work, eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task, and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it, and repeatedly alluded to it, during his stay, as a very successful work of art.

Alexander's picture and Dexter's bust of Dickens should be exhibited at this time, that those who never saw

him in his young days may know *exactly how he looked*. The bust by Dexter has the rare merit of *action*, and in every respect faithfully represents the features, attitude, and look of Charles Dickens.

It would be very natural in this connection for the young ladies and gentlemen of this generation to expect some description of the *wife* of Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Dickens was a lady of moderate height; with a full, well-developed form, a beautiful face and good figure. I call to mind the high, full forehead, the brown hair gracefully arranged, the look of English healthfulness in the warm glow of color in her cheeks, the blue eyes with a tinge of violet, well-arched brows, a well-shaped nose, and a mouth small and of uncommon beauty. She was decidedly a handsome woman, and would have attracted notice as such in any gathering of ladies anywhere. She had a quiet dignity mingled with great sweetness of manner; her calm quietness differing much from the quick, earnest, always cheerful, but keen and nervous temperament of her husband,—a temperament belonging to the existence, and absolutely necessary to the development, of a great genius like that of Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Dickens was accompanied by her favorite waiting-maid, Ann —, a warm-hearted English girl,—I believe London born and bred,—and devotedly attached to the family. Ann had many cockney notions, and it was pleasant to hear her comical expressions of surprise at our American words and ways. She had got a very strong impression of the *wildness* of our country, especially the West, which Mr. Dickens intended to visit, and anticipated no small danger from the Indians.

Mrs. Dickens felt all a mother's anxiety for the little ones left at home, and seemed impatient to return to them. They brought from England a large pencil-drawing of their four children, "Charles, Walter, Kate, and Mary," made by their friend Maclise, the emi-

nent English artist. The picture was framed, and wherever we afterwards went it was at once taken from its case and placed on the mantel-piece or table. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens talked constantly of their children, and seemed to derive great comfort from the pictured presence of their little ones. The picture possessed also great attraction for the thousands who called, and who were much interested, of course, in the children of their distinguished visitors.

The people flocked to the Tremont day by day; the most eminent men of the time were constant in their attentions. I remember that among them came often Mayor Chapman, Charles Sumner, and Professor Felton of Cambridge. Invitations to private parties — most of which Mr. Dickens was obliged to decline for want of time — came daily. Visits to the Blind Asylum and other public institutions, and one also to Lowell, were made by Mr. Dickens, most of which are described in his "*American Notes*." Letters came from eminent people all over the land, asking him to visit them at their homes; letters came asking his opinion upon matters of reform, and a host of letters asking his autograph. These requests were, I believe, always granted. One or two of them were from young ladies, who asked in addition to an autograph a lock of his hair! The autographs were given; but the last request was in a few pleasant words refused.

A few days after the arrival of Mr. Dickens at Boston, the presentation by Mr. Dickens of a testimonial to Captain Hewitt, the gallant commander of the steamship in which he came, took place in Tremont Temple. The hall was filled to overflowing, and hundreds of people were unable to obtain admission. The whole affair passed off most happily.

A grand dinner to Mr. Dickens was given by the leading citizens of Boston, a full account of which may be found in the papers of that day. I remember that one of the most felicitous speeches on that occasion was made by the elder Quincy.

With a very high opinion of Boston and its people, and a heart full of gratitude for the kind attentions shown him, Mr. Dickens left the city on Saturday, February 5th, to spend the Sabbath with Governor Davis at Worcester, and to go from thence to Hartford. At Springfield a committee of gentlemen from Hartford met him; and there being in those days no railroads from Springfield to Hartford, the journey was made in a nice little steamboat, propelled, Mr. Dickens thought, by an engine of about "half-pony-power." The voyage was very pleasant indeed. At Hartford a complimentary dinner was given him, at which very interesting speeches were made, his own being exceedingly happy; and here, in speaking of the subject of an international copyright law, he made a most eloquent and touching allusion to the death of Sir Walter Scott.

From Hartford Mr. Dickens went to New Haven. Arriving there in the evening, the news spread rapidly that "Dickens had come," and at once the throng of visitors poured in. Before he had been there an hour the hotel was crowded and the street outside filled with people. Citizens of the highest distinction hastened, with their families, to pay their respects, for it was understood that his stay in the city would be very short. The Yale students were there in force, and such was the desire to see him that he was urgently requested to receive the throng assembled, and for hours the people filled the reception-room and held the halls and passages of the hotel. As the crowd increased, the landlord found it necessary to post two stout porters on the main staircase, who locked their hands across the stairs and kept the throng somewhat at bay. As fast as those in the reception-room had their introduction and retired by another way, the two porters on the stairs would raise their arms and suffer another instalment of the crowd to pass; and thus till near eleven o'clock at night the admirers of "*Boz*" pressed around him for a look and an introduc-

tion, and all this was evidently from a love and appreciation of the man. It was nearly midnight before Mr. Dickens could retire to his room.

The next day, in company with Professor Felton of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens took the steamer for New York. On arriving in the evening they went at once to the Carleton House on Broadway, where rooms had been already engaged for them.

The next morning the city papers were full of the "arrival of Dickens"; and there was a repetition substantially of the scenes at Boston and New Haven. Then commenced his visits to the public institutions; for Mr. Dickens came, not expecting to be received with such boundless enthusiasm as a guest, but to see our people, and learn all he could during his stay of America and her free institutions, and his great popularity among the people was as surprising to him as it was unexpected.

He was constantly invited to visit the schools, the benevolent asylums, and the prisons in and around the metropolis; and he and Mrs. Dickens often had three or four engagements of an evening to social gatherings at the homes of the *élite* of the city.

Professor Felton was often with him, and some quiet evening walks about the metropolis were taken by the two, in which they doubtless visited some of the fashionable restaurants of the city; — speaking of the oyster-suppers, in his "Notes," Mr. Dickens alludes to his friend as the "heartiest of Greek professors!"

Washington Irving came very often, and the meeting of these kindred spirits was such as might have been expected. They were greatly delighted with each other, and at all hours Irving and Felton were admitted. A great ball was given in honor of Mr. Dickens and lady, a full account of which was given in the papers of that day.

Besides Irving and Felton came Bryant, Willis, Halleck, Clark of the "Knickerbocker," and many others of the stars in the literary firmament; and on one occasion Mr. Dickens had to

breakfast Irving, Bryant, and Halleck. The clerk of the Carleton was himself a great lover of literature, and remarked to me: "Good Heaven! to think what the four walls of that room now contain! Washington Irving, William C. Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Charles Dickens!"

But in New York came many others determined to see the great author, and if possible make him useful for their private purposes, — people who had literary and other "axes" to grind; but they were generally foiled in their plans.

I recollect an Irish book-peddler who was most impudent and persevering. He wanted Mr. Dickens to give him money to set up a bookstore; and I had no small trouble to keep him from intruding into the very presence of Mr. Dickens. He claimed that Dickens owed much of his American popularity to him, because he had peddled large quantities of the American editions of his works! He did not, however, get the money he wanted, and wrote Mr. Dickens a letter, full of threats and indignation.

The correspondence poured in as at Boston; and while most of it was what it should have been, some of it was very ridiculous and amusing.

Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Mr. Dickens to read them carefully, and note any alterations or corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England, and receive a percentage on the sales!

One letter came from the South, asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another came from a Southern lady, soliciting an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog."

One lady from New Jersey wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family, and many interesting and tragic events also, and that she had all the records for a hundred years past or more. She proposed to furnish this record, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens, that he should arrange and rewrite them and have them published in Eng-

land, and divide equally with her the profits.

One man, a most disagreeable person, came often. He brought for Mr. Dickens the Lord's Prayer written in twenty-four languages! "Ah," said Mr. Dickens, "twenty-four languages! One would be sufficient, if men would only live that prayer!"

One day I was called out to meet an elderly woman, dressed in rusty black and wearing a huge black bonnet. She had passed the "outer guard" of clerk and porters below, and had reached the door to Mr. Dickens's parlor.

He had been out all the morning, and, being excessively tired, had thrown himself down on the sofa for a little rest. The old lady had a volume under her arm, and said she had come upon business of great importance, and "must see Mr. Dickens!" I explained to her that it was impossible, but that I would carry any message to him she wished; but all would not do, she "must see Mr. Dickens!" At last I convinced her that it could not be done, and so she unburdened her mind to me. She said she had "been a Mormon," but had left them because of their wicked ways, and the book was an *exposé* of Mormonism, and she could not leave it, because it was borrowed; but she knew that a great many English people were constantly coming over here to "jine the Mormons," and she wanted Mr. Dickens to go home and lecture on the subject, and if possible baffle the efforts of the Mormon leaders. I promised her that I would lay the whole subject before Mr. Dickens without delay, and he would take such action as he saw proper; and so the old lady left. Mr. Dickens heard most of the conversation, and was much amused at it.

It was in New York that it was first suspected that Charles Dickens would not be likely to approve American slavery; he had also at the Hartford dinner broached the very unpopular subject of an "international copyright law"; and the newspapers began

extensively to exhibit that unfriendly feeling toward him which afterward became so violent and even malignant.

After a stay of some weeks at New York, Mr. Dickens and party left for Philadelphia, and took up their quarters at the United States Hotel in that city. Here, as in Boston and New York, the best and purest of the people came to pay their respects, and many pleasant friendships were formed. Mr. Dickens visited most of the public institutions, quite an elaborate account of which is given in his "Notes."

A day or two after his arrival in Philadelphia an individual somewhat prominent in city politics came with others and obtained an introduction. On taking his leave, he asked Mr. Dickens if he would grant him the favor to receive a few personal friends the next day; and Mr. Dickens assented. The next morning it was announced through the papers that Mr. Dickens would "receive the *public*" at a certain hour! At the time specified the street in front was crowded with people, and the offices and halls of the hotel filled. Mr. Dickens asked the cause of the assembling, and was astonished and indignant when he learned that all this came of his permission to the individual above mentioned to "bring a few personal friends for an introduction," and he positively refused to hold a "levee." But the landlord of the house and others came and represented to him that his refusal would doubtless create a riot, and that great injury would be done to the house by the enraged populace; and so at last Mr. Dickens consented, and, taking his place in one of the large parlors up stairs, prepared himself for the ordeal. Up the people came, and soon the humorous smiles played over his face, for, tedious and annoying as it was, the thing had its *comic* side, and, while he shook hands incessantly, he as usual studied human character. For two mortal hours or more the crowd poured in, and he shook hands and exchanged words with all, while

the dapper little author of the scene stood smiling by, giving hundreds and thousands of introductions, and making, no doubt, much social and political capital out of his supposed intimacy with the great English author. This scene is substantially repeated in "Martin Chuzzlewit," when his new-made American friends insisted upon Martin's "holding a levee," having announced without his authority, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, that he would "receive the public":—

"Up they came with a rush, up they came till the room was full, and through the open door a dismal perspective of more to come was shown upon the stairs. One after another, dozen after dozen, score after score, more, more, more, up they came, all shaking hands

with Martin. Such varieties of hands, the thick, the thin, the short, the long, the fat, the lean, the coarse, the fine, such differences of temperature, the hot, the cold, the dry, the moist, the flabby, such diversities of grasp, the tight, the loose, the short-lived, and the lingering. Still up, up, up, more, more, more, and ever and anon the Captain's voice was heard above the crowd: 'There's more below, there's more below. Now, gentlemen, you that have been introduced to Mr. Chuzzlewit, will you clear? gentlemen, will you clear? Will you be so good as clear, gentlemen, and make a little room for more?'"

At last, in Mr. Dickens's case, the "levee" was over, and, tired to the last degree, he went to his room.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

III.

"Saturday, June 21st.

"UP by 5. Walk to wharf, whence boat for Phila. starts, to see if — were coming aboard. Vain. At six, to Cathedral, to see mass — of which that is the hour. The sexton (husband of yesterday's old woman) — a little, spare old man, with a long, thin, blood-red nose, that seems put on by Taliacotius — opened me the door.

"Passed by and examined The City spring — a beautiful fountain, most neatly enclosed and regulated. At the hotel bar found from Miss — a letter to Professor Felton, of Harvard. After breakfast, called to see Dr. Stewart. Found him at his door, just mounting his gig, for a professional drive. A cordial reception — for my introducer was his old college crony, J. M. — Promised to call at the hotel for me at 4 p. m., the hour of my own fixing;

and to shew me the city and its environs.

"Visited several merchants, with letters of introduction. Many civilities. Every one violent against Jackson, for his course towards the Bank; especially Archd. Hart, of Spottsylvania, the most fluent of them all. Practised on a resolve formed for this tour, — not to let party politics withdraw my thoughts a moment from the ten thousand objects of curiosity which it is my errand to explore: so, just informing each disputant that I differed with him, I contrived to change the topic. They then gave me some valuable information.

"Virginia Bank notes at par now, in Baltimore. Those of the Bk. of Maryland at 35 cents to the dollar.

"Savings Banks here are mere depositories of money, which they lend out by discounting notes, &c. like other

banks; and pay no interest on deposits. Savings Institutions pay interest on deposit, varying from 2 to 5 per cent, according to the length of notice which the depositor agrees to give, before he withdraws the deposit. If 6 months' notice, 5 per cent: if 10 days' notice, only 2 per cent — and so, of intermediate times. This is wholly unlike the Richmond Savings Institutions — they give always 5 per cent, and require but 14 days' notice of withdrawal. — Expressing surprise at the small interest allowed on the shortest notice of withdrawal, I was told by one of my new merchant-friends, Mr. Hall, that the prompt command of capital is here so important, that its owners often prefer 2 per cent with 10 days', to 5 per cent with 6 months' notice.

"At 4, Dr. Stewart called; and in his chaise we drove first round the Washington Monument — he pointing out the most remarkable objects, near and remote. Then, across Jones' Falls' Creek, to the Hospital — chiefly for the insane, but not solely. This hospital is a decided pet of Dr. S., who is its physician, and superintendent, or president. Its plan is new to me, and rather new in the world — an entire departure from the English and Virginia (W^mburg) methods, of treating lunatics, with ducking, strait-jackets, iron-grated cells, and the lash. *Moral Influence* is the *passé-partout* of the system here. Kindness — engaging the patient's affections and thoughts — amusing him — affording him exercise, by light labor, walking, riding, music, *dancing* — with wholesome diet, and cheerful conversation — these are the chief *materia medica*. Here, and wherever else this method has been tried, it has proved successful, beyond precedent, in working cures. Dr. Stewart's own character and manners — the very incarnation of softness and humanity — make him the man of men for his place: and as aids, in nursing, watching, and keeping the establishment in order, he has I know not how many of the Sisters of Charity — so illustrious for their adventurous beneficence

in the cholera-time. Met several of them in going through the rooms — Dr. S. introduced me to two, — 'Sister Isabella' and 'Sister Catherine.' In my delight with the neatness, order, and comfort which reigned, and with the half-angelic looks of my new sisters themselves, I said with energy, 'I like it better than the cathedral.' Their gratification was manifest.

"Returning from our drive, we had a view of the battle-ground at North Point, and of Fort McHenry. The latter disappointed me, by presenting a group of slight-looking edifices, more like dwelling-houses than a fort; situated upon a low beach: and without a single feature to justify Mr. Key's epithet, 'the towering steep,' in his song.

"Baltimore has 5 catholic churches. Its rapid growth. In 1780 it had but 2,000 inhabitants — now, 90,000.

"Sunday, June 22d.

"Off at 6 a. m. for Philadelphia, in a steamboat belonging to the railroad line. Race with opposition boat. Breakfast on board. Transfer from steamboat to R1 Road cars, at Elkton. My car was No. 8. Each contained 20, or 24 passengers, besides 3 cars for baggage. Our speed, by my watch, a mile in 3 minutes, and sometimes in 2', 50". Our railroad was about 18 miles, across the State of Delaware. Land, flat and poor. View of Delaware Bay and River. Embarked in another steamboat on D. River. View of Wilmington. Greenwich. The Lazaretto, where ships whose health is questionable are examined, and ride a quarantine, before going to Philadelphia. Mud Island, and its fort. Red Bank, where the British and Hessians, headed by Count Donop, were repulsed with dreadful slaughter in 1778 or '9. The spot (nearly) where Donop fell, was shown me by a passenger. Philadelphia now came full in sight. The scene was exciting to me in the extreme — so vast an extent of buildings — such a wilderness of water-craft — ships of war, merchantmen, steam-

boats, coasting vessels, and small river-craft, from the sloop of 40 tons down to the skiff of half a ton — all alive. A gallant steamboat, hurrying down the stream, met us just below the city — her decks crowded with men and women. Several men of war not yet finished, — among them the 120 gun ship *Pennsylvania*, — lie at the lower corner of Philada., each cased in a huge wooden house, to preserve it until ready for service. For miles past, servants on board have been treating with the passengers for the carrying of their trunks from the steamboat landing to their various resting places in the city. I have engaged mine to a white boy of remarkably fine countenance and manners — Samuel.

"Upon landing at Chestnut street wharf, I walked, accompanied by the boy with my trunk, to the U. S. Hotel — about 5 or 6 streets from the river.

"As we walked along, the pavements were thronged with people, going some up, and some down; so that I took for granted that the church services were just over, and the congregations going home, though it was 2 or 3 o'clock p. m. To my surprise, however, the throng continued all that afternoon, and all of every day! It was the unceasing tide of population, thus for ever pouring itself along the walks of this vast human hive.

'Labitur, et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.' —

till the wealth and numbers of Philadelphia shall be sunk as those of by-gone cities have sunk.

At the U. S. Hotel, which is called the first here, I found Dr. Wallace of Fredg. with whom I came thence to Washington. Being comparatively at home here, he kindly took on him to guide me for the present. We drove in an omnibus to Fairmount water-works, on the Schuylkill. Having admired them, the jets d'eau, reservoir, flights of steps, bridges, and adjacent landscapes, for an hour or two, we returned. Vast numbers were found like us, so heedless of the Sabbath as thus

to spend a part of it in a jaunt of pleasure. Some were drinking; and many, by their conduct or appearance, made me ashamed of being in their category. Franklin Square is a space of perhaps 300 yards square, enclosed with iron palings, laid off beautifully with walks and planted with trees; where the citizens of Philada. are allowed to walk at leisure times. The city contains 4 or 5 such squares, thus dedicated to innocent recreation; and they conduce much to the health. On the trees are posted small printed cautions to all persons, not to walk upon the grass, upon pain of being fined a dollar.

"After our return to the Hotel, Dr. Wallace and I walked to the Merchants' Exchange; a new and splendid building. Besides an Exchange, it contains the city post office.

"Monday, June 23d, PHILADA.

"After breakfast, called at the lodgings of Lieut. Blake, of the navy, to whom I bore a letter of introdn. from Blackford. Found him, and Lieut. Pendegast — both of them sons-in-law of Com. Barron. Lt. B. very desirous to have admirals in our navy. For want of them, arise many chafings and misunderstandings, connected with salutes at sea, and other occasions of etiquette.

"Call on Condé Raguet, editor of the *Examiner*, a free-trade paper much read by me. He is a lank, frosty and thin-haired, French looking man of 60 or 65, not shewing in his face or conversation the abilities which my fancy had ascribed. Made an allusion to one of my communications, flattering *à ma vanité d'auteur*. Invitation to tea this evening, with Col. Clement Biddle, a prominent State Rts. man. Agreed.

"Sought and found Mr. Thomas Kite. He was a publisher of law books, but has now left off business — a hale, and kindly quaker, of some 65. Offers me his guidance all this afternoon, to the lions of Philada. Accepted it, thankfully. At dinner, were Govr. Duval of Florida, Patrick H. Pope, (a young congressman from Ky.)

and WASHINGTON IRVING! — Duval and Irving seem very intimate. The latter is rather short, stoutly built, with a bull-neck, and not an amiable expression of countenance.

"We walked next, 2 miles at least, to the Asylum for the deaf and dumb. Saw there Eliza and Lewis, daughter and son of Mr. Nicholas L., of Albe-marle. They seemed rejoiced to see me, a sort of far-away cousin — tho' we had never met before. We conversed by writing on a slate. An ingenious young man, a deafmute, who seemed overjoyed to meet Mr. Kite, shewed us a model of a steam engine which he had made; and which, by help of some blazing paper, he set a running round a circular railway of his making, in two adjoining rooms. He capered with inexpressible delight, when he saw his engine work handsomely.

"It was now after sunset: and taking leave of my kind guide, I repaired to Mr. C. Raguet's to tea. Col. Biddle was there; the conversation was decidedly interesting; though Mr. R. still disappoints me, and Col. Biddle is only smart and fluent — not deep, more than Mr. R.

"The latter advanced, and I rather assent to, this position — (he is absorbed in Political economy) — that currency cannot be fairly equalized over the union by means of any bank: For though I gain by finding my Virginian money current at par in Philadelphia, yet for this advantage to me, the public should not be required to pay all that it must pay, in salaries to Bank officers, profits to the Banking companies, &c. &c. — not to mention the millions of millions which the community sinks occasionally, by disorders which Banks cause. I ought to pay for my advantage myself. — So Mr. R. classes the notion of Bank-equalization of the currency, among humbugs.

"Tuesday, June 24.

"At 10, according to yesterday's appointment, Lt. Blake came to conduct me to the Navy Yard. Went, in an Omnibus.

The Pennsylvania (called a 74, Lt. B. says, but in fact an 136) and the Raritan a large Frigate, are the objects here which first strike the eye: each cased, as I said, in a huge house of painted plank, looking, at a distance, just like stonework. The Pa.'s guns lie in the yard — chiefly 42s, but some 6 and 9 pounds carronades. The largest guns weigh 6400 wt. The largest anchors 9000. Locks, to cannon. Percussion locks not available to them. Why?

"Effective distance of 42 and 18 pounders, 1200 yards — must be elevated, to hit that far. The Pa. is now on the stocks — 5 months requisite to fit her for sea. Flights of steps up scaffolding, to reach deck. The height almost made my land lubber brain dizzy. Four decks — 1. upper, or spar deck; 2. main, gun deck; 3. lower gun deck; and 4. Berth deck. The cockpit is below the Berth deck. — The portholes are almost $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet square. In them, the guns may be *trained* (turned obliquely) 45° to either side. The bulwarks on the upper deck consist of 3 layers of timber: the middle one of live oak, 7 inches thick; the outer and inner of pine, 5 inches thick. On lower decks, somewhat thicker. They are no stop to a cannon ball. A mast of the Constitution $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 feet thick, was bored thro' by a ball entering at a porthole. Decks about $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ feet pitch.

"Pine timber for ships is *docked*, or *wet-seasoned*; i. e. put under water 2 years, then sunned so as merely to dry the outside, and oiled superficially; then handed over to the carpenter. Live oak is used only about the frame, and bulwarks. Heartpine, procured from Va. and the Carolinas. Length of the Pa. 222 feet — breadth of beam, 54 — height of mainmast (all 4 parts) about 200. Live oak weighs 80 odd pounds to the cubic foot; other oak, 50 odd. She is to be of 3400 tons. Her complement of men, about 1200 including 100 marines.

"Introduced to Com. Barron, commanding at this naval station. A plain

spoken, kind mannered old gentleman. — He and Lt. Blake shewed me a gun carriage improved by the commodore. It *trains* more easily. Also a pump of his invention — worked by 4 men — model of it. Instead of a piston with a bucket and valves at the end, — it has in the tube (which is a long parallelpiped) an upright board, with 2 valves; and a valve in the fixed plug below.

"A visit from Elliott Cresson, the benevolent quaker, so distinguished as an ardent and able champion of colonization in Africa. While he and Mr. Chauncey were sitting with me, Lt. Blake came in. It being known that he had been to Liberia, Mr. Cresson drew out of him many particulars of his visit; and a promise of his testimony to refute the statements of Brown, the renegade free negro colonist. Walk home with Mr. Cresson. His zeal and eloquence are electrifying. He speaks of my yesterday's friend as 'Tommy Kite'; and expresses a gentle sorrow for 'Tommy's' mis-conceived dislike of the colonization scheme — Tommy being an abolitionist.

"To Mr. Kite's at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, to tea. His wife — father — brother James — son William — daughter Rebecca. I am bewitched with the beautiful simplicity of the house and all that it inhabit. The father must be above 80, and wears a little brown wig, not intended as a cheat, for the gray hairs appear round its edges. Rebecca is a pretty and affable lass, of some 22. We sat round a table to sup. As we seated ourselves, Tommy Kite said to me with a quiet, benignant, half-smile, 'We don't say grace, but we try to think a good thought.' Being seated, all remained still as death, looking down, silent, as if in meditation, for about one or two minutes; and then began to help one another, and eat. No courtly prayer that I ever heard, over a table loaded with dainties, impressed me half so much with devotional feeling, as this silent grace.

"At sunset, we walked down to the

Walnut street wharf, distant 5 or 600 yards, to see the Liverpool packet *Monongahela*, of which Mr. Kite is part owner. Surveying the deck, I saw a small carronade, a two pounder, which Mr. K. told me was kept only to give and return salutes at sea. 'But you would use it also to fight, if necessary?' 'No no — that is against our principles: we never fight.' 'But suppose you were attacked by a pirate — you would defend yourselves, I suppose?' 'No — we should not. Our principles forbid us to fight at all.' No further explanation of his sect's views occurred. This was by far the most striking instance ever presented to me, of the length to which the Quakers carry their non-resistance. We passed upward to Mr. K.'s house. A shower drove us into the market house, which extends nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile along Arch street. Some very old houses shown me. The house built by Penn himself, about 1686 or '90. House where the widow Todd, now Mrs. Madison, lived. The first court house of Philadelphia. Its vane is inscribed 1709. Whitefield's voice; — when he was here, his preaching from that court house was heard upon the Delaware, fully $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile.

"At Mr. K.'s: various talk. My tour. Quaker manners — Rebecca's especially — frank, cordial, simple, delightful. She, and all, call me 'Lucian.' As Mr. K. walks the streets, he receives from negroes the most marked tokens of kindness and respect: some of which are extended to me, because I am seen with him.

"Wednesday, June 25.

"At 10 a. m. called on Mr. Chauncey, and with him visited West's great picture. It is indeed great.

"Thence went to see a mammoth Sycamore, exhibited and advertised as a show. It is the lowest *cut*, of one which grew near Utica, N. Y. 33 feet around. Its hollow forms a snug apartment, 14 feet by 10 or 11; nicely papered. A large Harp was there, which (the exhibitor said) had cost \$1000.

"Thursday, June 26.

"At night, attracted (in a saunter along Chestnut street) by lights and music, and a showy sign, to go up a stairs into what the sign called *The Hall of Industry*. It was a lightly constructed, and most ingenious machine for spinning and weaving cotton; moved by Dogs! — They imparted the motion by trying (apparently) to walk forward upon a sort of lattice floor, which yielded to their tread, and proved to be only the surface of a large wheel. It was exactly the principle of the treadmill. The plodding, steady, patient gait at which the faithful creatures plied their laborious task was admirable and piteous to behold. They had on yokes, and yet pulled in traces.

"Friday, June 27.

"Call on Mr. Cresson. There met Capt. Abels, a Dutchman, who has been (as captain of a ship) 3 times to Liberia. A thin, monkey-mouthed, dusky-skinned mynheer. Mr. C. gave me (what I called for) a pamphlet, containing the evidence of John C. Brown, the returned Liberia emigrant, who is traducing the Colony, among the abolitionists. I wanted it for Lt. Blake — that he might know the number and measure of Brown's falsehoods, and duly gainsay them in the statement which he (Lt. Blake) is going to prepare. Carried it to him. He is averse to appearing in print; fearful of a grapple with Garrison. But on hearing some of Brown's assertions read, which Lt. B. knew to be false; and after a few incitements urged; — he seemed to consent. He read me some extracts from his journal while at Liberia, in Feby. 1831. They are sensible and just — confirm, remarkably, the favorable account of Capt. Kennedy, with whom Lt. B. was there.

"Tea with Mr. Cresson. He lives with his mother, on Sansom street — to whom, now for the first time, he has introduced me. From her uprightness, and fresh appearance, I took her for his elder sister. Mrs. Maybury, a lady from Rockbridge, in Va., here

also. Capt. Abels again. Gives a highly favorable account of Liberia, but says he made it a rule (indispensable to every white man's safety from the coast-fever) *never* to stay one night ashore. On shipboard, the sea breeze dispels the danger. Spoke in warm praise of the settlement at New Georgia (recaptured Africans), moral, industrious, religious.

"Mr. Cresson enthusiastic, and eloquent, upon his darling subject. Many inquiries about the condition and characters of the Free negroes in Va. When I described to him John Pearce, a well known and much respected mulatto man of Goochland, Mr. C. was anxious that I should urge him to emigrate to Liberia, and take command of a colonial vessel for trading voyages. At 8, Mr. C. was called away by a meeting of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Young men's colonization Society.

Washington Irving and Govr. Duval are gone. Not one word of conversation, not the smallest approach towards acquaintance, with Irving, during the 6 days that we have been under the same roof, eaten at the same end of the same table, read the same newspapers (not quite at the same time) in the same parlor. This incorrigible *mauvaise honte* of mine! Irving is not even 5 feet 7½ — inclined to corpulence — weighing, probably 175 — eyes blue, and like his whole countenance, rather lifeless and heavy. His voice is tenor; too thin a tenor, for a man's voice. He is courteous, tho' not affable — else I should have scraped an acquaintance with him. His reserve may be only the shyness natural to studious men.

"Called on Mr. Cresson. He dealt me a severe stroke of satire in disguise, by expressing his fear that he encroached too much on my 'valuable time.' *My valuable time!* Offers to conduct me to church to-morrow afternoon — having engagements for the morning. Recited the names, places of preaching, and characters oratorical and doctrinal, of the chief Presbyterian ministers of Phila. Three divisions

among the Presbyterians — Old Calvinistic — Newlights, rather evangelical — and a third, whose characteristic Mr. C. did not know. He wrote me down their names and churches. 12 Presbyterian houses of worship in the city — 5, of the Friends.

"After supper, a visit to Mr. Kite. His son and daughter not at home. His young brother, James, accompanied me to see the Apprentices' Library — one of the beneficent institutions of this noble city — established by the merchants, and master mechanics, to keep their boys out of mischief. 1500 boys enjoy it. There are 10000 books. The parents or masters guarantee their return, uninjured, when taken out. This was the weekly night for delivering out books, and the room was crowded with boys. Manner of giving out the books. Their choices — Robinson Crusoe — Juvenile Port Folio — Depping's Evening Entertainments — Barlow's Columbiad, &c., &c. One little mulatto, 8 or 9 years old, had taken out a small life of Washington. There were several mulatto boys; and all, of all colors, manifested extreme eagerness to get books. The keeper and my guide told me it had been so for, now, 7 years.

"Sunday, June 29.

"Forenoon, to church, Methodist. The preacher, Dr. D——, President of Dickenson College, Carlisle. Admirable sermon, in a great degree marred by a feeble, drawling voice. Afternoon, to hear Mr. Boardman, a rather awkward young Presbyterian, of considerable talent, however.

"An interesting conversation with Mr. Cresson, whose whole soul is absorbed by Colonization. His zeal is fervid — feverish. His championship of the Cause is powerful. How important is a concentration of faculties upon some one pursuit, to him who would attain either distinction or usefulness! Poor me — puffing under the toil of as many studies and aims as would employ all the hands of Briareus! And to what purpose? *Re-*

spondeant rugæ, et præcani capilli! oculi rutili — vita infructuosa, et ignota!

"Mr. Cresson devotes himself exclusively to one object — He will exalt, if not immortalize himself, and bless mankind. — I could not help recommending to him, however, to aim more at operating upon masses of men, instead of exhausting his time and powers in efforts to proselyte individuals.

"Monday, June 30.

"Up at 5. — Call on Mr. Kite after breakfast, for the last time. He gives me a letter of introduction to Arthur Tappan of N. Y., the arch-abolitionist. Wonder if it will be delivered? — Mr. K.'s, and his wife's, and father's cordial, soft "Fare thee well!" — may it dwell forever in my memory.

"Waited on Miss S. at her boarding house — and on our way to the wharf, tho' much hurried, we ascended the Ct. House stairs, to snatch a look into Independence Hall. Then walked rapidly to the st. Boat, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. — Throng of passengers — probably 2 or 300. As the boat ran out, a poor one of them lost his light, cheap, summer hat, — blown off into the river. He was a ludicrous image of surprise and distress — evidently looked about for the captain to stop the boat: and then his air of half resignation, half despair! As we ascended the Delaware, — seats and views beautiful, tho' too level. — Burlington, — Bordentown, where we took the Rl. Rd.

"The jarring and clatter of the cars enforced on me and my immediate companions a silence for 20 miles. At last, a merchant-looking man, (of Boston, as Miss S. *guessed*) after many visible tokens of restlessness under such restraint upon his tongue, — oped his jaws, and spake. He had been to Virginia — to Europe — round the Cape of Good Hope — to the East Indies — to China — to Canton! These facts, and a multitude less momentous, he contrived to impart as we sped over the wastes of New Jersey. Nor did he seem displeased, that we told him

nothing of ourselves in return. So ungrudging is a tattler, of his wordy store. — At Amboy, near the mouth of Raritan R., — embarked upon Amboy Bay, in a st. Boat, direct for N. Y. — Here again encountered Mrs. Ellsworth, attended now by a Mr. Clay of Philada., to whom she introduced me.

"Our route lay along a strait, on the W. of Staten island. Coasted round that island, several miles.

"Amidst the press of coachmen and porters, we landed near the Battery: and committing our baggage to a wheelbarrow man, walked to Bunker's Hotel, not far up Broadway, where Miss S. expected a brother to meet her. It was sunset. Her brother, the rev. Mr. S——, (a Unitarian) soon appeared. Incredible as it may seem to some unco guid friends of mine, he had neither horns, nor tail (except his coat tail), that I could discover, though I scanned him sharply — he being the first Unitarian professed, that I had ever seen. I conversed with him, and found him quite a civil, gentlemanlike person. He is staying a week or two in N. Y., to preach for a brother minister who is elsewhere.

"After tea, I strolled half a mile up Broadway, the crowded mainstreet; now lighted with gas lamps, and flashing with brilliant gleams from a thousand reflectors in windows, and about doors. A dazzling and magnificent spectacle indeed.

"Tuesday, July 1st.

"Before 6, walked half a mile or more, to see a merchant in Maiden Lane, upon business for B——d. Found the lubber's doors closed, and no human being astir, tho' the sun was an hour high! So I had to return to the Hotel, *re infecta*.

"At 7, my fair charge and I were on board the good steam boat —, for New Haven. Genl. Cocke and his family gratified me by appearing on the deck just after. — We ran by Brooklyn, now a fine city of 20 or 30000 people — and the village of Williamsburg, near

which is a charity school filled mostly if not entirely with the children of victims to the cholera. The scholars were assembled, to the number of 50 or 100, on the beach as we passed, and greeted us with loud huzzas. Why, I know not. This was on Long Island. Presently, we reached Hellgate, — corrupted, by the mealy-mouthed, into *Hurlgate*. Whatever terrors it may have had to the little craft of early navigators (see Knickerbocker), they are annihilated by steam. A considerable rush of the tide, and waves of respectable size, made the Boat rock somewhat: but we lost not a moment, and strained not a plank, or a beam, or a joint.

"Now we were out in Long Island sound, widening continually before us, and exhibiting, on either shore, sights novel, picturesque, and interesting. Dwellings, gardens, farms, bold hills, masses of dark rock, promontories, capes, and light houses, were perpetually enlivening the scene. Then the balmy air, moving just in a delightful breeze, — the rolling waves, — the bounding boat, freighted with so much life and joy, — all these things gladdened every pulse in my frame, and made me feel a present happiness which, in its mid-career, I checked for a moment, by a thought on the mutability of human affairs. The Bard's warning crossed my mind —

'Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant time the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm, —
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'

The presentiment did not abate a grain of the quiet ecstasy (shall I give it so strong a name?) that thrilled through my veins: and I am not sure that to admit such a presentiment of ill amidst pleasure, at all assuages the sting of that ill, when it comes. Let the philosophers decide.

"It is impossible to note the objects and incidents that occurred on this day's voyage. Having dined on board the Boat, we drew near New Haven.

On landing there, we were put into stage coaches, which carried us into the city. Slender opportunity of viewing it was afforded. Some fine churches, more fine trees, and not a few handsome dwelling houses, with the Yale college buildings and *their* trees and square—were all that I could see of the far famed beauties of New Haven. And these certainly are not to be contemned.

"I had resolved, in N. York, to attend Miss S. to Northampton, Massachusetts, where her friends reside. We are bound to Hartford, 24 miles further, tonight. The managers of affairs have put us into the mail coach, which goes by Middletown. We drove on, without alighting at the stage house in N. Haven. Passed a *salt-marsh*: i. e. a meadow, daily inundated by the tide, and producing a coarse grass, which is much impregnated with salt. This makes it very toothsome to cattle: and the hay thus made is much valued.

"And now I am in Connecticut! not only in Yankee land, but in the very land of steady habits, itself!—I could hardly realize it to myself. Driving on, we were, in a stage very like those in Virginia; drawn by horses not materially different from ours; along a road, sometimes muddy, sometimes sandy, sometimes rocky; bordered by fences, and farms, and trees, shrubs, weeds, grass, and flowers, not strikingly dissimilar to those of my native land. Ox-eyed daisies, in plenty. No worm fences—chiefly post-and-rail—(chestnut rails), sometimes staked fences, straight,—and sometimes stone. The houses, too, upon a plan rather different; oftener painted than ours, and more snug. The farms are certainly smaller than with us; and not so superior in neatness, as I expected.

"Towards night, we met groups of school children going home. They curtsied and bowed to us in the most mannerly way. This, Miss S. told me, was what N. England children are carefully taught to do.

"From near N. Haven, two very high peaks—mountains, in fact—ap-

pear on either hand, called East Rock, and West Rock. The former towers most naked and pointed; almost an entire mass of dark, *trap* rock. It is 800 feet high, I believe.—The fields shewed little wheat; much more rye, and most hay. Some indian corn, which is very small, not averaging above 6 or 8 inches in height. Rye bread, I am told is much used; commonly mixed with flour, or corn meal. What flour they have, is mostly gotten from N. York, and the South.

"Our fellow passengers are a civil young student of Yale, and his sister Louisa M., a very pretty girl of 15 or 16 going home from a boarding school in Fairfield; a man from Rochester, N. Y., with a deformed, limping wife, and a coarse, Irish servant girl. In my greenness, I helped the servant girl into the stage, and offered her some other civility, as if she had been a *lady*; being accustomed to do so to all white women. Something in the looks of my fellow passengers, and the girl's own drawing back, shewed me the blunder. The student says, Yale college has about 500 students; viz. 350 academical, and 150 professional (Law, physic, and divinity). Temperance flourishing there—majority of them, members of Total Abstinence Society, even from wine. He and his sister stopped before we reached Middletown,—near their father's house. 'I shall not soon forget that sweet girl,' said another passenger. Indeed her looks, manners, and discourse with her brother (whom she met that afternoon the first time for several months), all excited interest. I did not learn what the *M.* stood for,—upon her trunk.

"Our Rochester companions helped to beguile the time, while Miss S., veiled, was reading. The man is concerned in one of the immense wheat mills there. One of them manufactures into flour, 700000 bushels of wheat, a year. His wife is a genius; and made some amusing efforts at literary conversation. Among other things, she had read Catechisms, and admired *Miss More*; only thought her books 'diffi-

cult to read.' — Passing a village grave yard, enclosed with stone, entirely outside of the village, I asked why it was placed so? The lady said it was 'for the convenience of those who live at a distance.' — As clear as mud.

"Entered Middletown, a town of 3 or 4000 inhabitants, near sunset; coming to the western Bank of Connecticut River just below. Took tea there; and drove on, having still 9 or 10 miles to go. Just above Middletown, on the opposite side of the River, is the village of Chatham, where a large quarry of dark brown rock, soft, and much prized for building, is wrought, out of the high river bank. The grave yard being found to rest over the seam of rock, the quarriers are about to make a stir among the dry bones — i. e. remove them to some other resting place. — Cultivation in some places is carried close to the highwater mark. The river banks are planted with willows, to prevent abrasion by the water.

"At Rocky Hill, and Wethersfield (famous for its onion fields) we parted with our remaining companions; and arrived in Hartford about 9, at night. Our hostelry, the City Hotel, kept by a Mr. Morgan. Hartford and New Haven are regularly incorporated as cities, by the Legislature of Connecticut: having, each, 12 or 13000 people. The legislature meets in them, alternately.

"Hartford! how could I sleep here, for thinking of the horrible convention, of 1814? Yet sleep I did, and soundly, for 5 or 6 hours.

"Wednesday, July 2d.

"Rose before 4. White waiters. They make me feel awkward. Left the city at 5 — several persons in stage besides Miss S. and me. In driving out, saw an elegant church, built of the brown stone dug at Chatham quarry. Several other churches, and other public buildings, of uncommon beauty to the transient eye. A tall pole, nearly as high as a church steeple, presented itself upon a sort of public square. It was a Liberty Pole, such as is described in

McFingal! Nothing yet, in N. England, has so excited me.

'When sudden met his angry eye,
A pole ascending through the sky,' &c.

Let nobody fail to read the passage — and the poem.

"Our road lay chiefly along the Connecticut River — its W. bank — great diversity of cliff, woods, field, low ground, and ravine — much pretty country visible, mainly on t'other side. Hemlock trees, exactly what we in Louisa have called juniper, on river hills. Plenty of a kind of fern, or *brake*. The country people here call it *farn*; and an old Scotchwoman with us called it *bracken*, and said it was common in the mountains of Scotland. So we set it down as the very sort of plant which hid Roderic Dhu's men on the mountain side, near Coilantogle Ford. Beyond the river, amidst much agricultural richness and beauty, lay the village of East Windsor. A church steeple there had a clock, the hands of which were so large, that I could easily see the hour and minute they told — 6 or 800 yards off. Two or 3 miles higher, on one side of the river, was Windsor (proper), at the junction of Windsor river with the Connecticut.

"Breakfast at a Tavern 12 miles from Hartford; at the locks belonging to the Five-mile canal, which leads round the Rapids of C. river. The waiter at breakfast was a right handsome — young lady, I should call her; a blooming rose-and-lily lassie, of 18 or 20; quite as genteel-looking as any among $\frac{1}{2}$ of the real young ladies that I have met with. Tho' brisk in her motions around the table, she had an air of *nonchalance* withal; and at every interval in her services, she sat, half reclining, upon a settee. Her look and manner said that she asked no odds, either of us passengers, or of her employers.

"In the morning's drive, patches of tobacco, growing on the river low-lands, repeatedly presented themselves. To my wondering inquiry touching this phenomenon, a facetious old gentleman

of Springfield said, it was to make Havana cigars. The villages of Warehouse Point, and Enfield in Connecticut, Long Meadow and Springfield in Massachusetts, appeared on the opposite shore; Suffield in Conn., and West Springfield in Mass., on the Western side. — Crossed the River on a covered Bridge, into Springfield; and after a few minutes' stay, drove back again, and resumed our road to Northampton, now 18 miles distant.

"Striking landscapes and objects thickened upon us. The River was more unruly — oftener cramped and turned by bluffs and rocks. Mountains rose, both far and near. Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, especially prominent, engaged the eye — Holyoke, a single, sharp peak; Mount Tom, more rounded, and giving its name to a whole range. From several points, church steeples and spires lent their beautifying power to the prospect — and beautifiers they truly are; speaking even more eloquently to the mind than to the eye.

"In exchange for some of our companions, at Springfield, we took in a lady passenger, evidently single, and of no particular age; sour-faced, and sour-tempered; yet at times displaying kind feelings. Very communicative.

"Before one, we reached Northampton.

"They gave me dinner at the Hotel, about one. A female, white waiter, again. She was troublesomely assiduous. We had apple-pie, and rhubarb-pie, or tart. This was new to me: and it was with difficulty I could understand her question, if I would take some of the *r'barb?* expending all the sound upon the last syllable. — After a brief visit to Miss S. at her brother's — where only her mother was, — he being yet in N. York — I sauntered over the town. The Court House, neat and commodious. Several good churches, many handsome private houses, all of wood, painted white. A well filled bookstore. The afternoon was rainy. Invitation to breakfast with Mrs. and Miss S. tomorrow. Agreed. Tea with them today.

"A good deal of drinking about the public houses.

"A gentleman of the town encourages my design of walking among the country people, by telling me of the kind usage to be expected, and that they will not refuse pay for what they afford me. New Englandisms begin to multiply upon my ear. This gentleman says Worcester is 'considerable of a place,' &c., &c."

THE NEW AMERICAN POLAR EXPEDITION AND ITS HOPES.

AS Columbus lay dreaming on his sick-bed, near the city of Belem, an unknown voice whispered to him that his mission was to "*unchain the ocean.*"

From that time to this every period of history has witnessed the boldest adventures of men in search of undiscovered lands and unfurrowed seas.

The successful voyages of Bartholomew Diaz, of Vasco de Gama, and Magellan, followed in quick succession by a band of explorers who had im-

bibed the spirit and caught the fire of these geographers, had, before the seventeenth century, brought to light very nearly all that is now known of our planet between the Antarctic and the Arctic circles.

The forbidding regions about the South Pole, the open passage for ships round the storm-beaten rocks of Cape Horn, and the discovery of the Straits of Magellan, seemed, for a long time, to render explorations in the Antarctic Ocean unnecessary. But within

the charmed circle of the Arctic lay the goal of geographical ambition. There the reasoning of Columbus, universally held to be almost inspired, had, by implication, promised the world it should find a Northwest Passage to the East Indies, and that along this passage would flow to Europe the wealth of the East, and, in return, civilization and religion would find their way to their earliest seats of influence and empire. There, too, modern commerce has fondly hoped to find a short and expeditious route of communication with the swarming millions of China. So heavily has the matter pressed itself upon the attention of the world, that, in the short space of two centuries, more than one hundred expeditions have been sent into the Polar Basin.

Eight of these expeditions have sailed within the last ten years. There is to-day, all over Europe, the greatest interest manifested in the discovery of a route to the Pole. It is now the subject of earnest inquiry in the geographical societies of London and Paris. More than one expedition from the Continent is in process of equipment, and in our own country no subject of a scientific or geographical bearing, not excepting the problem of a canal at Darien, has engaged equal interest.

The Congress of the United States, during the late session, voted a large appropriation for an Arctic Expedition, to be sent out, at once, under the direction of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy. And it may be said that long years of fruitless effort and frightful suffering seem only to have whetted the appetite for discovery; and the more we know of our planet, the more ardent becomes the desire of geographers to view the mysterious extremity.

In entering upon this subject, it will be important to distinguish between all efforts to explore the Frigid Zone for purposes of scientific inquiry, and efforts made with the exclusive design of penetrating its ices to the highest latitude possible.

It is, beyond doubt, due to the fact that this latter purpose has been misunderstood, and confounded with the old and widely different project of finding a Northwest Passage along the northern shores of America, that the efforts of explorers have been apparently spasmodic and guided by no fixed and settled policy. A distinctive interest is, however, gathering around the problem of finding a way to the Pole itself.

The honors and fame to be won in this enterprise, the benefits to science and commerce, the probability of discovering some fragments of the human race in the centre of the Polar Basin, are among the stimulants now at work on the minds of geographers.

"As a family," says the German geographer Behm, "will, of course, know all the rooms of its own house, so man, from the very beginning, has been inspired with a desire to become acquainted with all the lands, oceans, and zones of the planet assigned to him for a dwelling-place."

But to the thinking mind, the reward science and cosmography would be likely to reap invest the adventure with its greatest charms. The occupation of three hundred million square miles of unexplored polar country; the determination by accurate geodetic measurement of the precise shape of our globe, observations fixing the power of the pendulum to measure heights; the ascertaining the amount of solar heat received by the earth, and locating the point of greatest cold; solving the important problem of the circulation of the atmosphere and the currents of the sea, upon which all future advances in the art of navigation must mainly depend; the clearing up of many meteorological, magnetic, and botanical questions, — these are some of the results that may confidently be expected from such an enterprise, if successful. In the words of M. Gustave Lambert, "The scientific conquest of the Pole would fecundate all the sciences."

If the accomplishment of this has in ages past seemed to be a mere

diversion for restless and visionary geographers, it may be well to remember how often the world has, in pursuit of trifles, stumbled upon its richest treasures. An English mechanic once made an engine for pumping water from a coal-pit, little thinking he would revolutionize the world by steam machinery. A savage in Peru, climbing a hill, seized upon a bush which came up by the root, revealing at his feet what proved to be the exhaustless silver-mines of Potosi. The philosophers of Greece, who amused themselves with childish sport on the Conic Sections, never suspected that these would serve for the mensuration of the heavens, and that unconsciously they were laying the foundations of astronomy.

But not to dwell upon the results, either present or prospective, of the demonstration of the pole, we hasten to consider the ways and means of reaching it. Among the routes now proposed may be named that of Captain Sherrard Osborne of the British Navy, by way of Smith's Strait; that of Dr. Augustus Petermann of Gotha, by the coasts of Spitzbergen; and that of M. Gustave Lambert of France, by way of Behring's Strait; and, in our own country, that of Captain Silas Bent, the flag officer and hydrographer of the Japan Expedition under Commodore Perry.

In September, 1868, the last-named gentleman addressed a letter to the President of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, with a view of propounding his hypothesis. Reasoning upon the climatic influence of ocean currents, the author of this theory was led to believe that the two great hot currents of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Gulf Stream and the Black Stream of Japan, move into the Polar Basin and keep open its chilly and otherwise ice-bound surface; and as a practical sailor he suggested that these streams may be navigated and pursued by the use of the water thermometer. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this proposition is the first of the kind ever offered upon a scientific basis.

The gallant explorers of the last three centuries have sailed to the North to *hunt for a way*, not knowing whither they went and groping and guessing their track through the ice-fields of the Polar Ocean.

The proposition of Captain Bent throws at least a ray or two of light over the path of the mariner. Columbus's promise of "*a way to the East by the West*" has never been forgotten, and nearly every Arctic explorer, from 1553 to this time, has steadily labored to find a way to the Northwest. Nothing but the most urgent necessity has deterred seamen from prosecuting this track; whilst they have scarcely ever seemed to consider the value of a *north-easterly* approach to the Pole.

Even the Germania, sent out by Dr. Petermann of Gotha, in 1868, moved immediately to the northwest of Spitzbergen, and becoming endangered by ice in latitude $80^{\circ} 30'$ north, and longitude $6^{\circ} 35'$ west, steered to the south, latitude $74^{\circ} 30'$, and thence made an effort to run to Greenland. The officers were obliged to give this up by the heaviness of the ice in longitude 14° west, and to put back toward Spitzbergen, and three efforts of the kind proved unsuccessful; and it would be easy to show that the long list of polar explorations have been but one slightly varied attempt to make a Northwest Passage.

These explorations were begun in the middle of the sixteenth century by Cabot, Cortereal, and Davis, whose failures seem to have been ignored by a host of other adventurers, not excepting, in our day, the illustrious and unfortunate Sir John Franklin. The fate of Franklin was justly regarded by the maritime world as setting the seal of final and perpetual doom upon every attempt to pass to the northeast of our continent. It is true, error in science ceases to be venial only when its character is detected by its victim, and there is even a limit, within which failures and disasters like Franklin's are positively beneficial and useful, as, in the Red Sea, the wreck of an argosy, caught on the sunken reef, warns and

guides the watchful sailor. It seems, however, that some of our explorers desire to use the past sad catastrophes of Arctic voyages as examples to be emulated rather than rocks to be shunned. It is for this reason, among others, that we now propose to review Captain Bent's hypothesis of a way to the Pole as a new problem of modern geography. The theory in question is based upon *the nature, the direction, and the volume of the great ocean currents of the Atlantic and Pacific*. The elucidation of the subject necessarily takes us into the field of hydrographic research, and we begin with a notice of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic Ocean. This grand flow of waters has been compared to a "river in the ocean"; but the comparison is inadequate, for, as Major Rennel well says, "it is not a stream, but a *sea in motion*." Off the coasts of Senegambia and Cape Palmas the mariner beholds the beginning of the great Equatorial Current of the Atlantic. On his third voyage to the New World, while in the tropics, Columbus wrote in his Diary: "I regard it as proved, that all the water of the ocean moves from east to west with the apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars." Should one sail from Africa, along the equator, he would find this verified. For two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles the equatorial surface of the sea is swept by the trade-winds, and thus is projected toward the Gulf of Mexico a current one thousand miles broad, and one that has been, at least, forty days under a fiery sun. As it moves to the west it meets no obstruction till it reaches the Windward Antilles. There forty-seven islands rise from vast depths of the ocean, as so many rocky bastions to dispute the passage of the great mass into the Caribbean Sea.

The larger part of the current is turned to the northwest. A portion, however, runs the gauntlet of the Islands, penetrates the Caribbean Sea, and finding its way through the Yucatan Pass, enters the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the cradle of the great heat-

bearer and climophorous of the North Atlantic. The whole surface of the oceanic regions, which are under the sway of the perpetual or trade-winds, moves to the westward at the rate of about twelve or fifteen miles a day. This motion is of course greater or less, according to the locality; variable winds produce a temporary drift, and the powerful monsoon a periodical flood. But under no circumstances does it appear that any current caused by the disturbance of the atmosphere extends to a great depth beneath the surface of the sea. According to the most authentic accounts, the waves, during the greatest gales, do not exceed sixty feet in a perpendicular line in height, and experience shows that the most severe storm is not felt more than thirty feet under the hollow of the wave. It is therefore safe to presume that the Equatorial Current, moving toward the Gulf of Mexico, does not flow at a greater depth than one hundred feet below the crest of the billows. Bearing these facts in mind, let us observe the Gulf Stream as it leaves the place of its genesis. No other current of the globe, at least like this part of the Gulf Stream, runs between banks so well defined. On one side these banks are formed by the Florida Reef and the peninsula of that name, and on the other by the island of Cuba, the Sal Key Bank, and the Great and Little Bahama Banks.

These banks must not be regarded as banks of *sounding*, a term applied to those seas whose bottom is within the reach of the sounding line, i. e. a hundred fathoms deep; but the Sal Key and the Bahama Banks are proper banks. They emerge with great suddenness and from vast depths. The surface near the edges of the banks is but a few fathoms below the common level of the sea, and toward the centre of the banks many places are found which are shoal and within a few feet of the top of the water, and at low tide some are even quite dry. Such banks of course control the movement of the Gulf Stream as imperatively as

if they were banks of land. Hemmed in on either side, the waters are compressed into a narrow space, increasing the velocity, so that before the current enters the Atlantic Ocean its rapidity is like a mountain stream. Having passed along the northern edge of the Sal Key Bank, the warm current rushes in a northeastern direction against the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank, and is there repulsed and compelled to flow along this bank northward. Thus it pours into the narrows of the Strait of Florida, where the sea area between Cape Florida and the Bemini Islands is reduced to a width of less than forty miles. It is this majestic movement of waters that now leaves our shores for Northwestern Europe, acting under the double impulse of the earth's diurnal rotation throwing its waters to the eastward, and the peculiar specific gravity of its volume causing it to seek an interchange with seas of different weight toward the north. It thus courses across the great Atlantic canal (for this ocean much resembles and has often been compared, by physical geographers, to a canal) in the path of a trajectory.

Off the coasts of Carolina the Florida stream receives an immense accession from the northwestern branch of the Equatorial Current turned aside by the Windward Antilles; and as both bodies of water are tropical and possessed of similar affinities chemically, they early unite, and flow on in an immensely magnified volume with all their burden of equatorial heat.

Owing to the volcanic character of the Mexican Gulf, — the caldron in which for many days the gulf current has been detained, — the temperature of the water is considerably raised by submarine influences, as has been ably shown by Gérard Molloy and by Arthur Mangin. We might therefore expect, in the absence of any positive information, that the great stream would transfer the surplus caloric of superheated tropical water in large quantities towards the Arctic Ocean. So far-reaching is its influence, that the rivers of Western

Europe are seldom congealed in higher latitude than Labrador; the river Thames has been frozen over only fourteen times in eight hundred years. At Penzance, on the coast of England, the plants and vegetables appear out of the ground in February, and are soon on the table. Camellias, magnolias, Mexican agaves, require there no protection from frost, so that Humboldt called Devonshire "the Montpelier of the North."

Professor Ansted of England, in his *Physical Geography*, describes the peculiarity of the Gulf Stream in these words: "It is a great, wide stream of heated water, larger than all the rivers of the world together, running in a definite channel through colder water of a different color, so that when a ship enters the stream in smooth water, one may see the bow dashing the spray from the warm and dark blue waters she is entering, while the stern is still within the pale green and cold water of the bank of Newfoundland."

Alexander Buchan, the eminent secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, in his beautiful book, "*The Handy Book of Meteorology*," tells us that "in May, 1861, when H. B. M. ship the Nile sailed out of the harbor of Halifax for Bermuda, under Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the water at the stern of the ship was 40°, and on plunging into the Gulf Stream the next moment the mercury rose to 70°."

The climatic effect of the Gulf Stream has been traced to great distances. "This stream," we are told by Professor Tyndal, in his lectures before the Royal Society of London, "entirely abolishes the difference of temperature due to the difference of latitude of North and South Britain; so that, if we walk from the Channel to the Shetland Isles in January, we encounter everywhere the same temperature. The isothermal line runs north and south. The harbor of Hammerfest, in Norway (73° north) derives great value from the fact that it is clear of ice all the year round. This is due to the Gulf Stream, which sweeps around the

North Cape, and so modifies the climate there that at some places by proceeding northward you enter a warmer region." Buchan has shown that "Shetland is benefited 36° and London 20° from their proximity to the warm water of the Atlantic." "In Iceland and the Norwegian coast," he adds, "the increase thus accruing to the winter temperature is very much greater. To these places, the Atlantic may be conceived of as a vast repository of heat, in which the warmth of the summer months and the warmth of more southern regions is treasured up and reserved against the rigor of winter."

As the temperature is uniform from Shetland to Wales, physicians recommend the Scottish coast as highly as any other, except the southwest of England.

Captain Maury, considering only the stream issuing at Florida, thus reasons: "The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86°, or about 9° above the ocean temperature due at the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10°, it loses but 2° of temperature, and having run three thousand miles to the north, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. The heat it discharges over the Atlantic in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole volume of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Isles from the freezing point to summer heat. A simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream, from the regions of Central America and Mexico, and discharged over the Atlantic, is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream, of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi River!"

Rightly to estimate the thermal power of the Gulf Stream, we must remember its origin, as already hinted, over the volcanic basin of the Gulf of Mexico. It is around this that the most striking evidences have been given of subterranean furnaces.

Since 1750 six magnificent volcanic cones have been thrown up from the soil of Mexico. One of these, Jorullo, on the night of September 29, 1759, rose 1,683 feet above the plain. The volcanoes of Central America display great activity. Humboldt tells us it alone has twenty-nine volcanoes.

The waters of the Bayou Plaquemine have been seen at times to be agitated almost to ebullition; and the late earthquakes of California seem to have been caused by volcanic forces acting in a line running from the Gulf of Mexico towards San Francisco. Indeed, the bed of the Atlantic abounds in vigias of submarine volcanic origin.

The axis of the Gulf Stream, according to Lieutenant Bache's Coast Survey, lies

80 miles from	Charleston
50 "	" Hatteras
210 "	" Sandy Hook
240 "	" Nantucket.

If we run a great circle through these points, and extend it in the Polar Basin, we shall find that it enters the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. But for the cold current that deflects and underruns it at Newfoundland, it would enter the Arctic Ocean and wash the shores of Spitzbergen; but diverted by the cold rush of water on the Grand Bank, it probably flows more to the east, and thus would give Spitzbergen a berth of some distance.

But the most important feature is the Gulf Stream's volume and flood. It has been supposed that this is merely the current passing out of the Straits of Florida. So all our authors represent it. But this subject is now undergoing new study.

It has been found that no explanation of the great flow of waters here will exclude an equal flow off the Windward Antilles. There are reasons for believing that the volume of the Gulf Stream is at least twice as large as any author has ever yet ventured to state.

1. Because it receives the Antilles current, or "northwest branch of the

Equatorial Current," coursing around San Domingo.

2. There are times when the Gulf Stream is very slow in passing through the Florida Straits, and yet its flow is undiminished north of Hatteras,—a fact to be accounted for only by the reinforcement from the Antillian current.

3. Bache's measurement by thermometer shows that from Florida to Hatteras the Gulf Stream has greatly increased. From being forty miles wide at Florida, it has increased to nearly four hundred, and has become at least twelve hundred feet deeper. At four hundred and twenty-five fathoms off Hatteras the heat of the water was "over 60°!"

THE KURO SIWO.

So much for the Gulf Stream. Let us turn now to the Kuro Siwo, the other factor in the result claimed by the new theory for a thermometric approach to the Pole. The Equatorial Current of the Pacific is wider and grander even than that of the Atlantic. It is the parent stream, out of which so many other bodies of water obtain their volume. It moves, as do all such currents of the ocean, on the line of a great circle, and this circle intersects the equator at an acute angle of only a few degrees. It sweeps to the westward, in "uninterrupted grandeur," as one expresses it, around three eighths of the circumference of the globe, until diverted by the continent of Asia, and split into innumerable streams by the Polynesian Islands. Reaching the Ladrones, it imparts a much warmer climate than it has given to the Sandwich or Marquesas. The Philippines are made oppressively hot even in winter, and one familiar with it has said: "The fervor increases as we reach Malacca, is all aglow in India, and becomes stifling in its intensity as these equatorial waters, after travelling fifteen thousand miles and being fully three hundred days under a vertical sun, are thrown against the eastern shores of Africa." This Equatorial Current is as

broad as the Torrid Zone, and out of it comes the Kuro Siwo.

The latter possesses a temperature more striking in its contrast with the surrounding waters than does the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic.

Striking off at Formosa from the great Equatorial, it moves with majestic powers, heedless of the fiercest gale, and to the eye of the thoughtful observer is bent upon the discharge of some momentous mission. Reaching the fortieth parallel of north latitude, its surface is swept by the "brave west winds" of the northern hemisphere. It now seems to turn aside from its course, and curve away to the American shores. On the track of its northeasterly flow the map-maker writes another name, as if some mighty power had diverted it. But it has not been turned; only a little of its foamy surface has been borne along in the easterly set. The vast torrent is only *skimmed*. The recurvation which pours around the southern coasts of Alaska, and laves the western shores of Sitka Island,* is but a *drift*. The tremendous bulk of equatorial water rushes on in a changeless course. It is moving in obedience to a steady and almighty hand. Every drop feels the impulse of a force it cannot resist. Every drop is lighter than the drop of polar water, with which it is hastening to exchange places, lest the equilibrium of nature be overthrown.

But on its way it receives, every moment, an impact from the earth's rotation. And thus it moves on the line of a great circle to the northeast, and entering Behring's Sea knocks for admission at the very gates of the Polar Ocean. In its course its pathway is strewn with the marks of its thermal and climatic power. If the Gulf Stream has clothed Ireland with its robe of verdure, and made it the "Emerald Isle," the Kuro Siwo has done as much for the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. They

* Russian meteorological observations conducted through a period of fourteen years at Sitka give the mean winter temperature there as 31° + Fahrenheit, and the mean annual temperature at 42°. American observations give mean annual temperature at 44°. See Dall's *Alaska and its Resources*.

are mantled with living green. The flocks scarcely need shelter in winter. If their soil is treeless, their Gulf Stream richly supplies them with timber for their canoes, and camphor-wood of Japan and China for their furniture.

The hills of Russian America, like those of Norway, bristle with pines and firs down to the very sea-shore. "There never was," says the author of "The Physical Geography of the Sea," "an iceberg in the North Pacific Ocean, and consequently the tender plants along its shores are never nipped by the cold that the drifting islands of ice always engender. Therefore, we may conclude that, parallel for parallel, and altitude for altitude, the climates along the sea-shores of our new possessions are quite as mild, if not milder, than those of Northwestern Europe, and we know that the winter climate of England is not so severe as that of Virginia."

Kotzebue, as long ago as 1815, remarked these facts, and especially commented upon "the riches of the arctic flora, amidst manifold variety of soil on the rocky coast of St. Lawrence Bay."

The same great voyager has also remarked that the transition from the American coast to the Asiatic, beyond Behring's, was, "like passing from summer to winter." In the colonial days of America, and long after, a vessel from England to New York, meeting a "northwestern" (storm) became so clogged with ice as to be almost unmanageable. Her captain had only to turn her course into the region of the Gulf Stream.

Vessels trading to Petropaulowski and other ports on the coast of Kamtchatka, when becoming unwieldy from the accumulation of icy crust on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thus thaw out.

Allusion is sometimes made to the climatic influence of the Japan stream on America. This proceeds, not from the main stream, but from its eastern recurvation. The recurvation of the Kuro Siwo, a mere surface drift, is, however,

a most potential climatic agent. Fragment, or skimming, as it is of the south-eastern fringe of the "black" river in the sea, it is powerfully felt on the northwestern shores of America. General Thomas, it is said, in his recent trip to Alaska, confirmed by his observations the deductions that have been drawn as to its climate.

In Puget's Sound, latitude 48° north, snow rarely falls and the inhabitants rarely fill their ice-houses for summer. These climatic results are due to a mere surface skimming, a pellicle of drift from the great body of the Kuro Siwo. What may be expected of the mass that penetrates the Polar Basin? If the part is armed with so much potency to modify climate, how vast the thermal energy of the whole! *

THE CLIMATIC FORCE OF OCEAN CURRENTS.

These currents of the sea are mighty agents. One of the feeblest of them is a set of water from the South Pole along the west coast of Africa. It presents a striking contrast with that running off the east coast and coming out of the superheated Indian Ocean. On the east coast of Africa, the flow of heated waters gives rise to the grandest and most terrible displays of thunder and lightning that are anywhere known. Missionaries at Natal report the occurrence there of storms in which for hours consecutively they have seen an uninterrupted blaze of lightning, and heard a continuous peal of thunder.

The soil is so baked and parched, that it is almost as deadly for its pestilential poison as was the region of the Pontine Marshes around the city of Rome in classic times. But on the west side all is different. Bishop Payne of Africa has said that for twenty years he had suffered less near Cape Pal-

* "As for the appearance of currents," says M. Gustave Lambert, the leader of the French Expedition, "this is what I have seen, moving along Behring's Sea by the coasts of Asia, in the month of June, a very strong current, running from south to north. Later in September, the current in latitude 70° had a velocity of three knots an hour from south to north."
— *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*. Paris, Janvier, 1867.

mas from the summer heat than on our Atlantic coast.

The cool current along Cape Palmas is very slow, scarcely more than an ooze. Yet, according to Du Chaillu, the African explorer, at $1^{\circ} 30'$ below the equator, almost under the line, the mean temperature of summer is only 77° Fahrenheit.

The similar cool flow, off the west of South America—Humboldt's Current—is so potential that the citizens of Lima and Callao, 12° south, dress in woollen clothes through the summer; and Mr. Darwin found that the coral insect was driven from the waters around the Galapagos Islands, which are upon the equator.

In the Mediterranean, Naples in the southern part of Italy, and Genoa in the latitude of Toronto, have a vernal climate. And even at Genoa oranges are ripe early in February; this evidently from the indrift of hot water through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Doubtless the admission of the Suez Canal water into the Mediterranean will still further affect the climate of Southern Europe. These are striking illustrations of how far the ocean current may affect the climate of any region, even after its velocity seems to be abated and its volume seems to be lost amidst the unbounded waste of waters.

Every question of a thermometrical approach to the Pole rests upon the meteorological power of the ocean current.

AN ANALOGY.

It is clear that the two great currents of hot water move with mighty thermal energy toward the Polar Basin. Analogy will show what effect they will have.

If the current known as Humboldt's penetrates to the equator and cools its seas there to the delicious temperature of the Galapagos and Marquesas Islands, why should not the Gulf Stream pierce to the Pole with heat sufficient to preserve its waters from perpetual congelation?

If we are to believe the reports and records of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, the open Polar Sea seen by their expeditions was, in temperature, above 36° Fahrenheit; and hence far above the temperature at which sea-water becomes a solid (28°). There are several arguments for this theory which are of great importance, and which those who have criticised it seem either incapable of understanding or else determined to ignore.

There certainly issues from the space around the Pole a ceaseless and mighty flow of waters to the tropics. Its course is sadly attested by the huge icebergs, upon which perhaps many vessels never heard from have foundered. These icy masses are often so numerous in floating clusters as to defy computation. Captain Beechy saw a small one fall from a glacier in Spitzbergen over 400,000 tons in weight. The Great Western, in 1841, in her Transatlantic trip, met three hundred icebergs. Sir John Ross saw several aground in Baffin's Bay, in two hundred and sixty fathoms deep; one he computed to weigh 1,259,397,673 tons. A Danish voyager saw one measuring 900,000,000 cubic feet. Sir J. C. Ross met with some of these floating mountains *twice* as large as this; and in Davis Strait, where there is deep water, icebergs have been met having an area of six square miles, and six hundred feet high.

The hyperborean current which bears these monsters on its bosom has formed by the deposit from their dissolution the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The single drift of ice which bore on its Atlean shoulders the English ship *Resolute*, abandoned by Captain Kellett, and cast it twelve hundred miles to the south, was computed to be at least three hundred thousand square miles in area and seven feet in thickness. Such a field of ice would weigh eighteen billion tons. We say this was a *single* drift through Davis Straits, only *one* of the avenues of this current from the Pole, and only a fractional

part of the year's drift. And yet these huge masses are insignificant beside some that are even now emerging out of the South Polar Basin. A circular was issued last winter from the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, warning mariners of one of the most fearful icebergs yet known. This circular contains the following extract from a communication of Mr. John T. Towson, F. R. G. S., dated January, 1870:—

"In September, 1840, an iceberg was seen in Lat. 41° S., Long. 14° E., a mile in circumference. In January, 1858, in Lat. $53^{\circ} 30'$ S., Long. 14° W., an iceberg three miles long was observed. But these appear insignificant when compared with a body of ice reported to have passed by twenty-one ships during the five months of December, 1854, and January, February, March, and April, 1855; floating from Lat. 44° S., Long. 28° W., to Lat. 40° S., Long. 20° W. This mass has received the various denominations of an immense iceberg, an ice island, 'groote ijseland,' and a connected mass of icebergs. Its elevation in no case exceeded three hundred feet, but its horizontal dimensions were sixty miles by forty. It was of the form of a hook, the longer shank of which was sixty miles, the shorter forty miles, and embayed between these mountains of ice was a space of water forty miles across. The first account of it was received from the Great Britain, which, in December, 1854, was reported to have steamed fifty miles along the outer side of the longer shaft. This longest range of ice then bore northeast and southwest the bay, before alluded to, being open to the northeast. Whilst in this position it exposed ships to but little danger, since the bay could only be entered on the opposite course to that of ships on their homeward passage from Australia. But during the next three months it swung round 90° to the left, and drifted east-northeast, about one hundred miles, which brought it very near to the route of outward-bound ships, with the bay open to their track. We can scarcely imagine any mass of

ice in an equally dangerous form, and I regret to add that one emigrant ship, the Guiding Star, was embayed and lost among it with all hands. The Cambridge and Salem were also embayed in it in March and April, 1855, but through the skill of their commanders they were extricated from the most perilous situation in which we can conceive a ship to be placed by ice in any form.

"Although I have received three reports of ice observed in September last, between Lat. 41° and 46° S., Long. 40° to 48° W., I had no reason to believe that any was of such dimensions as is reported. The Alice Davies, commanded by Captain John Jones, arrived at Liverpool about the 13th instant. She brings the report of having on the 30th of September, in Lat. $45^{\circ} 30'$ S., Long. $38^{\circ} 40'$ W., passed on the east side of a large ice island, the extent of which, from north to south, was about twenty-five miles, and in a northwest direction further than could be seen. They also counted thirty-one icebergs, passing the last on the 1st of October, 1 h. 20 m. P. M., distant from the ice island about one hundred and thirty miles north by east magnetic."

What a mighty and majestic flow of waters must take place from the equator toward the poles, to wedge out and to bear down to low latitudes such terrific masses as easily as the piston of the fire-engine ejects the *jet d'eau*!

We dwell upon the might and magnitude of this ice-bearing river from the Pole, because in gauging these we gauge the energy of the reciprocal heat-bearing river from the tropics, i. e. the Gulf Stream.

The agency of the winds in the North Temperate Zone combines powerfully with the currents. The chart shows the winds prevailing there. The water-current and the wind-current move together. As the winds sweep over the ocean they evaporate the Kuro Siwo and the Gulf Stream.

But the heat given off by these hot

streams and otherwise wasted and lost is stored away in the vesicles of vapor, as latent heat, and by the winds transported to the Pole and piled up around it, there to be liberated at Nature's calls by condensation, as sensible heat.

In London, for eight or nine months in the year, southwesterly winds prevail. Were it not for the rotation of the earth, we should have there the dry, hot blasts of Africa; but owing to this rotation, the wind, which starts northward from the Gulf of Mexico, is deflected to Europe. Europe is therefore the recipient of the stores of latent heat amassed in the Western Atlantic. "It is this condition of things," says Tyndal, "which makes our fields so green and which gives the bloom to our maidens' cheeks."

The amount of latent heat alone furnished by the southwest winds to England daily, and set free by precipitation overhead, is computed to be nearly equal to that created by the combustion of all the coal consumed in the island annually.

There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the Pole is mantled with a moist atmosphere. In 1827, when Captain Parry travelled "northward from Spitzbergen," he states that in a journey "of thirty-five days it rained nearly all the time."

An atmosphere charged with aqueous vapors would prove as a *blanket* to the Polar Basin, and would arrest the radiation of heat. If the plains of Siberia were covered with a moist sky, they would be comparatively pleasant in winter.

The only other direct argument for thermometric gateways to the Pole, which we have time to mention rests upon the facts recorded by the second Grinnell Expedition, relating to the zoölogy of the Arctic Basin.

Beyond the eightieth parallel of north latitude Dr. Kane writes: "Here the brent goose (*Anas bernicla*), the eider, and the king-duck were so crowded together that our Esquimaux killed two at a shot, with a single rifle-ball." The

brent goose had not been seen before since entering Smith's Straits. It is well known to the Polar traveller as a migratory bird of the American continent. Like the others of the same family, it feeds upon vegetable matter, generally on marine plants with their adherent molluscous life. It is rarely or never seen in the interior, and from its habits may be regarded as singularly indicative of open water. "The flocks of this bird," Dr. Kane adds, "easily distinguished by their wedge-shaped line of flight, now crossed the water obliquely and disappeared over the land to the north and east. I had shot these birds on the coast of Wellington Channel, in latitude $74^{\circ} 50'$, nearly six degrees to the south. They were then flying in the same direction." Many such observations as these of Dr. Kane and Dr. Scoresby, attesting an open Polar Sea, will suggest themselves to the student of Arctic research.

How far soever the sun in winter may decline, we must remember that our stores of heat are not obtained solely from the sun, but also from *space*. The quantity of solar heat is capable of melting a layer of ice thirty-one metres thick (one hundred feet); the quantity of heat received from space is enough to liquefy a layer of ice covering our globe twenty-seven metres thick (eighty-nine feet). Thus, in sum, the earth receives a quantity of heat expressed by a layer of ice spread over the globe fifty-seven metres in thickness.

The declination of the sun cannot affect the quantity of heat thrown down upon the Pole from the skies above it, that never cease to look down upon its yet unknown area.

Were the sun blotted out from the heavens, the heat of space alone would, according to Pouillet, liquefy eighty-nine feet of ice per annum.

But, after all, in tracing the climatic power of these currents of the sea, and their agency in breaking through the bars of latitude, we have reasoned upon them as forces, acting from a given and

fixed base of supply for their volume. The reader must for himself judge how far they are capable of unsealing the ices of the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and clearing a path through the crystal solid to the goal of the geographer. But what if the base of these potential masses which move into the Polar Basin be advanced toward the Pole through an arc of twenty degrees of latitude? Suppose the equatorial currents should shift their position toward the north as much as twelve hundred or fourteen hundred miles, how would this affect the thermometric gateways? Evidently they would have far less space and time to spread out their volume and radiate their heat, before washing up into the Arctic Sea itself. Judging by the velocity of the Gulf Stream and Kuro Siwo, they would, in such a case as we have supposed, be shortened, in their course to the Pole, at least thirty days. The difficulty of preserving their tropical heat of course diminishes as the time of flow diminishes. Now this advancement of the base of supply for these hot currents is just what annually takes place. In a word, the mathematical equator and the thermal equator are only twice in the year the same line. The latter is thrown to the north at least twelve hundred miles. As it is thrown northward, the trade-wind zone is moved with it. The trade-winds, however, set in motion the equatorial currents of the Pacific and Atlantic. These mighty masses, flowing to the west, have their northern banks transported over twelve hundred miles nearer the Pole! And it follows that the Kuro Siwo and the Gulf Current of the Atlantic are thus and then, once every year, pushed and pressed the same distance nearer the Polar Basin.

Such are some of the chief facts and principles of physical geography which underlie the final solution of the polar problem, — a problem that has cost the world more than any or all beside.

There is reason to hope much from the American Arctic Expedition. It

will not sail too late in the season, if we are guided by the judgment of old polar navigators.

The detachment of ice masses and their dangerous presence in the frozen ocean doubtless will continue till late in July. During the early summer the diffusion of fresh water from the melting snow over the surface of the Polar Sea would seriously obscure the presence of the warm current, and render its movement less discernible by the thermometer.

"The months of August and September," says Lambert, "are, I believe, the best for explorations along the coasts of the Arctic Ocean. Whalers have pushed to the east of Point Barrow, and taken whales until the 15th of September, without seeing ice from the north, and I have seen whales taken as late as October 12th under the 71° of latitude." Captain Bent also, in a late note to the writer, observes: "Were it not for the absence of daylight, I should recommend mid-winter for the experiment, not only on account of the lessened chance of meeting floating ice at that season, but also from the fact that less dissolution of ice is taking place then; and the thermal difference between the waters of the warm stream and those of the counter-currents being greater in winter than in summer, the former (or warm currents) could be more easily traced then than they probably can at other seasons."

That the method of testing this theory is not an experiment we have a guaranty in the fact of its coming from a skilful and trusty seaman.

How far the thermometer avails as a practical guide at sea is beautifully suggested by Humboldt. Sand-banks and shoals, he says, may be recognized by the coolness of the waters over them. By his observations, Franklin converted the thermometer into a sounding-line. Mists are frequently over these depths, owing to the condensation of the vapor of the cooled waters. I have seen such mists in the south of Jamaica, and also in the Pacific, defin-

ing with a sharpness and clearness the form of the shoals below them, appearing to the eye as the aerial reflection of the bottom of the sea. In the open sea, far from land, and when the air is calm, clouds are often observed to rest over spots where shoals are situated,

and their bearings may be taken in the same manner as that of a high mountain or isolated peak.

The new expedition will be conducted in the interests of geographical science. We shall look for rich results.

T. B. Maury.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The New Timothy. By WM. M. BAKER.
New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. BAKER has already made himself favorably known by his story of the secession days in the South, which he called, not very attractively, "Inside," and he has an almost unique combination of qualities for the achievement of popularity, in his very evident power as a literary artist, and his very strong and explicit religious orthodoxy. Of course it may be doubted whether novelists should be a source of pride to any sect; yet we suspect that none are loath to see their religious opinions arrayed in the pretty and effective garb of romance. The Devil, who once had all the good tunes, has been obliged to give some of them up, as everybody knows who listens to the lively yet sacred marches and quicksteps played nowadays in the churches; and the enemy of souls is quite likely to be made to relax his monopoly of the best stories, though here, we must say, he shows the strongest fight.

However this may be, it is quite certain that Mr. Baker, who is an earnest and active clergyman of the evangelical persuasion, is also a clever and amusing writer, with an eye for character which would be notable in one of the wicked. In "The New Timothy," as in his former novel, he has laid the scene in the Southwest, where, in creed at least, there is far more Puritanism than could have been found in New England any time during the last fifty years. Those rude backwoodsmen and patriarchal planters, and those slaveholding village bankers and lawyers, when they got religion, got religion of the old kind, and had no doubts about it after they had got it. But they got it in no cold-blooded way, out of books; it was

preached into them by very fervent apostles, — men of their own experiences, sympathies, and prejudices. Their religion did not make them Abolitionists, but it did make them vastly better men than they would otherwise have been; and at the worst, it was one of the most interesting and picturesque phases of their life.

Mr. Baker's story is that of a young clergyman, who comes from a seminary to the charge of a Southwestern cure of souls, himself a Southwesterner, but refined and enfeebled by his college life. He is no great figure, either before or after his self-emancipation from seminary traditions, and his encounter of the local sinners upon their own plane of sentiment; and neither are any of the young gentlemen and ladies of the story remarkable, least of all that young lady with the intolerable name of John. But all the rude and bad people are new and charming. So good society as the Meggar family we have not seen, in a novel, for a long time; and the hunter, Brown Bob Long, is a convert of a sort not to make us sorry that he is saved.

Mr. Wall, the minister, goes, by Long's advice, upon a bear-hunt with the Meggar family, and by rashness and good luck kills the bear. This feat so far raises him in their opinion, that it is possible to let them know who he is; and the bear-hunt is finally blest to the conversion of all the Meggar boys, the mother being already a "professor." We cannot give a clearer idea of the Meggar family, or a better proof of Mr. Baker's almost singular power of faithfully reproducing such character, than by some passages descriptive of Mr. Wall's arrival on a Sunday at their cabin: —

"The road before the cabins has evidently been for years the gathering-place of cat-

tle. Among the mire lies an old wagon, and parts of another cumber the rotting logs placed on end, one higher than the other, at the fence by which the yard is entered. Half a dozen old saddles stride the fence, left there since being taken off the horses from sheer laziness, and which will not be taken into the house by their owners until the last possible moment before night.

"The rider sees, drawing nearer, that there is quite a group of men lounging in the passage of the cabins and under the front shed. A rough-looking set they are; and, to his dismay, he observes quite a group of them around a whiskey-barrel standing on end, playing cards upon its red head, with oaths and exclamations. The screams of a tortured fiddle come from within the house. In fact there is a miasma of wickedness and whiskey and wretchedness upon the whole den. . . .

"But two or three of the men least occupied are looking at him at last. They arise and come out together in their dirty shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth. They reach the fence, and lean upon it on their folded arms, — rough, red-headed, blowzy, bearded, large-nosed men they are. It is not Mr. Wall they are interested in at all; it is his horse. A man they can see any time, and attach very little value to when seen. A fine horse is quite another thing. So far as the rider can see, they have not as yet observed that he has accompanied the horse.

"How much that critter cost you?" asks Doc. Meggar at last of the owner; and it is the first recognition by any one of them there of his existence.

"He was given to me by my uncle," replies that gentleman.

"Ketch my daddy, let alone uncle, givin' me sech an anemil," remarks Jake, with severe sarcasm, implying strong doubt of the statement.

"But what will you take, now? Not a serviceable hoss, mind; too flimsy across the l'ins. On'y a sort of fancy anemil; ain't a paint hoss nuther, say?" asks Bill, resuming his pipe.

"Think you. I don't want to sell," is the reply.

"Of course *not*! What *you* want to do is to swap. I seed that in your eyes the minit you rode up. That's what *you* come for! Just you hold on a bit!"

"The rest of the men scent an attempted swap from the outset. There are Old Man Meggar himself and two friends with whom he has been gambling upon the barrel, who remind Mr. Wall of dirty and defaced cents, and who circulate there as Zed and Toad. Not even the greasy cards can stand against the attractions of a swap of horses, and these join the group. No one has the least concern as to who the visitor is. The entire interest is centred in Mike, and Mr. Wall has a new insight into Swift's tale of the Yahoos and their four-footed masters. . . .

"But this venerable head of the household, Old Man Meggar! A miserable little shrivelled-up old sinner; his scanty wisps of white hair in strings about a weazen face; a pair of small eyes, red and watery from some sixty years of steady intoxication. To his toothless mouth swearing seems the only language left, flowing uninterruptedly with a rivulet of tobacco-juice which trickles down his ragged white beard from either filthy corner thereof. To him, as to his host, Mr. Wall now makes his appeal.

"This is old Mr. Meggar, I believe?" he says, with an inclination toward that old reprobate. "I started on a little visit to you, got lost in the woods, have had no dinner, am as hungry as you please. If it is convenient, sir, I would like a little something to eat. As to our horses, gentlemen, they can wait!"

". . . . The visitor has appealed to that one of the virtues which is about the only one left to that household, — hospitality. In such a frank and cordial way, too!

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" said the old man, and he climbed feebly over the fence, followed by his guest, the rest remaining about the horses. "What could I hev been thinking of? I oughter hev —" And here a dirty negro-woman emerged from a side-hovel in answer to his curses. "Where's ole woman? you cullud cuss!"

"Same place, Massa! sa-a-me place! Down 't end ob garding! 'Hind de butter-beans!"

"A-prayin' away!" said the master, with unspeakable disgust. "You jest run down there, quicker'n a flash. Tell her there's a man here at the house wants his dinner. You clip it. Take seat, sir. Ev'ry afternoon, year 'round, same way! Hev a pipe, sir? A-prayin' rain or shine, 'hind them butter-beans! — Bill" (at the top of his

voice to the men at the fence), 'hev you an' Jake left enny o' that whiskey? Not a *single* drop?' (In a lowered growl)—'Of course not. You'll hev to wait a little, sir. Boy's gone to cross-roads for more, and I'll lamm him when he gets here! A-pray-in! Ez if Almighty ever comes in rifle-shot o' the place!' and the oaths and tobacco-juice and hospitable attentions to his guest flowed on, mingled with unspeakable contempt at the conduct of his wife, praying behind the butter-beans.

"And what might your name be, stranger?" he asks at last.

"Charles Wall," replies the visitor, suddenly and stoutly, but with a terror down his very spine. He need not have feared. Old Man Meggar knows nothing of him or of any other of his class!

"And your name is Meggar," he continued, in the same breath. "Meggar, Meggar; I don't remember ever meeting with any of that name before."

"A few of the men have torn themselves from the horse, and are lounging about the speaker. His remark brings out from all an instant, unanimous, uproarious shout of laughter.

"Why, what is the joke?" Mr. Wall inquires, as soon as he can be heard. His simplicity in asking such a question provokes another and heartier peal.

"Well, you see," said his host, wiping with his yellow sleeve his watery eyes, and leering upon his guest like a decrepit satyr,—"you see, I'm the child of misfortin. I did n't happen to hev any father, 'cept my mother. Her name was Meg,—Meg something or other; I don't rightly mind what; don't matter. I s'pose people that knew my mother, seein' me a little shaver toddlin' about, 'd say, "Hello, little Meggar!" and it come that way. Can't say who begun it. Anyhow, Meggar's my name. No, you never heern tell of the name before, I suppose!"

"And he led off again in a peal of that particularly filthy kind of laughter which indicates the nature of the joke starting it."

Next to these Meggars and Bob Long, we suppose the best pieces of character-painting are General Likens, and Mrs. General Likens, the former silent as the latter is talkative. Her talk is all excellent, and as natural as the General's silence. They are simply religious planter-folk, Virginians by birth, and with apparently only the thoughts

and opinions of their class; but it is in skillful characterization of them both that Mrs. Likens is made to say after the General's death:—

"But there's one thing I *must* tell you, child," she adds, after quite a silence. 'I've wanted to do it for months,—have started to do it a dozen times, but it was *too* awful. We are alone now,' adds the old lady, lowering her voice and rising to see that the door of their chamber is shut, for it is as they are about lying down at night. 'I shudder to tell even you. It never happened to the General, in full at least, till after that awful night Uncle Simeon raved—you remember it—about blood and burnin'. It would n't then, only the General's understanding had grown weak-like in that matter before. I know you won't breathe it to a soul. It would kill me dead if I thought people dreamed of a syllable of it. It would blacken the General's name forever, because people could n't understand he was out o' his head when he thought it, as I could. It was part of the disease that killed him,—he was so perfectly sensible 'cept in that. An' it act'ly reconciled me to his death some, I'd all the time such a deathly terror he might let it out; you see it was *growin'* on him. He thought slavery—the ownin' our own black ones—was a wrong thing, almost a sin!' added Mrs. General Likens, her lips to John's ear, and in accents of horror. 'It's weighed on my mind dreadful! He was *crazy*, an' could n't help it, you know.'

"As they endeavored to compose themselves to sleep, exhausted by this fearful revelation, Mrs. General Likens added: 'I'm afraid you won't be able to sleep a wink to-night thinkin' of it, but I *had* to tell you. He was deranged, you know,—not responsible like; an' it nigh drove *me* crazy, too, to think of it. But try an' go to sleep if you can. I feel very tired to-night.'"

How very effectively this indicates a whole condition of things now passed away forever! There is little else about slavery in the book,—that is to say, it appears only for artistic purposes, and seldom even for these.

No one has made better pictures of Southern country and village life than these, and only Major De Forrest has equalled them. As a story, "The New Timothy" is not much, but as a study of life little known to literature, it is most successful and commendable.

An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755, '56, '57, '58, and '59. With an Appendix of Illustrative Notes. By WM. M. DARLINGTON, of Pittsburg. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky. A Series of Reminiscent Letters from Daniel Drake, M. D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited with Notes and a Biographical Sketch by his Son, CHARLES D. DRAKE. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

NONE of the Ohio Valley Series, as we think, are more attractive than these volumes, the latest published of that admirable collection. The first is a reprint of one of those rare old books, like Bouquet's Expedition, with which the publishers are enriching the series; and the last is among the most interesting of the original works relative to early Western history. Dr. Drake was a man who while he lived was a large part of all literary and scientific progress in the West, and who left behind him a repute for public usefulness and private worth which his own section may well cherish with pride, and which we may all gladly recognize. He was a very remarkable man in every way, — for what he was, and for what he did; and the story of his boyhood in the backwoods of Kentucky, as told here, is one of the best witnesses to the fact that, whatever refinement may be, fineness is as directly the gift of Heaven as any positive ability. Civilization, you must own as you read, was born in this man; by nature he hated whatever was rude and cruel and impure, and loved justice and beauty. He was not a man of genius, it would seem, but of sensibility and conscience and modesty; not smart, in the pitiable, bad way of many of our growths "from the people," but talented, tasteful, industrious, honest.

He came of stock partly Quaker; and when he was a child, his father removed with his family from his native State of New Jersey to the wilds of Kentucky, and after the fashion of that day hewed out a farm from the heart of the unbroken forest. The family life in the log-cabin there is what Dr. Drake has portrayed in these letters to his children, with winning simplicity and familiarity of style, and in a clear, objective light, such as only the vast and striking changes of American history would enable

one to throw upon his own past. The spirit of his letters is not the least delightful thing about them. He confesses to far more of an old man's garrulity than he ever indulges, and he owns and pleasantly laughs down a predilection for magniloquence, which he traces to an early revolt from the vulgarity and coarseness of the ordinary backwoods speech. Yet this man, so admirably conscious, not only as to himself, but as to the real character and effect of the pioneer life which he fondly depicts, had little or no schooling, save such as he could give himself, up to the age when he quitted the drudgery of the farm for the severe study of his profession. He shows himself quick to the grand and beautiful aspects of the wilderness, yet he does not fail to acknowledge, even while regretting these, its terrible hardships, its heart-breaking loneliness, its almost inevitable barbarity. The passages in which he touches upon the character of his mother, her life of ceaseless care and labor, and her capacity for better things, are very affecting; and we learn also to honor her and her husband, with their excellent morality, their religiousness, their sense of justice, and their abhorrence of slavery, which early made its hideousness known on the frontiers. It is women who suffer most in all the adventures and enterprises of men, and the greater burden of exile and solitude fell upon the mother in this case; but the full sense of this is so cumulative, and so little dependent on detachable passages, that the reader must go to the book itself for it.

The letters of Dr. Drake are not merely personal reminiscences, but faithful pictures of local manners and customs. We cannot advise any to turn to them for the realization of romantic ideas of the pioneers; but they are very interesting reading, and very instructive; they form part of our own history, which daily grows more venerable and precious; and we most heartily commend the volume, not only to collectors of such material, but to the average reader, as something very apt for his entertainment and then for his use. The biographical sketch by Mr. Charles D. Drake is satisfactory, and the preface a singularly sensible piece of writing.

Dr. Drake's boyhood was passed in that period just before backwoods life ceased to be a general condition. The Indian wars were ending in the West, — the West of that day, which is now pretty far eastward, — and the Americans were in full and un-

disturbed possession of territory so long and so bloodily disputed with the savages. The narrative of Colonel Smith refers to this pioneer existence during a space of time when its perils, privations, and atrocities seemed an established condition of things. He was captured by the Indians just before Braddock's defeat in 1755, and remained with them five years; and thereafter, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, spent nearly all his days in conflict with them.

His narrative was first printed at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1799, and has been several times reprinted, but has of late years been in effect out of print. It is the story of a man of clear, strong mind, with a vein of humor which has now and then a very witty expression, — almost a modern expression; and though the style has few solicited graces, it is plain that this old Indian hunter had some good literary instincts. He attracts, for example, the interest of the reader at once, by telling him in the beginning, after a reference to Braddock's expedition: "Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, whom I apprehended was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that some time in the course of this summer I should again return to the arms of my beloved." And in chronicling his return to home and friends after his five years' captivity, he remembers to confide the sad close of this passion: "Upon inquiry, I found that my sweetheart was married a few days before I arrived. My feelings, on this occasion, I must leave for those of my readers to judge who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time."

Otherwise, the narrative of Colonel Smith is marked by few indulgences of sentiment, though always by good feeling, and a shrewd and sympathetic observation of nature as he saw it in the wilderness and the savages about him. He was taken prisoner near "the Alleghany Mountain" in Pennsylvania; the greater part of his captivity was passed in the region of Northern Ohio; he escaped, at last, from the Indians near Montreal, and was exchanged with other English prisoners by the French. Up to the

beginning of the Revolution he was engaged in various expeditions, more or less irresponsible, against the Indians; and during the Revolution he fought them as the leader of a properly authorized border force. He shows always a rough respect for them, though he was bent upon their destruction; and he says that, after duly considering their "want of information," he could not blame them so much for the atrocities they committed. When he had once been adopted among them, they treated him with invariable justice and kindness; and he notes many noble and magnanimous traits in them. He regarded them as masters of the art of war in a wilderness country; and he declares that, far from being "undisciplined savages," they were so well disciplined in their own way, and in that way had so often beaten vastly larger forces of whites, that until the Americans adopted the Indian style of fighting they could never cope with them. And a principal object of Colonel Smith in setting down his opinions and observations was to enforce the necessity of fighting the Indians in the Indian manner; for it appeared to the doughty old pioneer, who had spent his life in such hostilities, that war with them was to remain indefinitely the condition of the border, — as in fact it has done in some sort.

There has probably never been any study of Indian life and character more sincere and practical than his; and we know of none so interesting. On the whole, we believe the reader will think all the better of the savages for knowing them through him; though as for their unfitness to be guests at a small tea-party, we suppose there can never be any doubt. We should like to repeat here some of the things Colonel Smith tells of them; but his context is precious, and we forbear, for the reader's own sake. Still we must give some passages of ironical humor from his account of the ceremony of his adoption, because they are pleasant, and because they serve so well to confirm what we have been saying in praise of his manner. We do not think any literary man could have said these things more neatly, and we have many literary men in our eye who would have said them inexpressibly worse; by which we mean to teach that for literary purposes it is not always well to be of the profession. Colonel Smith says: —

"They put a large belt of wampom on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and

right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick, and on this all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand made a long speech very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank into the river until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them; I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said, *no hurt you*; on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much."

Miss Van Kortland. A Novel. By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper and Brothers.

FROM the internal evidence of the novel itself it would be a difficult matter to determine the sex of the author of "Miss Van Kortland." The men of the story are portrayed as men appear to women, and the women as they appear to men. This is not saying that the characters are not tolerably natural and recognizable, but it is saying rather that the author does not go very deeply into human nature. We would not be understood to hold this fact up to blame, especially in an American novel; for the same good sense which has kept our author on the surface of things has kept the work free of a manifest purpose. The only moral taught in the book will be considered an immoral one by the majority of its readers;

and the religious feeling of the author is so shadowy, that it will be misunderstood by a great many who are pleased by the attractive, straightforward movement of the story. The author — and we must call him a man when we come to this moral — has attempted to cure the American public of a certain false delicacy; but even those who sympathize somewhat with his endeavor will hardly admire his method. His religious standpoint is apparently the serenest altitude of the High Church doctrine, yet he seems full of the little fanaticisms of a man who believes nothing.

Taken as a whole, the novel of "Miss Van Kortland" is a very respectable performance. It is studiously non-sensational. The principal characters are two pairs of lovers, whose doings are made interesting without any complicated plot. They talk and act, generally, as bright people may be supposed under such circumstances to talk and act in life. The whole book treats in an easy, humorous way, except in the intentionally humorous scenes, of the ordinary skirmishes, advances, retreats, and flank movements preliminary to the battle of life, which, according to the modern novel, is the rearing of a family. It is not likely that the world will ever get tired of these things either in reality or their imaginative portrayal; and the positive ceremony of getting married, being, as some timid people believe, one of the most arduous and distressful duties of this life, it is probably just as well that this sort of introductory halo should be thrown around it.

We have intimated that the professedly humorous scenes of this novel are not amusing. There are a great many of these scenes, and each one of them is carried too far. Indeed, it is some time after having passed through one of them, before you recover your patience with the otherwise agreeable narrative. In almost every scene of this nature there is an undertone of cruelty, which leaves an impression contrary to the one intended. When a clergyman in his fright drops the baby he is about to baptize, "and nearly cracked its skull on the stone fount"; and when the impulsive Nora throws hot water about recklessly, and pulls the sensitive Miss Maguire down stairs by the heels, bumping her head most unmercifully, and has metal tips put upon the toes of her shoes to kick the shins of the unfending negro boy, Jupe, and so kicks him quite through the book; and when a poor

insane woman is brought in to be laughed at, and to teach the professed but questionable moral of the story, we have reason, we think, to doubt the quality of the author's humor. It is at best the broadest fun of the ordinary farce; and in the ordinary farce the spectator has this vast advantage over the reader of "Miss Van Kortland," that he knows and sees the instruments of torture to be merely stuffed clubs, and ludicrously harmless. His pity, at least, does not stand in the way of his laughter.

Paris in December, 1851, or the Coup d'État of Napoleon III. By EUGÈNE TÉNOT, Editor of the *Siccle* (Paris), and Author of "*La Province en Décembre, 1851.*" Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition, with many Marginal Notes. By S. W. ADAMS and A. H. BRANDON. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

At any other moment than the present it would be hardly endurable to read of the accumulated crimes of Louis Napoleon; but now, when by the blessing of Heaven he has worked out his own ruin, we may with some patience turn to the story of his guilty success. M. Ténot tells it in the best manner, — which, in the circumstances in which he wrote, was the only possible manner; for his book had to be published by permission of the usurper himself, — and confines himself to the effective representation of facts, and while he never leaves his own feeling to conjecture, his comment is sparing and unimpassioned. Compared to Mr. Kinglake's history of the same events, — which people now perceive gave not only the most terrible but the most subtle and truthful characterization of Napoleon, — M. Ténot's work is as a diagram to a finished picture; but the reader easily supplies the passion which the author represses; and we hardly know whether it is better to have help in one's indignation or not. Which-ever history you read, you cannot fail to see that if Louis Napoleon had bestowed upon France all the material happiness which his admirers (they have dwindled of late) claim that she has received from him, the first process towards these benefactions was a crime for which nothing could atone; for which, humanly speaking, there is no forgiveness. There is nothing to say in expression of your feeling about this crime, if you happen to believe that the prosperity of

the Empire was as great a fraud upon the imagination of mankind as its military efficiency, or the generalship of its head; if you believe that the Emperor was, as far as action went, in great degree the guilty instrument of St. Arnaud, Morny, Persigny, and the rest, whose death left him a badly puzzled automaton; if you believe that the spectacle of his success has had the most disastrous and demoralizing effect, has everywhere offered a premium to falsehood and unscrupulousness, and has tended to make the whole world vulgar, vicious, and expensive.

The translators' notes usefully supplement M. Ténot's work with biographical sketches of all the principal persons named, and with explanations of events incidentally referred to.

London Lyrics. By FREDERICK LOCKER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE various sentiments, — in fact

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame," —

seem to go a great deal further in the shape of *vers de société* than in any other. The tinkle of the rhyme, and the brisk clatter of the light, poetic foot, when moved to a lively and variable measure, please the sense so well that rapidity does not appear the sin it is in most cases; and a capricious fancy, if it is at all airy, becomes almost a virtue. We like to have our ordinary moods and feelings represented in the fine dress usually reserved for their betters amongst the emotions, and the novelty of the attempt we willingly accept for skill in accomplishing it. In this thing, as in some other self-indulgences, it is plain that we are not so wise as we might be; and having now put our general reader down, we ought to go on and put our particular writer down. But we forbear, because — we are so weak as to own it — we have run through Mr. Locker's little volume without positive discomfort of the nerves, and with something like an occasional delight to them. We think the sensation went no further than this, — he made us feel no deeper than he himself had done. It was easy to perceive that some of his light topics he treated with delicacy and sensibility, and all with neatness. Where he fell flat in his wit and helped himself out with a play upon words was also clear enough; but then it was hard to discover, except in one or two instances, any

sentimentalism in him. Here is something pretty, tender, and real; and that it is one of his best things we are likewise bound to say:—

"A NICE CORRESPONDENT !

"The glow and the glory are plighted 3
To darkness, for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement, for puffy
Is summoned to dinner to Kew:
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
I'm thinking of you.

"I wish you were here. Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
I am drest in your favorite color,—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?

"To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The beacon; its magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
That stupid old Browning of yours.
His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

"I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echoed the echoing cheer.
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
I envy their owners, I do!
Small marvel that Fortune is making
Her idol of you.

"Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss;
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

"Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art,
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics, we all have a few!
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you."

Mr. Locker is no such writer, to be sure, as William Mackworth Praed or Dr. Holmes, who are masters of their art; but he reminds us agreeably of them, in the way that shows a kindred faculty as well as a cordial appreciation. Dr. Holmes's insurpassable little poem, "The Last Leaf," has been of great profit to him,—more than he will himself be to his readers in any one poem; but he is sufficiently graceful; he is

wicked only to a blameless degree; he is sprightly, not to say witty; and space, if nothing else, forbids him to be tedious. So we do not see why we should not praise him.

The Genial Showman: being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON.
New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. HINGSTON was the agent of Mr. Charles F. Browne during that humorist's career as a comic lecturer in this country, and here is what he remembers of him. It is not much, nor particularly worth knowing. Mr. Hingston is an Englishman, and enjoys in a high degree the national disqualification for understanding or reproducing any other type. His Americans talk the conventional Americanese of the English tourists,—a dialect which no one else ever heard,—and they are pretty nearly all figures of the cockney fancy. If he ever saw the finer and better side of "Artemus Ward's" nature, he does not let us see it; and here again we think his nationality disabled him. His "genial showman" is a vulgar bore, not at all like the real Browne; who, in spite of evident defects, had yet ever so much good in him, and always considerably more good-humor than humor. About the quality of his humor it does not seem worth while to dispute: as written and as spoken it was fatally dependent upon manner. More amusing than anything he said or did was the fact that he became quite identified in the popular imagination with his own grotesque invention; but Browne's best things were not said in Artemus Ward's person. A pathos, from the circumstances of his early death, rests upon his memory; and this vaguely pensive association is more desirable than any information which his ex-agent has it in his power to give.

The Modern Job. By HENRY PETERSON.
Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co.

It is a question for Mr. Peterson to settle with each of his readers, how far a thinker upon man's free agency and the existence of evil is justifiable in putting his speculations in the form of dramatic blank verse. This, question is renewed from age to age; and

perhaps no one can say that a pill may not be sugared, and permitted to please the palate, at least; that beauty may not adorn use; that amusement may not agreeably blend with instruction. Let it be far from us, at any rate, to say this; we concern ourselves with other points. To tell the honest truth, Mr. Peterson, if no great affair as a poet, is neither a very startling philosopher; and if it is wrong to "justify the ways of God to man" in the form of drama, the author has not sinned greatly, for it is not much of a drama. His Job is a resident of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and is, like Job of old, in very comfortable circumstances at first; but he loses his whole family by a fever, and is obliged to sell his homestead; and, being afflicted with boils, has to go live in the cottage of a hideous dwarf, with whose misery and wickedness his own former prosperity and goodness had once formed a striking contrast. In this condition he is visited by two ministers (terribly dull, bigoted fellows they are), who talk evangelical Christianity at him, and go off thinking his soul in a very bad way, — in fact, telling him as much. Then the doctor has his say, which is the say of modern scientific thought, and gives little quarter to the doctrine of special providences, or the interference of God with his own laws. Then in a dream comes the Archangel Michael, the celestial regent of the universe, and discusses the coexistence of evil and an omnipotent God, and ends, like a wise archangel, by confessing that he does not know how it is. Job is so much comforted by this dream, that he gets well of his boils and lives to be seventy years old.

The tendency of the whole drama is to teach charity and the acceptance of truth in every form, and we do not observe anything in it which is not familiar to the reader of the current discussion of such topics, as well as to the thoughts of nearly every educated man. But the author is supported against the adversity here offered him by the good opinion of three distinguished poets and four distinguished poetesses, whose praises he sends in a printed slip by way of intro-

duction, to the critic, and "not for publication." We assure him that we have read these with profound sorrow, but no great surprise. They are dreadfully good-natured, those distinguished poets and poetesses, and we warn the literary aspirant against their flatteries. Would that we could warn them against him!

The author may not believe us, but it is nevertheless true, that his versification is often clumsy, and that there are as few evidences of artistic power in his poem as of novel thought. Yet we think he will believe us, though we may be wrong, that there is at least one fine stroke of imagination in it, namely, this by which Satan is portrayed:—

"Who is this
Coming this way? — so large and vast, but yet
So mean and disproportioned. And his face,
Handsome, it may be, once, — but now so gross,
Rapacious, ugly, cruel. Can this be he
Whom all men fear? Yes, it is he. The lord
Of disproportion and excess, — the foe
Of harmony and moderation wise."

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1869. Vol. IX. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ninth volume of this useful work does not differ from former ones in method, and there is little to say about it. There are the usual records of progress in different directions and different localities, the necrology of the year, and notices of political and religious events. A defect is the absence of the customary article on fine arts; but there is a very full review of all matters of literary interest, which is not wiser in appearance, nor less so in fact, perhaps, than most criticisms. The narrative of events in France during 1869, with the account of the Emperor's advance towards constitutional government, has already become very curious historical reading. Among the longer articles on persons deceased is a very satisfactory one on Lamartine, — rather eloquent in places, but on the whole satisfactory.

